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CHAPTER FOUR

THE FAMILY OF MOURITS MOURITSEN AND KAREN (CARRIE) HANSEN

C Karen (Carrie) Hansen Mouritsen

Karen Hansen Mouritsen was born on May 23, 1868 at Allese, Odense, Denmark. She was the youngest of a family of seven children born to Ole Hansen and Marie Nielsen.

In the Danish records she appears as Karen Oleson, but that was changed to Hansen at the time the family came to America. Similarly, at an early age, she became known among her family and friends as Carrie rather than Karen. Just prior to her birth her parents had converted to the Mormon church; as a result she is the only child in her family that wasn't first christened into the Lutheran Church of Denmark. Most likely she was blessed as an infant by the Mormon elders. In the year 1870 she came to America at the age of two with her mother and three of the younger children in their family; her father and the older children remained in Denmark for some time. They arrived in Utah late in 1870 or the first part of 1871, riding on one of the first trains that ever pulled into Ogden, as the Union Pacific Railroad was completed from Omaha to Ogden the year they arrived in Utah.

She grew up in Smithfield and received about the ordinary schooling that other children received in those days. She lived with one of her uncles in Logan during a considerable part of the time, as they had no children of their own, and they learned to love her as they would their own.

In her teen years in Smithfield and Logan she must have attended the community dances; this was a major part of the social life in those days. It was through this activity, no doubt, that she met Mourits Mouritsen, a local musician, who played the violin at many dances and sponsored others in the upstairs of his home in Smithfield. He was certainly an eligible husband in those days having been a widower for several years. He was a prosperous, hard-working man in his mid-thirties; in fact, he was twice as old as she was at the time of their courtship. Carrie wasn't the only young woman that Mourits was courting; he also was paying attention to Susan Elizabeth Wildman of Smithfield. She was six years older than Carrie. When it became apparent to Carrie's parents that the courtship of Mourits and their daughter was



Karen Hansen Mouritsen

serious, they tried to dissuade her from pursuing such a course of action, for apparently Mourits had proposed marriage to both young women after the order of polygamy as practiced by the Mormons at that time. Her parents tried to paint for her a picture of unhappiness, poverty, suffering, and regret; but she relied on her own faith and testimony and was true to her own feelings. On October 22, 1885, just five months after her seventeenth birthday, she, together with Susan Elizabeth Wildman, was married to Mourits Mouritsen in the Logan Temple.

Of this event her son Victor wrote: "For information of the younger generations who may read and think this a peculiar circumstance, I wish to say that the principle of plural marriage was entered into, not for lack of appreciation of what might be thought to be better conditions, but through no other motive than faith and obedience to a principle which was practiced in the LDS church in those days. I, for one, am thankful and proud to bear my testimony to the truth that our parents lived in accordance with the true spirit and concepts of this principle."

Two weeks after the marriage Mourits went on a mission to Denmark. Carrie, Susan, and Mary and Eliza, the two daughters of Mourits's first

wife, lived together in Mourits's home in Smithfield at Main and Depot Streets. Upon his return in 1887, Mourits, Carrie, and Mary moved to Liberty, Idaho due to the persecution of the polygamists in Utah. They lived there for a year or more, and it was there that Carrie's first child, a son Victor, was born. Late in 1889 or early 1890 they moved across the valley to Bennington. They lived that winter in the old Hunter house about two miles east of Bennington; it was here that Carrie's second son Olean was born.

Shortly after that they moved a little farther east to what is now known as the old ranch home where Carrie gave birth to Vina, Mildred, Willard, Irvin, and Homer. Her daughter Leah was born in the family home that Mourits had built in Bennington, later called the Chet Burbank home. Here, in a little two-room, dirt-roofed house, she spent the major part of her life after leaving Smithfield. To quote Victor again:

I can imagine that she put in some homesick and blue days while living here, but on the whole I believe she learned to love it as her home, and in spite of poverty and temporal inconvenience I believe she also enjoyed many happy hours in this humble home. Even though the roof leaked and spotted the walls and ceiling (which would have discouraged many a person), she was not content to live in the house without it looking the best it could be made to look. So at least twice a year she whitewashed the walls and ceilings. I can see in my mind now the old floor of native red pine, worn thin every place except where the knots were, but always spotlessly clean. So our home was always clean and sweet even though it was a dirt-roofed log house. If she ever had any leisure time, most of it was spent in reading stories to her children from the Juvenile Instructor or telling them faith-promoting stories, including the vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith when God the Father and His son appeared to him. She had faith in these things, and she instilled that faith in her children. She was ambitious for learning. Even in those days of poverty I remember she insisted on having a newspaper in the home, the old *Deseret Semi-Weekly News*, and she read it and kept herself informed on news and topics of the day. I can appreciate now the

thrill Mother used to get as her family was growing up as each one learned to walk and talk.

I wish you would picture in your mind a mother and four or five children sitting around the hearth at night waiting for Father to come home with some flour and coal oil that they might have a light and some biscuits. Sometimes it would be ten, sometimes eleven, and sometimes later, but Father never came home without the "bacon" or the flour and kerosene as I have mentioned, and our hunger was always satisfied before we went to bed. It is impossible for me to describe some of these old circumstances just as they were, but I feel sure that at least some of the older children will know what I am trying to put over. Mother had one very outstanding characteristic. No matter what or how little she had in the house to eat, she could put it on the table and serve it in such tempting style that it could be relished and enjoyed.

Her son Olean recalls: "For amusement on holidays my mother would cook one hundred small, sweet cakes and give each of us children so many. Then we would cut a block of wood three inches square, carving the letter 'A' for All on one side, 'H' for Half on another, 'N' for None on the third side, and 'P' for Put on the fourth. Then we would ante one or more cakes and toss the block. Whichever letter showed up on the top is how we determined whether we got all the cakes in the ante, half of them, none of them or if we had to put another of our own into the ante."

Victor now continues:

Even though Mother had to put up with poverty and inconvenience, she enjoyed and appreciated many blessings. As far as I know she had only two occasions to suffer any great anxiety over sickness in her family. There is one circumstance that comes to mind now which may not be out of place to bring into this record. Father was over to Bear Lake after fish when a serious accident happened to Homer, who was about two years old at the time. He was run over across his chest with a heavily loaded wagon, and it has been a mystery to me to this day how he could have lived through such an ordeal, as it seemed to me his chest was crushed as thin as

a sheet of paper and he was as black as the stove. Mother took him down to the creek, stripped off his clothes, and walked with him (and I feel sure she also did some praying) for several minutes before he came to. Willard was a little fellow about six years old, and when the accident first happened he started through the brush over toward Lindsay's grove. Later I went out to find him, and when I got within talking distance of him he said, "Is Homer dead yet?" Her children were all normal and healthy. She did, however, have one worry and that was living by the swift running stream of water while her children were small. I remember how she and Father used to make a fence across the path to keep the children from going down to the creek.

Mother was in age, you might say, just between her husband and her children, being nineteen years younger than her husband and only twenty years older than her oldest child. It was, therefore, her lot to act as mediator on different occasions between father and children, as she could appreciate fairly well both sides of a situation. In other

words, she was young enough to appreciate the children's side as well as the parents' side of a question. While there never was a truer wife than she, yet, as has been stated, she was near enough the age of her children to appreciate what we thought were old-fashioned habits and characteristics of our father. Father had one habit which was almost automatic with him, and that was to tell the boys not to drive the horse too fast. To illustrate Mother's sense of humor along this line, as I was leaving the ranch one Sunday with old "Bally" hitched to the buggy (I was working in Montpelier and didn't expect to be home for another week), Father and Mother were standing side by side out in the yard. They had told me goodbye, and I was just pulling away when Pa said, "Now, don't drive that horse too fast." Mother looked up at me and winked without Pa seeing her, and we enjoyed the little joke together. In fact, it got to be a regular household joke among us boys, and one of us would often say to the other, "Now don't drive that horse too fast."

Victor relates that it was "the last time I ever saw her alive, but I have seen her many times



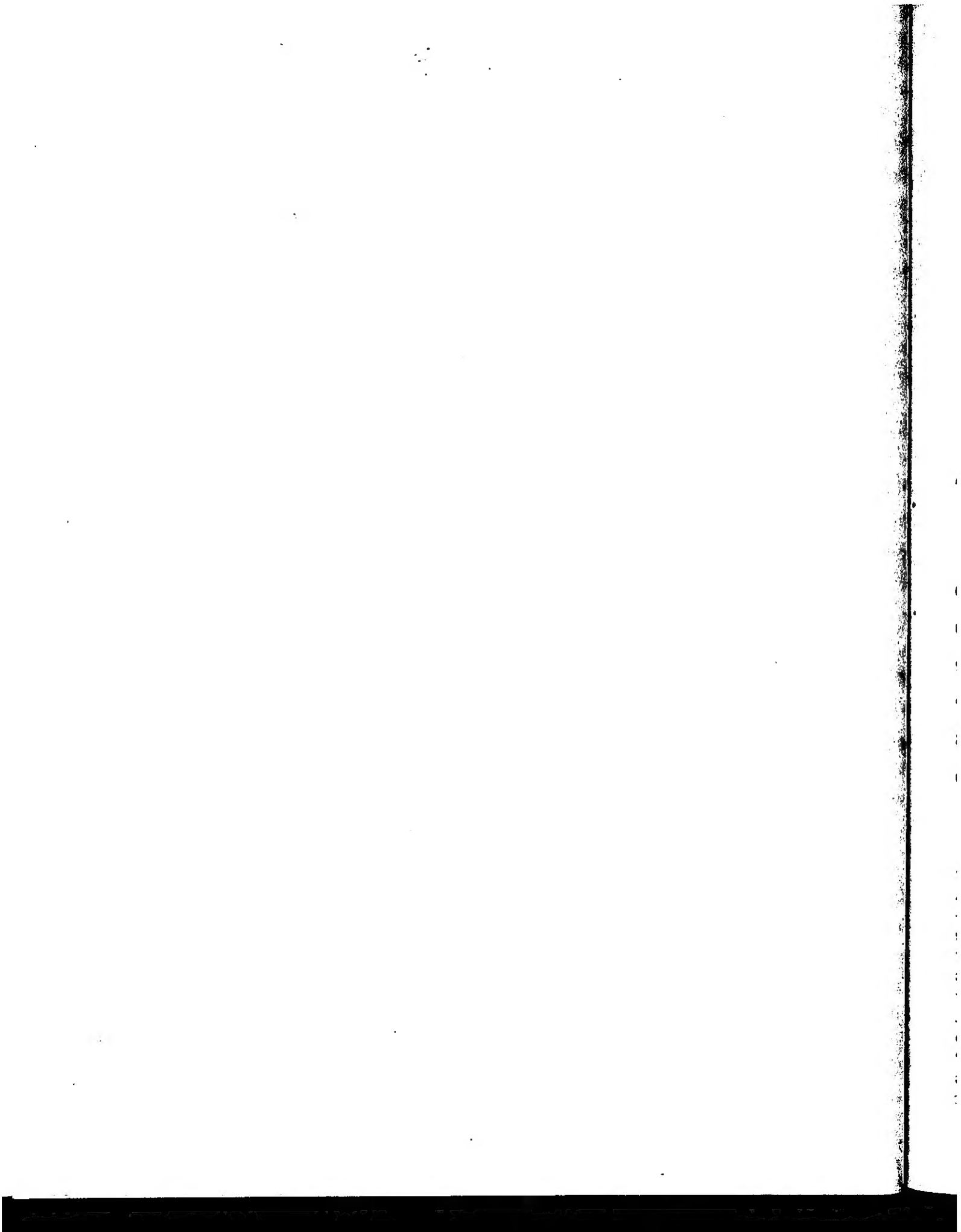
The Children of Carrie Hansen Mouritsen: left to right, front—Elvina, Homer, Leah, Olean and Mildred; back—Willard, Victor and Irvin.

since in my mind, and can see her now in my mind standing there as she stood that day as I drove away." Leah, her daughter, gives us additional insight into the circumstances that led to her death. Evidently Carrie had received word that her family from Logan would be arriving for a visit. "She was rather upset with the prospect of their coming. She was a very particular housekeeper and wanted everything in order for their visit. Her parents had always grieved over her lot in life, and Carrie didn't want to give them any excuse for pity. Despite the fact that she was about ready to deliver her ninth child, she went to work. With the children's help they whitewashed walls, filled the bed ticks with fresh straw, and did everything else to make the house look better. This brought on early labor and a hemorrhage." Olean further details, "When it became obvious to those attending my mother, while the baby was being born, that she was gravely ill, I was sent to get the doctor in Montpelier. I can remember riding as fast as I could make the horse run, praying all the way, planning in my mind the fastest way to locate the doctor when I got to town. Having accomplished this, I turned and rode back to the ranch. While still a ways off, I could see the house. My father was standing outside with bowed head, leaning against the house. I knew then that I was too late; she was already gone." When her parents and other relatives arrived, instead of visiting her, they attended her funeral. The baby girl lived only a short time. Mother and infant were buried together in the same coffin in the Bennington Cemetery.

Victor pays this tribute: "Eight times she went down into the Valley of Death, but the ninth time she did not return. She died even as our Savior, 'that man might live.' While it has been hard to understand why she should be called from her family while so young, yet I feel that there could even be wisdom in that; for I can think of no more worthy or capable representative to go ahead and prepare the way for those who were to follow. It is my sincere wish and prayer that each and every one of her children may live so we may be worthy of her association together with our father and other dear ones throughout eternity."

Children:

*C1	Victor Mouritsen Born 13 Sep 1888	Died 1 May 1960
*C2	Olean Mouritsen Born 10 Mar 1890	Died 3 Sep 1962
*C3	Elvina Mouritsen Born 8 Jan 1892	Died 11 Mar 1975
*C4	Mildred Mouritsen Born 19 Jan 1894	Died 2 Mar 1975
*C5	Willard Mouritsen Born 1 Feb 1896	Died 12 May 1979
*C6	Irvin Mouritsen Born 1 Aug 1898	Died 29 Oct 1979
*C7	Homer Mouritsen Born 20 Oct 1901	
*C8	Leah Mouritsen Born 11 Mar 1904	
C9	Infant Daughter Mouritsen Born 12 Jul 1907	Died 12 Jul 1907



Other Marriages:

- #1 Victor and (2) 2 Jan 1953, Margaret CAMPBELL.
#5 Willard and (2) 4 Jun 1975, Ledia Avis BECK.

Sources of Information

Births:

Mourits — Parish Registers of Vrejlev, p. 79, #2 (Film #049, 191); Karen — Parish Registers of Allesø, p. 93, #5 (Film #050, 138); Victor — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #42 and #285 (Film #007, 184); Oleen — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #43 (Film #007, 184); Elvina — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #44 (Film #007, 184); Mildred — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #45 (Film #007, 184); Willard — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #46 (Film #007, 184); Irvin — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #47 (Film #007, 184); Homer — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #267 (Film #007, 184); Leah — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #286 (Film #007, 184); Infant Daughter — No Civil or Church Record/Family Records of Victor Mouritsen in possession of Karla Roderick, 764 Birch, Pocatello, Idaho 83201.

Marriages and Sealings:

Mourits and Karen — No Civil Record/Logan Temple Sealings, Special Book of Polygamous Marriages, presently (1976) inaccessible; Mourits and Mary — No Civil Record/Endowment House Sealings, Book F, p. 163, #15719 (Film #183, 398); Mourits and Susan — No Civil Record/Logan Temple Sealings, Book A, p. 60, #1073 (Film #178, 135).

Deaths:

Mourits — Idaho Death Certificate #39790; Karen — No Civil Record/Bennington LDS Ward Records, Form E (1907), p. 317 (Film #007, 184); Victor — Deceased LDS Membership Files; Oleen — Idaho Death Certificate #3606; Elvina — Obituary, *Salt Lake Tribune*, March 13, 1973; Mildred — Obituary, *Deseret News*, March 5, 1973; Willard — Utah Death Certificate #143-79-002913; Irvin — Utah Death Certificate #143-79-007248; Infant — No Civil or Church Record/Bennington Cemetery Records.

Baptisms:

Mourits — Self-Endowment Record, Endowment House Records, Book F, p. 88, #1016 (Film #183, 405); Karen — Self-Endowment Record, Logan Temple, Book A, p. 70, #2487 (Film #178, 022); Victor — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #42 (Film #007, 184); Oleen — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #43 (Film #007, 184); Elvina — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #44 (Film #007, 184); Mildred — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #45 (Film #007, 184); Willard — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #46 (Film #007, 184); Irvin — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #47 (Film #007, 184); Homer — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #267 (Film #007, 184); Leah — Bennington LDS Ward Records, #286 (Film #007, 184).

Endowments:

Mourits — Endowment House, Book F, p. 88, #1016 (Film #183, 405); Karen — Logan Temple, Book A, p. 70, #2487 (Film #178, 022); Victor — Salt Lake Temple, Book D, p. 109, #3892 (Film #184, 070); Oleen — Logan Temple, Book B, p. 253, #3008 (Film #178, 053); Elvina — Logan Temple, Book A-3, p. 143, #2983 (Film #178, 056); Mildred — Logan Temple, Book A-2, p. 35, #839 (Film #178, 054); Willard — Logan Temple, Book A-2, p. 88, #2084 (Film #178, 054); Irvin —

Salt Lake Temple, Book E, p. 408, #10876 (Film #184, 071); Homer — Salt Lake Temple, Book E, p. 1017, #25767 (Film #184, 071); Leah — Arizona Temple, Book 11, p. 235, #3386 (Film #170, 695).

Necessary Explanations (Continued)

Name Discrepancies:

— Mourits is spelled Mouritz or Mouris in many of the early records. On his endowment record and sealing to his wife he is recorded with the name Lars; however, he was christened and recorded in all Danish records as Mourits. Similarly the surname Mouritsen is spelled as Mouritzen, Mourisen, Mouritsen, or Morsen. Mourits was recorded in the Danish records with the patronymical surname of Larsen. The name was changed to agree with his father's surname of Mouritsen when the family came to America.

— Karen Hansen was known as Carrie. In the Danish records she was recorded as Karen Olesen, which was changed to Hansen when they came to America.

— Elvina was known as Vina.

— Irvin's name is shown in error as Ivin on his endowment record, and as Irving in error on the early Bennington ward records.

Place Discrepancies:

— The birthplace of Mourits is given as Goolager, Gulager, Vensissle, Jylland, or Staun on various records. Goolager and Gulager are misspellings of Guldager which was the nearest town to the Ronnesholm Tileworks where Mourits was born. Vensissle is a misspelling of the Vendsyssel District of the Danish Mission from which the family emigrated. Jylland or Jutland is the name of that part of Denmark that is the mainland peninsula of which Hjørring County is the northernmost part. Staun was the home of Mourits' father but not the birthplace of Mourits or any of his sisters as some records indicate.

Date Discrepancies:

— The birth year of Mourits is shown on his endowment record and death certificate as 1848 in error. From family records and the Liverpool Shipping Lists (Film #6184, pt. 2, p. 126) the 1849 date is further substantiated.

— The death date of Mourits is listed on his death certificate as Sep 24 in error. Bennington Ward Records indicate he died on Sep 23; his grave marker also shows this date.

— The endowment date for Mourits is recorded in the Endowment House record as "November."

The date of Nov 28 was written in later with the notation "date not kept." This date corresponds with the sealing date of his sister, Maren, and it is probable that he accompanied her to Salt Lake and went through the Endowment House that same day.

— Mourits was sealed in the Logan Temple on 22 Oct 1885 to Susan Elizabeth Wildman and Karen Hansen in polygamy. The Temple policy was to record the first sealing in the official Temple records and record the second sealing in a separate book. This book was kept in the possession of the Temple President and Temple Recorder only, and since their deaths the current Temple authorities have made every effort to locate this book, which they were assured was somewhere in the Temple. However, as of this date (1976) this book has not been found.

— A complete baptism date for Victor cannot be established from Church records.

Documented case history on file with compiler, Jerald O. Seelos, 3767 S. 575 West, Bountiful, Utah 84010.

C1 Victor Mouritsen

(This history is an excerpt from Victor's autobiography *To You My Children* as edited by his son, Keith.)

"I was born at Liberty (now Sharon), Idaho on September 13, 1888. My father, Mourits Mouritsen and my mother, Carrie Hansen came to Utah with their parents while very young. I'm the oldest of my mother's nine children — five boys and four girls. Shortly after I was born, or at least before I can remember, my parents moved about ten miles straight east across the valley to a ranch about a mile east of Bennington, known as the old Hunter home. There my brother, Olean, was born. Soon thereafter they moved a mile farther east to what has always been known since as the 'Old Mouritsen Ranch.'

"The first vivid recollection I have of anything was when my sister, Vina, was born. Some of the first things I remember was our good old cow, Roger. (They named her Roger because they bought her from a man named Rogers.) Then there was the old roan mare who, a few years later, was mother to a whole band of horses. I can picture them all very vividly in my mind now. Then there was old Flora, our faithful ranch dog. There was also another pet, a large white cat. I



Victor Mouritsen

can see her in my mind now walking through the field with a big squirrel in her mouth.

"My first real experience, at least what seemed to me to be my first tragic experience, was when I was four years old. I broke my right leg just above the knee. Mother had sent me out to the shed to bring in some eggs to fry for dinner. As I was climbing down off the shed, I pulled a stringer, or small log, off on my leg. I don't know just where Father was at the time, but he arrived on the scene shortly. I well remember his carrying me to the house with my leg dangling, and Mother standing by screaming while he laid me on the bed and made preparations to go for the doctor. Doctor Hoover had a fast team of horses and he got out there in fairly good time. I well remember his stretching my leg to get it in place, which ordeal was very painful. Then he mixed some plaster-paris and made a little box to fit my leg; then poured the plaster-paris around it. The plaster-paris soon hardened and left my leg in what seemed to me a solid rock. I remember his whistling away, nonchalantly as you please, while building this box. As young as I was I lay there on the bed and thought how cruel and hard-hearted he was to whistle while I was suffering so much pain. After he did all this, he tied a small rope to my foot. Then he tied a flatiron weighing about five pounds to the other end of the rope and hung it up over the foot of the bed and let it hang down. This created a tension, or continuous pull, which was to keep my leg from slipping back out of place. My father made me some crutches out of willows, forked at the top to go under my arms, which enabled me to get around fairly well. I remember as though it were yesterday, when Father borrowed a buggy from Walt Lewis to take me to Montpelier to have the cast of plaster-paris taken off my leg. He thought it would be too hard on me to ride in an old lumber wagon, so he borrowed this buggy and it was a great treat to me, as I had never ridden in a buggy before. When the cast was taken off, I had to learn to walk all over again, but that didn't take long.

"I commenced my schooling in Bennington, Idaho when I was about six years old, in the old frame building which now stands a little north of the present brick school building and is being used for a gymnasium. The church house, which was a one-room log building across the street, had been used for a school house up until about that time. I had never been downtown much and was

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very bashful, and was, therefore, the object of much fun-making by the older and more forward boys of the school. I well remember the first morning I walked into school; there was a crowd of boys and girls in the hall that stood between the two school rooms, and I remember as I walked in, Dave Perkins grabbed my hat and threw it away. Naturally I bawled and showed the other boys what a baby I was and what an easy prey I would be for their further tantalizing. I was such a big baby that any little kid like Sammy Hall or Dave Hunter could run it over me just as they pleased. But little by little I became acclimated and finally got so I could take care of myself fairly well.

"I attended school off and on for about ten years. I say off and on because I was out a great deal of the time. My father was a mighty good man in most ways, but he did not attach the importance to education, that is, book learning, that some do. As a consequence, he kept us boys out of school a great deal of time to help him with the work. I worked with my father and brothers on the ranch and at the lime kiln manufacturing lime until 1906, or until I was about eighteen years of age. Even today as I ride through Utah and Idaho I can sight buildings here and there in which my father's lime was used.

"On July 12, 1907 I experienced the greatest sorrow of my life up to that time, the loss of my dear mother. She died of confinement, giving birth to a little girl, her ninth child. We buried her and the baby in the same casket in the Bennington Cemetery. There has never been a day from then until now [1954] that I haven't thought of her. I shall always look up to her and think of her with a feeling of reverence and sacredness.

"I next worked in a flour mill until November 1909 when I left for a mission to Denmark, the native land of my parents. I kept a daily diary from the day I left until I returned home. [This mission journal is published in the complete autobiography.] I arrived in Salt Lake City in due time, reported my mission, and after visiting at Smithfield and other places, I arrived back home on the 22nd of February, 1912. I will just say in a general way that I filled an honorable mission and received an honorable release after being away from home for about two and one-half years. I had the privilege of visiting Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Great Britain, and also Canada. While on my mission I lived very near to the Lord

and received many plain manifestations of His power and goodness. I was in very poor financial straits and it looked at one time like I might have to come home for lack of money. I got right down and pleaded with the Lord to open up a way so I would be able to stay and finish my mission, and he did it in a miraculous way. My folks at home helped me a great deal. I also had money come in from absolutely unthought of sources. These incidents, I believe, are told in detail in my mission diary.

"In the summer of 1909, shortly before I went on my mission, I met the girl who six years later was to become my life's companion. We corresponded during the early part of my mission but our correspondence died out, and we did not hear much of each other until late in 1912. She came to Montpelier once in a while and for Christmas in 1913 I made a trip to Rexburg to see her. [Her name was Hortense Bird, daughter of Andrew James Bird and Cynthia Abigail Osborn, pioneers of Bear Lake Valley. She was born November 17, 1890 at Montpelier but moved with her parents to Rexburg when she was quite young.] Later that winter I received a letter from her telling me she thought we had better call it off. I took the letter at face value and wrote back and told her if that's the way she felt, I guessed it would be best. After that we didn't see or hear anything of each other for over a year. In the meantime, I went with other girls and she went with other boys.

"I was going with a fine young lady in Salt Lake City, and in April 1915, I went down to see her and to attend April conference. She was a nice girl and a good-looking girl, and I tried to make myself believe I liked her as well as I did Hortense, but when I was right honest with myself I knew I didn't. I arrived in Rexburg the next morning and found Hortense at home. She seemed glad to see me and treated me fine. We had not seen or heard from each other for over a year. We worked fast for the next few months and on September 29, 1915 we were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

"After our marriage we visited in Utah a short time and then went to Rexburg and stayed a couple of weeks. By the 20th of October we were settled down in our little log room on the dry farm which was about a half mile southeast of Bennington. My wife was used to a nice home with conveniences and some luxuries and it was

quite a change to bring her to a one-room log house on a dry farm. I know she was homesick at times. But she did her part well and those were happy days for us. We lived here until the 1st of September the following year, 1916, when she went to Rexburg to be confined at the home of her parents. On the 30th of September I received word that she had given birth to a baby boy. It was two weeks before I went out to see them, and I've often wondered since how it was I could wait that long. I shall never forget the thrill I received when I got out there and held my own boy in my arms. However, this little boy, Eldon, was not permitted to stay with us long. He died of pneumonia when only three months old.

"Hortense and I spent the next three months in Roberts. On April 1, 1917 we came back to our home. It had been a long, hard winter and the snow was still deep around Bennington. We could walk on the crusted snow over the fences in a good many places. We lived on the farm until June 19, 1917 when we moved to Bennington in the little house where Horace Weaver used to live. We lived here until June 1918. About this time we were expecting another baby, and we moved to Montpelier in part of Aunt Mary Phelps' house. Here Karla was born in 1918.

"In the spring of 1919 I bought Dave Parker's house and lot in the west part of Bennington and we moved down there. In June of that year Father, Vina, Hortense and I, and of course Karla, went to Salt Lake City to conference and met my brother, Willard, who had been on a mission for two and one-half years to the Southern States. He came back home with us. Soon after returning I met my brother, David, and he told me that Frank Miles wanted to sell the Mill. Olean, David, and I made a deal with him to buy it. We were to pay \$27,000. We took possession of the Mill on the 19th of June, 1919. We made a lot of money the first year and paid him \$9,000 at the end of the season's run. The next year we didn't make much and the next year prices went down so rapidly and we were carrying such a large stock that we lost a lot of money. So in March 1922 we were forced to turn the Mill back to Frank. In the meantime, I had mortgaged the dry farm, which we lost to the mortgage company three years later.

"We turned the place in Bennington back to Dave Parker soon after we went into the Mill deal. We moved into Montpelier in the fall of 1919. We first lived in Heber Phelps' house and then later across the street in Smith Phelps' house, where



The Victor Mouritsen Family: left to right, front—Hortense B., Karla, Victor: back—Reeves and Keith.

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Keith was born. We later bought what is known as the old Cederlund place in the east part of Montpelier. We lived here until the spring of 1922. After we lost the flour mill, I went to Paris and leased the Paris mill, which I ran for a little over a year. During the time when Father died we were in Paris. We first lived up the canyon in the Mill house and then downtown in the winter time in one of the old Budge homes; then up to the Mill house again for the summer.

"During the fall of 1924, after I left the mill, I bought a lot of hay and grain around Soda Springs and Grace, Idaho and made a lot of money. But, as usual, I also spent a lot and by the middle of winter we were broke. I got out and canvassed and did anything I could to make a nickel to keep us going. In April 1925, with every resource exhausted and some debts left behind, we packed up and moved to Rexburg to try to make a new start. We arrived in Rexburg on April 1, 1925 without a cent to our name. By this time we were expecting another baby in our home, and Reeves was born on the 13th of May, 1925. My wife's folks were very good to us. I worked at odd jobs during the early summer, including a few days at the grain elevator unloading some cars of coal and pitching hay.

"On March 15, 1930 I quit my job with the elevators and took over the business of the Sugar City flour mill. I incorporated it as the Mouritsen Milling Company and ran it successfully for about three years. But, as usual, I lost my head when I started making money. I was extravagant and careless and bought a lot of things we could not afford. That, together with a lot of new laws enacted by the New Deal, put me out of business again both in Sugar City and at Shelley, where Olean and I had bought a mill together. We moved to Sugar City in the fall of 1930 and to Shelley in June, 1933.

"I spent quite a part of the summer of 1935 trying to get hold of a small mill which was located at Beaver Dam, Utah. I finally made a deal for this mill along in July. There was no house to be had at Beaver Dam so we moved to Logan temporarily. The boys and I drove from Logan to Beaver Dam and worked getting the mill in shape. It was not in bad shape but needed some repair.

"On March 10, 1936, we moved back to Bennington, some seventeen years from the time we moved away from there. So we are living in my

good old hometown after living in nine other towns. I feel happier and more contented here than in any other town we have lived in, as that is where all my good old-time friends are. People have been just grand to us since we came back. We are presently living in Sister Charlotte Hunter's home.

"After a lapse of twenty-three years I resume my writing again, adding to my autobiography. Since my last entry on June 9, 1936, several experiences have come into my life; some sorrowful, some consoling and satisfying. Among the most salient of these are the loss of my baby boy, Reeves, in 1944 in World War II; the loss of my good wife, Hortense, in 1951; the loss of my sister, Mary, in 1958; two accidents in which I miraculously escaped death; the marriage of my daughter, Karla, in 1939; the marriage of my son, Keith, in 1941; another whirl at railroading; the running of a truck line; starting a new kind of work, insurance agent, which was the turning point of my life so far as finances are concerned; also, later, a closely related occupation, real estate selling, which two agencies I'm still working with and expect to stay with as long as I'm active in any kind of work or activity. Have also married again since the death of Hortense, and my present wife and I have filled a two-year mission.

"Margaret Dianna Campbell Christofferson and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple on January 3, 1952 in the same room where Hortense and I were married 37 years previously. Margaret and I were married for time only, and



Margaret C. and Victor Mouritsen.

not for eternity. Margaret was born December 9, 1898 at Mayfield, Utah to Arthur Hamilton Campbell and Janet Colthart. Margaret was a widow with a grown family at the time of our marriage.

"In 1953 I started to work with my sister, Leah, in the real estate business in Granger. She organized the Wright Realty as a corporation and included me as one of the incorporators. This was a new kind of work for me, but I enjoyed it and worked at it until the fall of 1955 when Margaret and I went on a mission for the Church. I might state that I've held a Utah Insurance License since 1951 and a Utah Real Estate License since 1953. I am still holding all these licenses and value them.

"Ever since I came home from my first mission in 1912 I have dreamed of sometime going on another mission, but my finances would never permit my going. But, in the month of October, 1955, Margaret and I could see our way clear to go on a mission. We talked this over with Estel and Leah (Estel was our bishop at the time), and Estel sent our names in for a mission. We received our calls to go to the Western States Mission with headquarters in Denver, Colorado, and so entered the mission home on the 7th of December, 1955. While on my second mission, I served as branch president in Hastings, Nebraska and Canon City, Colorado. I baptized ten people into the church, which was four less than I baptized on my first mission to Denmark. Margaret and I arrived home on December 17, 1957. I'm thankful to have had the privilege of filling another mission, but am just human enough to be a little disappointed that we didn't get to go to Denmark where we had desired to go.

"In the meantime, I had started back working in real estate with the Wright Realty. While I was on my mission in Nebraska, in fact in the month of August, 1957, my brother, Willard, moved up from Phoenix, Arizona to manage the Wright Realty business. It has been a joy to work with Willard and Leah in this business."

Victor became ill in the early months of 1960. His condition rapidly grew worse, which resulted in an operation, after which the doctor said that he had cancer in an advanced stage; and that he probably would live for only a few months. This was a great shock to all of his family, since he had always seemed to enjoy such perfect health. He did return home for a few weeks and then was finally returned to the hospital, where he passed

away on May 1, 1960. Funeral services were held in the Granger Third Ward Chapel on May 3, 1960. He was buried in the Rexburg Idaho Cemetery by the side of his wife, Hortense, and his two sons, Eldon and Reeves.

Children:

C11	Eldon Bird Mouritsen Born 30 Sep 1916	Died 27 Dec 1916
*C12	Karla Mouritsen Born 15 Jul 1918	
*C13	Keith Mouritsen Born 31 Dec 1920	
*C14	Reeves Mouritsen Born 13 May 1925	Died 23 Dec 1944

C12 Karla Mouritsen Roderick

I was born July 15, 1918 at Montpelier, Idaho to Victor Mouritsen and Hortense Bird. I have always felt greatly blessed to have been born to such wonderful parents.

Due to serious health problems at birth, I was in need of constant care; in fact, the doctors informed my father that my chances of survival were very slim. But after special treatments, medications, faith, and prayers in my behalf, I was finally healed.

My proud parents took me to sacrament service at the Bennington Ward chapel where I was blessed and given a name on September 1, 1918 by my father. My name, Karla, is a namesake for a



Karla Mouritsen Roderick

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Danish sister by the name of Karla Nielsen whom my father met on his mission.

When I was about four years old we were living in a house located on Fourth Street in Montpelier. One day I wanted to help my mother with her washing, so proceeded to run the clothes through the wringer, which at that time was made of hard rubber and wood. I accidentally put my hand in along with the clothes. Due to quick thinking and action by my mother, she stopped the washer and also snapped the wringer open, which prevented my hand from going on through the wringer. I still wear the scar on my right hand, but feel very fortunate to still have my hand.

When I was about this same age I remember going to Bennington with my parents to visit Grandpa Mourits Mouritsen. We took him some bananas and visited him briefly, as he was very ill at the time; he passed away soon after. I never had the opportunity of knowing my grandmother Carrie Hansen Mouritsen who passed away when she was only thirty-nine years old, leaving a family of eight children for dear Aunt Lizzie to raise. Aunt Lizzie was my father's second mother, and I enjoyed many visits with her through the years at her home in Bennington.

My father was a miller and grain elevator manager most of his life. In the fall of September 1923 we moved to Soda Springs, Idaho where my father purchased a flour mill. I started my first year of school here in the fall of 1924. On April 1, 1925 I moved with my parents and family to Rexburg, Idaho. Even though I was quite young, I shall never forget how happy my mother was to be living near her parents and family. We enjoyed living near our grandparents; I well remember the special occasions such as Christmas and Thanksgiving that we enjoyed at their home. They also kept us busy with jobs such as picking up apples from under the trees, which were called windfalls. Oh how we balked at this chore because those apples were not as nice as those picked from the trees.

About two years after my brother Reeves joined our family, I recall a very special event and mission that took place in our country. This was the transatlantic solo flight across the Atlantic Ocean by the late Charles A. Lindbergh, a young pilot. He flew from New York City to Paris, France non-stop. There were many world events

taking place then, but I especially remember this one.

About this same time Aunt Leah Mouritsen graduated from Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah. She was among the honor students and received special recognition. I shall never forget how proud her family members were of her, and especially my father.

When I was eight years old I was baptized a member of the LDS church by John L. Balif on October 1, 1926 at the baptismal font located at Ricks College; I was confirmed a member of the Church by my father on October 2, 1926 at the Rexburg Second Ward chapel.

Most of my elementary school years were spent in Rexburg, where I attended the Washington School. When I was about twelve years of age, I moved with my parents to Sugar City, Idaho where I attended the Sugar-Salem School, grades seven through nine, and also attended my first year of seminary. During the time we lived in Sugar City we enjoyed our stay. I well remember one winter that we spent there that Uncle Homer and Aunt June Mouritsen and family lived there also for a while. We all attended the annual dog-sled races which were held at Ashton, Idaho every February.

After living there for a few years, we finally moved back to dear old Bear Lake. We purchased a home in Montpelier located on Ninth Street. I attended Montpelier High School and graduated in 1936. About a month before I graduated, I attended a junior prom school dance; it was at this dance that I met a young fellow by the name of Earl Hawkins Roderick. We dated for about two years, and on June 28, 1938 we were married in the Logan LDS Temple. He was born June 11, 1916 at Arbon, Idaho; he is the son of David Price Roderick and Elizabeth Hawkins.

We purchased a home at 812 Lincoln Street in Montpelier, where we lived for about thirty-four years. We were blessed with three choice children — DeAnna, Lee, and Lynn. We were all active members of the Montpelier Second Ward. Our two sons filled foreign missions; Lee served in the New Zealand South Mission and Lynn served in the Brazil South Mission. Our daughter DeAnna attended LDS Business College.

We spent many happy years in Montpelier where Earl was employed with the Union Pacific Railroad Company as a brakeman and conduc-



The Earl H. Roderick Family: left to right, front—Earl, Karla M; back—DeAnna, Lee and Lynn.

tor. After living in Montpelier for so long we thought we were settled there for good, but about 1972 Earl was informed that we would have to move to Pocatello, Idaho due to the railroad terminal being eliminated from Montpelier. I must say we moved rather reluctantly to our new area. We purchased a nice home in Pocatello, and we became members of the Fifth Ward. Earl retired from the railroad about three years ago after thirty-seven years of service.

Earl is the temple specialist in our ward at the present time, and we attend the Idaho Falls Temple about once a week. Earl keeps up with his fishing, we go dancing, visit our friends, and keep busy most of the time. Our families live in different areas of the United States, so we travel to visit them about once a year.

On June 28, 1978 we celebrated our fortieth wedding anniversary; our children honored us at that time. Our children have all married and now have families of their own, and we now have eleven lovely grandchildren.

I am truly proud of my heritage, and proud that I am a member of the Mourits Mouritsen family. I am also grateful that my dear father Victor thought enough of his family to write a journal that gave us an insight and a better knowledge of our grandparents and other family members whom we never had the privilege of knowing in this life. I challenge my children to write their personal histories so that their families will know

more about them. Our address is 764 Birch Street, Pocatello, Idaho 83201.

Children:

- *C121 DeAnna Roderick
Born 6 Nov 1939
- *C122 Lee Roderick
Born 18 Jun 1941
- *C123 Lynn Earl Roderick
Born 13 Feb 1946

C121 DeAnna Roderick Coons

I was born November 6, 1939 in Montpelier, Idaho to Earl Hawkins Roderick and Karla Mouritsen.

I grew up in Montpelier along with my two younger brothers, Lee and Lynn, having a happy but fairly uneventful childhood. I enjoyed the many advantages of a small-town life, but left the hometown after high school graduation to attend business college in Salt Lake City, Utah, where I met and married my former husband Lewis Bennion Coons on February 20, 1960. Lewis was born July 28, 1938; he is the son of Lewis Hurst Coons and Ruth Bennion. We left Salt Lake City in 1961 to move to Logan, Utah where Lewis was attending Utah State University. We lived there until 1966 when he graduated with a master's degree. I worked as a secretary during the time we were in Logan to put him through school.

In 1966 we moved to Raleigh, North Carolina where Lewis entered a Ph.D. program, and we resided in Raleigh until 1973, at which time he graduated and accepted a position on the staff at Mississippi State University as a professor of elec-



The Lewis B. Coons Family: clockwise from left—Jeff, Janet, Chris, Debra and DeAnna R.

tron microscopy. We had four children — two boys, Jeff and Chris, and two girls, Janet and Debbie, during the twelve years that Lewis was in school.

In 1975 we moved to Memphis, Tennessee where Lewis had accepted a position on the staff of Memphis State University. I still reside in Memphis, although I am now divorced. I own a lovely home in the suburbs and am a very active and busy single parent raising my four children. I am an executive secretary to the vice-president of Holiday Inns, Incorporated.

I have always worked as a secretary since my days in business college, and have had many varied and interesting types of positions. I also enjoy many hobbies in my spare time (which is limited). I like to jog, play tennis, cook gourmet dishes, read, and play the piano. I also attend the Memphis Academy of Art, and have exhibited and sold a lot of my paintings, both oil and watercolors. I have just recently discovered a new way to enjoy my artistic talents by sketching portraits at parties and social functions.

My children are my pride and joy. They are very healthy, happy, well-adjusted, and talented. My two oldest will both be enrolled at Memphis State University, and the two younger are also enthusiastic, bright students. I have a potential writer, scientist, dancer, and doctor among them. Our address is 4300 Sunnyslope Lane, Memphis, Tennessee 38118.

Children:

- *C1211 Jeffery Lewis Coons
Born 9 Feb 1961
- C1212 Janet Lee Coons
Born 6 Sep 1963
- C1213 Christopher Roderick Coons
Born 7 Jun 1969
- C1214 Debra Ruth Coons
Born 6 Sep 1971

C1211 Jeffery Lewis Coons

Jeffery Lewis Coons was born February 9, 1961 at Salt Lake City, Utah to Lewis Bennion Coons and DeAnna Roderick.

He moved at an early age to Raleigh, North Carolina where his father was attending North Carolina State University. Jeff started school there. However, Jeff gives Starkville, Mississippi

credit for his genuine Southern accent where the family lived through his junior high years. After his family moved to Memphis, Tennessee Jeff attended Wooddale High School from which he graduated in 1979.

Currently, Jeff is attending State Tech in Memphis where he is studying electronics. He also works at a fast-foods chain. Although Jeff hasn't tied any matrimonial knots yet, he is extremely proficient at the art of macramé. He has always enjoyed swimming, and for awhile worked out with the swim team at Memphis State. Fishing, hunting, and a love for the out-of-doors rank high on Jeff's list of interests. Jeff still lives with his family at 4300 Sunnyslope Lane, Memphis, Tennessee 38118.

C122 Lee Roderick

I was born June 18, 1941 in Montpelier, Idaho, the second child and first son of Earl Hawkins Roderick and Karla Mouritsen.

On October 23, 1949 I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, receiving the priesthood and the office of deacon in 1953. I became a high priest in 1972.

I met and courted my wife, Eleanor Lou Westberg, in Washington, D.C. where she was working as a school teacher, and I was going to graduate school and working on Capitol Hill. We were married for time and eternity in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple on March 22, 1967. Eleanor was born December 5, 1935 at Saint Anthony, Idaho; she is the daughter of Edgar Olaf Westberg and Blanche Bates. Three children have



The Lee Roderick Family: left to right—Eric, Eleanor, Justin, Lee and Angela.

been born to us — a daughter Angela, and sons Eric and Justin. We have lived ever since in suburban Maryland, and today make our home there in the community of Rockville, twenty miles from the heart of the nation's capital.

My church service has included a mission to the New Zealand South Mission in 1962-1964, counselor in a bishopric, seminary teacher, Sunday School superintendent, instructor in many youth classes, and serving as spokesman to the press for the Church in the greater Washington, D.C. area.

I was graduated from Montpelier High School in 1959, received a bachelor's degree in journalism from Utah State University in 1966, and a master's in international affairs from George Washington University in 1970. While at Utah State I edited the campus newspaper *Student Life* and later was elected studentbody president.

My professional career began when I was awarded an internship with the *Salt Lake Tribune* in 1961. Later that year I inaugurated the first regional office of the Associated Press in Logan, Utah. I was an Associated Press reporter until going to New Zealand, returning to once again head the bureau. In the fall of 1966 I went to Washington, D.C. where I worked part-time for my Idaho Congressman, George Hansen, and enrolled at George Washington University. One year later I became press secretary to U.S. Senator Wallace F. Bennett of Utah, a position I held for five years. I then was a speech writer at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare for Secretary Caspar Weinberger, among others.

In 1975 I opened the first Washington bureau for Scripps League Newspapers, a group of thirty newspapers in sixteen states. I cover the White House and State Department for Scripps League, serve as bureau chief, and write three bylined columns a week, which have taken me to such places as Central America, Iran, Lebanon, Greece, Kenya, Ghana, and South Africa.

On October 3, 1980 my wife died of cancer in a New York hospital. With the help and support of our families and friends, we managed.

Recently I have had the pleasure to meet Yvonne Maddox. We are planning to be married in the Los Angeles Temple in June 1982.

As I near middle age, I treasure most the relationships within my family, and a heritage of strength, spirituality, and integrity from good progenitors. I pray that my life will have value in preserving this legacy for my own children and

their descendants. Our address is 3 Currier Court, Rockville, Maryland 20850.

Children:

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| C1221 | Angela Roderick
Born 1 Jan 1968 |
| C1222 | Eric Lee Roderick
Born 6 Jun 1969 |
| C1223 | Justin Earl Roderick
Born 15 Nov 1972 |

C123 Lynn Earl Roderick

I was born February 13, 1946 to Earl Hawkins Roderick and Karla Mouritsen.

I spent my early childhood growing up in Montpelier, Idaho where I have fond memories of family gatherings, Grandpa Victor Mouritsen, and cousin Bob.

After graduating from high school in 1964 I attended Utah State University until I was called on my mission. I served in Brazil from 1965 through 1967. I learned to love the Brazilian people, and look forward to spending a second mission there with my wife someday.

After my mission I attended Brigham Young University where I met my wife Elaine. We attended the same Latin American history class, where she was one of only two girls in the class. I couldn't miss her as she looked Brazilian to me.



The Lynn E. Roderick Family: clockwise from upper left—Lynn, Julie, Phillip, Jennifer, Satina and Elaine C.

We were also in the same ward and same ward family, so I guess we were destined to meet. On February 12, 1969 I married Elaine Margaret Cook in the Salt Lake LDS Temple for time and eternity, only five short months after we met. Elaine was born November 15, 1946 at Hogsburg, New York to Philip Redmond Cook and Mary Narsisian. It has been said of us that our marriage was made in heaven, and this becomes more evident each year.

I graduated from BYU in June 1970 and attended graduate school for one year, after which I went to work for Bechtel Power Company in Richland, Washington. We lived in Washington until 1978, at which time I was transferred to Midland, Michigan. We spent a very unhappy year there among the pollution and population. We learned a great deal about life — who we were and where we wanted to go. We prayed fervently for our future, and our prayers were answered. I was offered a job in Arizona so we packed and moved there. I am presently a nuclear procurement analyst for Arizona Public Service.

I am serving as elders' quorum president in the Litchfield Park Ward, and my wife, with her many talents, is serving in the Primary and Relief Society. We know that our Heavenly Father has been with us, blessing us with everything for our welfare. We want to express to our family the necessity and power of prayer. The Lord knows and is watching over each and every one of us.

We have four beautiful children — Phillip, who is musically gifted and can't decide whether he likes sports or the piano better; Julie, who is a great artist and plays the flute; Jennifer, who is the family clown and is in the gifted program at school; and Satina, who is the sunshine of our family. Our current address is 330 Bandera Circle, Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340.

Children:

- C1231** Phillip Lynn Roderick
Born 3 Mar 1970
- C1232** Julie Karen Roderick
Born 2 Apr 1971
- C1233** Jennifer Ann Roderick
Born 7 Oct 1972
- C1234** Satina Marie Roderick
Born 24 Jan 1975

C13 Keith Mouritsen

I was born in Montpelier, Idaho on December 31, 1920 to Victor Mouritsen and Hortense Bird.

My first recollection as a child was seeing a ghost run up and down the river-bank near where we lived in Soda Springs, Idaho, attempting to frighten a three-year-old boy from playing near the stream. I recall the scenes vividly, trying to comfort my father, who was obviously fearful of this "ghost." My words of solace were, "The ghost won't hurt you, Daddy, the ghost won't hurt you." I often smile to myself as I recall the incident — my mother, covered with bedsheets, running up and down the riverbank making hideous noises.

Another of my childhood memories goes back to Rexburg, Idaho, remembering the time my baby brother Reeves was "kidnapped." It was my assignment to look after him in the back yard in his buggy. Not willing to accept this task, I left the yard to play with some of the other neighborhood children. My mother's younger brother Thorn, who was a prankster, removed Reeves from his buggy; I shall never forget the stark horror of my mother upon discovering that her young one was missing. Very shortly thereafter my uncle Thorn



Keith and Lenore B. Mouritsen

returned the baby home, but, as I recall, my mother did not share with him the humor of this prank.

I commenced my schooling in Rexburg, Idaho the following year (the old schoolhouse remains today). I completed my elementary grades in the little town of Sugar City, Idaho, and spent some subsequent high school years in Downey, Idaho; Shelley, Idaho; Bear River High School near Tremonton, Utah; Montpelier, Idaho; and I graduated from high school in Sugar City in the year 1940.

After completing high school I went to work for the Union Pacific Railroad in Pocatello, Idaho washing dishes in the depot restaurant. Not wanting to make a career of washing dishes, I aspired to a higher occupation. A friend, Don Day, who was the cashier in the depot restaurant, told me he would be taking a job as a dining car steward in about thirty days and said I would have a good chance of getting his job if I were acquainted with the work. For the ensuing month I spent my time working the midnight shift in the kitchen, and training to become a cashier for the following eight hours. Under union rules today it would be required that compensation be given for this training, but at that time I received nothing except an education and baggy eyelids. The gamble paid off, however, and I was assigned to the cashier's job when Don went on the dining car.

During this time I had met a lovely little sweetheart by the name of Mary Lenore Blackburn from Rexburg, Idaho. We engaged in a whirlwind courtship for eight months, much of which time was spent burning up the highway between Pocatello and Rexburg. In recalling our courtship, she reminds me of the occasions when I would work all night in Pocatello, arrive in Rexburg in time to eat a loaf of her mother's home-baked bread, and sleep for four or five hours while she kept her brothers quiet so I could rest. I would then spend a few hours with her before journeying back to Pocatello in time to take up my official duties again. You may have guessed that I married my high school sweetheart on November 30, 1941. We were married in our own small apartment in Pocatello, Idaho by Bishop Clarence Wright. Lenore was born October 25, 1922 at Rexburg, Idaho to Lorenzo Blackburn and Lucille Christine Oldham.

Our marriage took place just one week to the

day from the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. A few months later I was transferred to Salt Lake City as a cashier in the Salt Lake Union Pacific restaurant. For approximately one year I was on the railroad draft deferment list and escaped induction into the Army until February 1943. I reported for duty at Fort Douglas on February 22nd and was subsequently assigned to the quartermaster corps for basic training at Fort Warren in Cheyenne, Wyoming. After completing my thirteen weeks initial training I qualified as a candidate for Officer's Training School. An additional thirteen weeks was spent at Fort Warren, during which time Lenore was able to be with me. After completing this term of my training I was transferred to the Quartermaster Officer's School in Camp Lee, Virginia. Lenore returned home after my stay at Fort Warren, but joined me again in Camp Lee to be present for my graduation on August 27, 1943. We shall always remember what a thrill it was for her to pin the second lieutenant bars on my shoulders as a finale to three months of intensive, hectic, and sometimes unbearable, quartermaster training.

Lenore and I were very fortunate in being able to spend the following year together here in the States with my various assignments at Camp Fannin, Texas; Camp Cook, California; Fort Crooke, Nebraska; and Camp Howze, Texas. I was assigned to overseas duty in August 1944. Lenore had then gone back to Salt Lake City to live with her parents until my return. Our ship sailed from New York, and we arrived on Omaha Beach on the coast of France where we were attached as a Transportation Unit to Patton's Third Army. I could here relate many of my war experiences, but in the interest of the reader's time I will save these for another chapter in my life.

One incident, however, which I encountered remains today to be the most tragic in my life. It was in December 1944, and our company had been assigned to help transport the 82nd Airborne Division from Luxumborg to the Bastogne area of Belgium during the Battle of the Bulge. Our convoy had returned late one evening, after some harrowing experiences, to our base camp in France. After I had finished supper my company commander called me into his office and privately presented me with a telegram from the Red Cross which read, "Your brother Reeves killed in

action in New Guinea, South Pacific. Your father and mother are bearing up well." Needless to say, this was the greatest shock of my life.

I might add here, as I related the incident with my parents in subsequent years, that the fighting had ceased in New Guinea as the Allied forces had taken this island, and my parents had felt somewhat relieved in this area. Their thoughts of concern were primarily with me, knowing that I was in the Third Army, and, in their minds, in the thick of the battle. It was later learned that Reeves, while out on infantry patrol, was killed by a Japanese sniper. I returned home from overseas in August 1945 to be greeted by my sweet wife, my very dear family, and a lovely six-month-old daughter Marsha Lynn who was born while I was in Europe.

After returning home I worked for the railroad in the passenger ticket office for about six months. Then we moved to Burley, Idaho where I purchased a feed and grain business. Our son Robert and our daughter Dessa Rae were both born in Burley.

In May 1952 I went to work for G. T. Newcomb Company in Twin Falls, Idaho as an accountant and procurement officer. We remained in Twin Falls until 1956, at which time we moved back to Burley to manage the Burley office of this same company. In January 1959 I went to work as branch manager in Burley for Prudential Savings and Loan Association. I worked in this capacity for several years prior to opening my own real estate brokerage firm.

Lenore and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple in June 1955. We had our three children sealed to us on this beautiful occasion.

In July 1964 I was contacted by Estel Wright who asked me to take a job with American Savings and Loan Association in Salt Lake City. Our family felt that it would be a good move, in view of the fact that most of our close relatives lived in the Salt Lake area, and especially Lenore's mother and her family. We also knew that our children wanted to attend college at Brigham Young University, so we all felt that this could be a desirable change in our lives.

I started working for American Savings and Loan Association in Salt Lake City on August 1, 1964. I was in collections, property management, and loan servicing until May 1971 when I was transferred to the Granger branch in the capacity of branch manager. In 1977 I was promoted to

regional vice-president, and since that time I have continued to thoroughly enjoy my daily activities in contact with various savings branches in the association.

Many pleasant experiences have come into our lives during the past years, and especially in the last fifteen years while living in Granger. Our children are all married and have brought eleven lovable grandchildren into our lives. The Lord has been over-abundant in His blessings with our family. At the present time we are all in excellent health and enjoy life to the fullest. Our prayer is that we may be as richly blessed for the remainder of our years. Our address is 3932 Market Street, West Valley City, Utah 84119.

Children:

- *C131 Marsha Lynn Mouritsen
Born 21 Feb 1945
- *C132 Robert Keith Mouritsen
Born 23 Aug 1946
- *C133 Dessa Rae Mouritsen
Born 26 Feb 1952

C131 Marsha Lynn Mouritsen Anderson

I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah on February 21, 1945 to Keith Mouritsen and Mary Lenore Blackburn.

My childhood years were spent in Burley and Twin Falls, Idaho, where I received my elementary and high school education.

One of my first memories, at age four, was standing on a chair and watching with fascination the little rollers on my mother's wringer washing machine. My inquisitive fingers reached out to touch them, and in so doing, my hand and arm were drawn through the wringer. I still have a large scar just above my left elbow to remind me of that terrible experience. My father relates the story of his anguish, and in trying to console him I looked up from my bed and said "me pretty better now."

My ballet lessons began when I was eight years of age. I can recall many fun dance revues, dance engagements, plays, musicals, and roadshows during my school years. Dancing has always been one of my first loves. I have taught tap, ballet, and modern dance for the past sixteen years. I presently have my own charming studio and a class of



The C. Bart Anderson Family: left to right, top—Marsha M. and Bart; middle—Todd and Anthony; bottom—Tyler and Tara.

approximately one hundred students here in St. George.

At the age of fourteen years I became friends with a boy named Cleo Bart Anderson who came to Burley from Salt Lake City one summer to visit his grandmother Yeaman. Little did I realize that he would become my husband in later years. After finishing high school and attending Brigham Young University, my friendship and courtship with Bart was renewed; he had recently returned from his mission in Scotland. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on March 19, 1965. Bart was born March 8, 1943 at Burley, Idaho; he is the son of Otto Sherman Anderson and Eva Yeaman. Our honeymoon was spent in Hawaii, and we have since that time enjoyed three vacations in that tropical paradise. During our last trip to Hawaii we attended the temple with Aunt Leah and Uncle Estel Wright.

Our first son was born in Idaho Falls, Idaho. We named him Todd Sherman (after his grandfather Anderson). He weighed only five pounds four ounces when he was born, and Bart and I had to stay in a motel until the hospital would release him. We shall never forget the terrible snowstorm we encountered while traveling back to Granger, Utah with our infant son. We legally adopted Todd one year later and had him sealed to us in the Salt Lake Temple.

Our second son, Anthony Bart, was born in Salt Lake City. I had a very difficult delivery, and we were fearful for a time that we might lose him. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, Tony is now a strong, healthy eleven-year-old football player.

Tyler Keith was born at the Dixie Hospital in St. George. The only anxiety Tyler has ever caused us was a case of yellow jaundice while an infant.

After years of waiting and praying for a little girl we had abandoned the thought of having any more children. After much prayerful deliberation I had what most people will call a dream; to me it was a very clear revelation. I had my eyes closed but seemed very much awake, when I saw my Grandfather Mouritsen walking toward me down the temple hallway. (He had passed away in 1960.) He was thin as I had remembered him during his illness, but looked most handsome in his beautiful white clothes. He then turned around and went back down the hall where he took the hand of a little girl. They both walked towards me, hand in hand, and stopped. Grandpa said, "Marsha Lynn, this is your little girl." I then opened my eyes and realized that I had just been told that the Lord would send us our little girl. Tara Lynn, our little blonde girl who is almost five, is a great source of happiness and joy to us and her brothers. Naturally, she is our lovely ballerina.

Bart is a lab technician in the Dixie Hospital. He enjoys outdoor sports, and spends much time with his family hiking, camping, mountain climbing, and swimming.

The Lord has been so very good to us and blessed us with health and strength. We enjoy life very much and appreciate the association with our family. Our address is 556 West 550 North, St. George, Utah 84770.

Children:

C1311	Todd Sherman Anderson Born 2 Dec 1967
C1312	Anthony Bart Anderson Born 18 May 1969
C1313	Tyler Keith Anderson Born 23 Apr 1973
C1314	Tara Lynn Anderson Born 20 Feb 1976

C132 Robert Keith Mouritsen

I was born in Burley, Idaho on August 23, 1946 to Keith Mouritsen and Mary Lenore Blackburn.

Love, example, discipline, and happiness were the prime ingredients of being raised in our family. My sister Marsha Lynn was eighteen months older than me and a year ahead of me in school. My other sister Dessa Rae was six years younger. We were all close and loving companions in our youth, and still very much enjoy each other's company.

I spent my childhood in Burley, Idaho, including high school graduation in 1964. That summer we moved to Salt Lake City to accommodate Dad's new employment at American Savings and Loan Association. I have always been grateful for that move, for because of it I have had a closer association with all the family members. Had we not come to Salt Lake City, they would always have been distant and somewhat vague relatives instead of the close personal friends that I have come to know.

We arrived in the Granger area in September 1964. Three weeks later I went to Provo to begin my college education at Brigham Young University. After one semester I returned to Granger to work in a grocery store to earn extra money for my mission. On July 23, 1965 I received my mission call to the Central Atlantic States, comprising at that time North Carolina, Virginia, and a portion of West Virginia. Two days later Dad ordained me an elder, and I entered the Salt Lake Mission Home with three hundred and one elders on September 6th. I left Salt Lake City by train on September 13, 1965, my grandfather

Victor's birthday, and flew back by jet two years later on the same day. While there my various companions and I participated in the conversion of forty-eight souls. I served as a district leader and zone leader under mission President C. Kearns Ferre of Salt Lake City, former president of Intermountain Farmers Association; we have become close friends since that time.

One month after my return home I was on the fourth floor of the BYU Library when I saw the girl I was to marry. I persuaded my friend to get her name before she could get out of sight. Then it took me the next year and a half to persuade her I was the best thing in her life. Laurel Giffin and I were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple on August 7, 1969. She was born April 15, 1948 at Salt Lake City; she is the daughter of Jack Clayton Giffin and Marian Lucille Miller. From that time on I include her along with my parents for any success I might come to in this life. She has always been diligently at my side, supportive in every way, and the light of my life.

Laurel went to work to help support us through my graduation from BYU in business management in August 1970. The next month I started law school at the University of Utah where I received my juris doctor degree three years later. During our law school years we lived in Uncle Estel and Aunt Leah Wright's basement apartment in Granger, where we developed and enjoyed a wonderful association with them.

While we lived there our first son was born in the middle of a cold, snowy, winter night. We named our little pride and joy Robert Victor Mouritsen. He is ten years old at this writing, and a handsome fourth grader who plays the piano and enjoys sports.

I practiced law with the firm Romney, Nelson & Cassity for one year, and then went into partnership with a friend and associate, George A. Easter, in August 1974 under the firm name of Easter & Mouritsen, Attorneys. Subsequently, we decided to specialize in real estate law and title work. We organized Granite Title Company in July 1977, which company we still own and operate with one other partner, Clark M. Harrison, of Salt Lake City.

Our second son Ryan Christopher was born to us on a nice summer afternoon. He is a cute little character of age six who likes to work side-by-side with his dad. His first little sister Amy Elisa came to us in the middle of the night two years later.



The Robert K. Mouritsen Family: left to right—Bob, Laurel G. holding Mandi, Robert, Amy and Ryan.

She is our pretty little four-year-old who likes dolls and clothes, and whom we enjoy spoiling. Mandi Lee joined her sister in 1980 and made our family a tie with two of each.

Regarding Church positions, after serving in several elder's quorum presidencies, I was ordained a seventy on the 21st of November 1976. At that time I was set apart as ward mission leader and one of the seven presidents of seventies of Millcreek Stake. A few months later, on July 14, 1977, my father ordained me a high priest, and I began serving as the stake executive secretary to President Chester K. Hutchings. I enjoyed that position very much until my release when we moved to Sandy, Utah. There I was called to serve as the ward executive secretary to Bishop C. Grant Hurst, which position I occupy and enjoy at this writing.

Our family lives at 2052 Brady Creek Circle, Sandy, Utah 84070.

Children:

- C1321** Robert Victor Mouritsen
Born 10 Dec 1971
- C1322** Ryan Christopher Mouritsen
Born 5 Jun 1975
- C1323** Amy Elisa Mouritsen
Born 20 Apr 1977
- C1324** Mandi Lee Mouritsen
Born 30 Jul 1980

C133 Dessa Rae Mouritsen Greenwood

I was born into this world on February 26, 1952 to Keith Mouritsen and Mary Lenore Blackburn.

I resided in Burley, Idaho for the first twelve years of my life where I attended elementary school. At the age of twelve years our family moved to Granger, Utah, at which time my father became employed with American Savings in Salt Lake City. I attended Valley Junior High School and graduated from Granger High School in 1970. During my senior year at Granger High I was elected homecoming queen, and later that same year I received the title of Miss Granger 1970.

During my junior year in high school I met my husband-to-be, Richard Allen Greenwood, at a Youth Conference on the BYU campus. Richard



The Richard A. Greenwood Family: left to right—Richard and Dessa Rae; inset—Brandon, Nathan, and Mary Elene.

filled a mission in California and Arizona. Upon my graduation from high school I attended Utah State University while Richard was on his mission. We were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple on July 9, 1971. Richard was born November 6, 1949 at Ogden, Utah; he is the son of Bert Roger Greenwood and Elda Dot Hansen.

We spent some time in Georgia after Richard's induction into the Army, and then moved to Oakland, California where he served in the military police. After two years in the armed services we moved to Miami, Florida where Richard took a job with the Dade County Sheriff's Department. During this time Richard received much valuable experience in police work. Our first child Brandon Wade was born in Miami.

Then we moved back to beautiful Utah in May 1975. The next year our second child was born in Ogden, Utah; we named him Nathan Bert after his grandfather Greenwood. Our third child Mary Elene was also born in Ogden. She and the boys have certainly brought much love and happiness into our family.

Richard has been working as a patrolman for the Utah Highway Patrol for the past four years. We recently purchased a home in Roy, Utah. The Lord has blessed our family abundantly. Our address is 3030 West 5500 South, Roy, Utah 84067.

Children:

- C1331** Brandon Wade Greenwood
Born 1 Nov 1974
- C1332** Nathan Bert Greenwood
Born 2 Nov 1976
- C1333** Mary Elene Greenwood
Born 18 Dec 1978

C14 Reeves Mouritsen

Reeves Mouritsen was born May 13, 1925 at Rexburg, Idaho to Victor Mouritsen and Hortense Bird. Reeves was their last child, and so was naturally spoiled somewhat for being the baby of the family.

When he was about five years of age he moved to Sugar City, Idaho where he started school. He lived at Sugar City until the fourth grade when the family moved to Shelley, Idaho. Reeves was very mature for his age and in his early teens began assisting his father and brother in the milling business. He was very personable and had a real sense of humor. He enjoyed a close association with his parents, his family, and many friends who enjoyed his company. Reeves liked sports, especially skiing. He enjoyed riding the family pet, Old Tony, a pretty, little Shetland pony.

After high school Reeves was employed by a trucking firm until October 1942 at which time he was called to serve his country in World War II.

**Reeves Mouritsen**

At the age of eighteen he started his basic training at Camp Roberts near Santa Maria, California. While here he was able to meet his brother Keith who was also in the Army and was training at that same camp. However, because Reeves was classified a private and Keith a second lieutenant, their visits were restricted, and so they had to meet secretly. Reeves was shipped out to the Southwest Pacific area and fought near New Guinea.

On December 23, 1944 Reeves was killed in action. Memorial services were held at the Montpelier, Idaho LDS Second Ward on February 11, 1945. Later his body was returned home and buried in the family plot in the Rexburg Cemetery.

C2 Olean Mouritsen

(Some of this history was written by Olean; the rest was compiled by his family.)

"I was born on the 10th of March, 1890, on a ranch a mile or so east of Bennington, Idaho. I was born in a one-room log house with a dirt roof; when it rained they had to put pans here and there to catch the water that leaked through the roof. This place was called the old Hunter place. I

**Olean Mouritsen**

am the son of Mourits Mouritsen and Carrie Hansen. I was the second of nine children born to my mother. My father was a polygamist so I had many brothers and sisters; in fact, I was the ninth of my father's twenty-two children.

"I had the usual childhood diseases — measles, mumps, and chicken pox. My favorite playmates were Sam Hall, Jr., David Hunter, and Charles Graham.

"I started school when I was six years old in my hometown of Bennington. My teacher was Clara Welker; that lasted for two years and then I went to live with my grandparents, Ole and Marie Hansen, in Smithfield, Utah. I lived there four years from age eight till twelve. So I went to school there also. My teachers were Minnie McCann, Rudolph Larsen, and A.B. Chambers."

Of this time in his life, Olean often recounted his homesickness and unhappiness. He did not get along with his grandpa and grandma Hansen. It seems his older Hansen cousins would play pranks and cause mischief and then run away, leaving Olean "to pay the piper." His grandfather never failed to give him the spanking — deserved or not. The bright spot of these four years were his visits to his sister Mary Griffiths who also lived in Smithfield. Her kindness and care for this young boy earned his unswerving devotion to her for the rest of his life; she was an "angel" he always declared. Olean also enjoyed visiting his grandpa and grandma Mouritsen in Smithfield; he dearly loved them.

On one occasion, while living with the Hansens, Olean was sent to gather the eggs; for whatever reason, there were fewer eggs than normal. Grandpa Hansen accused him of stealing eggs and selling them. Despite Olean's protestations of innocence he received a "switching." This was too much. Olean told his grandfather, "You'll be sorry when my Pa comes." Almost on cue, Olean heard footsteps on the porch and knew it was his father. Never was a boy happier; Mourits wisely took his young son back to Bennington with him.

Olean continues, "I then returned to my parents in Bennington. I finished what schooling I got there. My father had a hard time making a living for our two families so we older boys had to stay out of school a lot of the time to go to the canyon to get out wood to burn lime. Money was scarce in those days. My father was a lime burner; we burned lime two miles east of Bennington for quite a few years until we built a lime kiln in

Montpelier. Father bought a home there, so Aunt Lizzie lived in Montpelier at the lime kiln and my mother lived on our ranch at Bennington. When we burned lime we boys lived with Aunt Lizzie; then we would all go out to our ranch to put in and harvest our crops. As the result of much of this working, I wasn't able to get much schooling.

"Later in my life a sad thing happened. My dear mother died in her young life at the age of thirty-nine.

"Our dear Aunt Lizzie raised my mother's children along with her own without showing any partiality. My mother and Aunt Lizzie had an agreement that in case of death that the other one would step in and raise the children. These two wives of my father thought more of each other than they did of their own sisters. They used to make quilts together. Since my father had a big herd of sheep, Mother and Aunt Lizzie would card bats of wool for the quilts. After Mother died, Aunt Lizzie would come from her house in Montpelier out to the ranch and do everything that needed doing for winter."

"Inasmuch as Aunt Lizzie lived in Montpelier, Victor and David got a job in the flour mill; they worked there for a number of years. Then Victor went on a mission to Denmark. About this same time [1909] I got a job herding sheep for Crane Brothers. I earned enough money to help keep Victor on his mission and to help with the mortgage payments on the ranch. When I returned from the sheepherding job, I got another job — this time in the mill. [Olean left home on May 5, 1910 and went to live in Montpelier.] I learned the mill trade and began to run the mill. I was running the mill when Victor came home from his mission."

The flour mill mentioned was located at Montpelier and belonged to Frank Miles. While he worked there, Olean boarded in Montpelier. At first he lived with his brother Edward until September, 1910; then he boarded with Mrs. Ericson. As he walked to work at the mill each day he passed the home of Wilford Clark, who was the bishop of the Montpelier First Ward. Clara Simpson from Star Valley, Wyoming was a boarder at Bishop Clark's home. She noticed Olean out the window; a short time later they met at a dance in Montpelier and their courtship began. It lasted about a year and on December 18, 1912, they rode by buggy to Logan to be married. They got their license at Logan on December 17th and the

following day they were married in the Logan Temple. Olean was twenty-two and Clara was eighteen. Clara was born March 22, 1894 at Liverpool, England to Thomas Houghton Simpson and Mary Jane Bradburn.

The young couple made their first home in a little two-room house in Joe's Gap, a small canyon a short distance southeast of Bennington. Here their first child, Forrest Olean, was born in January 1914. That summer of 1914 Olean and his brothers, Victor, Glen, and David each took up a homestead of land which had formerly been called the Phosphate Reserve near Montpelier.

The winter of 1916-1917 was especially severe. The World War had escalated prices and expenses so that there seemed to be no profits in the milling business and Olean was financially destitute. It was at this time that their second child, a daughter, Afton, was born. Due to her confinement and lack of adequate diet, Clara became very ill and suffered a nervous collapse. Before the snow all melted that spring, Olean had moved his little family to Montpelier.

The family now lived in a five-room house they called the "mill house" for it was near the mill

where Olean worked. In this house their third child, Thomas Doyle, was born on April 29, 1921.

In June, 1919 the mill had become a family venture when Victor, Olean, and David bought it from Frank Miles for \$27,000. The first year was a successful one and they paid off a third of the loan. The next year wasn't so good and the fall grain prices in 1921 went down so rapidly that the mill was losing money. In March, 1922 the mill was sold back to Frank Miles. Olean worked at the mill for another year and a half.

In the fall of 1924, Olean moved his family to Pocatello, Idaho, living first at 1546 North Harrison and then at 321 West Sublette. Olean worked for the American Railway Express Company and then later for the railroad baggage department. From 1924 until 1932 they were members of the Pocatello Third Ward.

In the summer of 1932 the family moved to Shelley, Idaho, where Olean had a chance to run a small flour mill. This lasted about two years and was Olean's last endeavor in the milling trade. He said, "I loved the mill but I got eczema caused by the dust so I finally had to quit the mill



The Olean Mouritsen Family: left to right, front—Clara S., Carrie Jane and Olean; back—Doyle, Afton and Forrest.

altogether." During this time their fourth and last child, Carrie Jane, was born.

The family returned to Pocatello in the summer of 1934 and this remained their hometown after that. For about three years they lived in a house on Washington Street. Here they became members of the Pocatello Fourth Ward. In 1936 they bought a little house at 749 North Tenth Avenue, which was to be their home for the next thirty years. Olean worked at first for the Idaho State Highway Department in their maintenance shops. Then after the government opened the Naval Ordnance Depot, he found employment there. After the Second World War, and after the defense jobs began to disappear, Olean was laid off along with other non-veteran employees at the "Gun Plant," as the depot was called. After that Olean found employment doing custodial and nightwatchman work. He worked for Fargo's Department Store, Albertson's Grocery, and Intermountain Equipment Company. He also supplemented their income by doing landscape and gardening work for some of the wealthy families around Pocatello. In 1955 Olean retired.

Olean was a tall, slim man. He was also very strong and could work long hours at hard, physical labor. His nephew, Robert Griffiths, recalls that as a teenager, Olean could hold out his arm and the small boys would chin themselves on his outstretched arm. Olean bragged that he could outwork any man half his age, and he proved it many times.

Other than a few minor operations, Olean enjoyed good health throughout his life until his last few years. However, he did experience two unfortunate accidents. The first incident happened after the family moved back to Pocatello in 1934. Olean was working at a grinder and a piece of steel flipped into his left eye. Despite medical treatment for this injury, he lost the sight in his left eye. It was also discovered at this time that he had diabetes. Evidently the shock of his eye injury brought on the other malady. From then on he had to give himself a daily shot of insulin. He was also supposed to watch his diet and cut out sugar and sweets; that was a hard thing for him to do because he was a hearty eater and he had a "sweet tooth." The second accident occurred while Olean was employed at the "Gun Plant." The index finger on his right hand was smashed in some power equipment and had to be amputated.

Over the years the diabetes began to take its

toll. Olean was frequently injuring and bruising his legs, which were always slow to heal. Eventually a sore on his left foot became inflamed and would not heal; as the infection began to spread throughout his foot and leg, Olean went to the hospital for treatment. Finally it was necessary to amputate his left leg at the knee. At the time the doctors said they were afraid he would not survive the operation, but he did and lived a modified but good life for a few more years. This fortitude which at times bordered on just plain stubbornness characterized the life of Olean. After his leg was taken off, his spirits seemed to go down. He would sit partly asleep and didn't have much to say. Carrie and Kline bought him a wheelchair; after that he got to be quite adept at getting around in it. He frequently gave his grandchildren a ride in it.

Because of his impaired vision, Olean never drove a car after his accident. Although the family didn't have a car for many years, when they did buy one Clara always drove. Olean rode a bicycle all over Pocatello to his job and to his yard and garden jobs. His bicycle had a large basket in the front, large enough to carry groceries, tools, or kids. Starting with Carrie Jane and her friends and including all of his grandchildren down through Wesley, each enjoyed many a ride on Grandpa's bike.

Olean inherited and developed two particular talents. Like his father and Grandfather Mouritsen, he was musically talented. He learned to play the violin or "fiddle" as he called it, and the mandolin. This was picked up on his own after watching and listening to his own father. He also whistled or hummed wherever he was, particularly while he was working. For many years he enjoyed singing with the Fourth Ward choir. In his later years, Afton gave Olean and Clara each a nice harmonica, and they learned to play them very well, often treating their family with a duet. The other talent that needs mentioning was his "green thumb." He had an uncanny ability to coax beauty and life from even the most stubborn yard or garden. To walk through the fields or woods with him was a naturalist's delight. He could name the types and varieties of bush, tree, flower, or weed. Not only could he name them but he could also report on their usefulness to man or beast.

Following are a few brief glimpses of Olean as remembered by his family:

"Dad always carried his money in a small, black

purse that snapped shut, instead of a wallet; I can remember him so many times opening that purse and giving me money out of it."

"When Dad was working he'd always wear a felt hat with a brim and either dark blue or grey-striped overalls."

"As a hobby Dad would make pocket knives and butcher knives. He had a round tin can on the backporch full of blades. He would make the handles from deer horns. He also made hand tools for working in the yard."

"Dad would take naps in the frontroom whenever he got a chance; sometimes he would lay on the couch, but most of the time he would stretch out on the floor. Lots of times his top false teeth would drop down while he snored."

"Dad loved licorice and was seldom without it in his pockets."

"Dad had a book on Buffalo Bill in his drawer and he cherished that little book. He often got it out and read from it and showed us the pictures in it."

"A more honest man never lived. He was generous to a fault — always giving his very best. Not many know because he kept his acts of kindness secret, but I know how many shoes he bought and food and money he gave to the needy — also all the wood he chopped for the widows."

"Dad always made a fuss over his grandchildren, especially the youngest one at the time. He used to always call each one of Afton's boys 'his big man' and the girls were 'his big lady.'"

"On any outing, Grandpa is always the one who stays behind with the kids to make willow whistles, bait fishing hooks, or climb a mountain, if there's one handy. He always has an encouraging word to make you feel loved and all warm inside."

"When we lived on the farm, I remember running out to the car to greet him and Grandma. He always had a candy treat for us in his back pocket — even the dogs knew this and got their fair share. Whenever we ate at his house he always let us eat what we wanted and as much as we wanted."

Olean was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Bennington at the age of eight on May 1, 1898 by George A. Perkins. He was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood and called as a deacon on January 3, 1903 by Andrew Neilsen. Nine days before his marriage he was ordained an elder and received the Melchizedek Priesthood from

William B. Pendry on December 9, 1912. On May 12, 1941 Olean was ordained a high priest by Noah S. Pond. Olean received his endowment at the Logan Temple on the same day he and Clara were married. Olean was also a member of the Moose Lodge in Pocatello.

Through the summer of 1962 Olean's health continued to worsen. Problems developed with his other leg and soon it became evident that his right leg was already giving in to infection. This time his body was too weak to fight off the infection any longer. Frequently he would suffer memory lapses and this made it even more difficult to take care of him.

In mid-summer he returned to the hospital. By the end of August he had fallen into a coma from which he never regained consciousness. He died at Bannock Memorial Hospital in Pocatello, Idaho on September 3, 1962. He was seventy-two years old. He was buried in the Mountainview Cemetery in Pocatello next to his daughter, Afton. Clara continued to live alone in their home in Pocatello until 1965. She lived her remaining years in Brigham City with their daughter Carrie until her death in 1973.

Children:

*C21	Forrest Olean Mouritsen Born 4 Jan 1914	Died 25 Feb 1970
*C22	Afton Mouritsen Born 14 Jan 1917	Died 10 Jan 1958
*C23	Thomas Doyle Mouritsen Born 29 Apr 1921	
*C24	Carrie Jane Mouritsen Born 21 Apr 1933	

C21 Forrest Olean Mouritsen

Forrest Olean Mouritsen was born January 4, 1914 at Montpelier, Idaho. He was the first child of Olean Mouritsen and Clara Simpson.

Forrest's birth certificate did not record his name, only that he was delivered at eleven o'clock in the morning. However, the nickname by which he was known among his family and friends throughout the years was Frosty.

At the time of his birth, Frosty's father was operating a mill in Montpelier. Forrest was blessed as an infant on February 1, 1914 by Bishop Wilford W. Clark in the Montpelier First Ward. For a short while his family moved to Joe's



Forrest O. Mouritsen

Gap, east of Bennington; but in 1917 they returned to Montpelier. It was here that Frosty started school. At the age of eight he was baptized on August 4, 1922 by Arthur Richards, and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that same day by J. Hyrum Holmes in the Montpelier Third Ward. Frosty's childhood was spent in Montpelier at the "Mill House" which was the family home. Here he enjoyed a happy, normal childhood with his parents and sister Afton and brother Doyle.

In 1924 Frosty moved with his family to Pocatello, Idaho where he continued his schooling, attending the Lincoln, Washington, and Jefferson elementary schools. As a member of the Pocatello Third Ward, he received the Aaronic Priesthood, being ordained a deacon on July 12, 1926, a teacher on February 4, 1930, and a priest on March 8, 1931. Frosty attended Irving Junior High School and Pocatello High School, graduating in 1932. In high school he was active in music, participating in the men's chorus and in orchestra.

In 1932 the family moved to Shelley, Idaho. It was here that Frosty began working. At first he helped his dad at the mill, but eventually he learned the trade of meatcutter, and began working for O. P. Skaggs in Idaho Falls. It was here that he met his first wife, Luella Little, whom he married in July 1935. Frosty made his home in Idaho Falls and Pocatello during the next six years. In May 1941 he and Luella were divorced.

The Second World War came that same year, and Frosty enlisted in the Army. He had his papers all processed and a date set to report when he broke his leg in a skiing accident; this postponed his scheduled enlistment for a short time until he was off crutches. After his training at Fort Dix, New Jersey and Fort Benning, Georgia, he was shipped to England. As a member of the 193rd Glider Infantry he saw action in France and Germany, including the "Battle of the Bulge." Frosty achieved the rank of corporal. Later he was part of the entertainment corps in Europe, and accompanied Marlene Dietrich and Mickey Rooney as they toured the Army camps.

It was at this time that Frosty met the love of his life, Patricia (Pat) Lagos of Idaho Falls. Despite the war and its complications, they were married on one of Frosty's leaves on January 27, 1944 at Idaho Falls. Pat was born October 14, 1918 to Nicholas K. Lagos and Urania Stravos. Pat was from a family of girls, and Frosty quickly became a favorite with his in-laws.

Fortunately, Frosty came home safely from the war, returning to his wife and family in 1945. He resumed a career in the meat business in Idaho Falls and later in Pocatello. After a few years he decided to trade his butcher's apron for a salesman's briefcase. He joined Swift and Company, working out of their Ogden sales office, and thus began a very successful career as a salesman. Frosty was a natural for this job. He knew his product from years of experience as a meat cutter, he liked people and easily made friends, and he was scrupulously honest in his accounts. Although he occasionally lost a sale or an account to someone whose scruples were less than his own, he never lost a friend over a business deal. On many occasions his name topped the list of Swift salesmen who had exceeded their quota.

With this job Frosty and Pat lived in Salt Lake City, Utah; Rock Springs, Wyoming; and in 1954 they transferred to Las Vegas, Nevada. Here Frosty established a thriving business with the big hotels and restaurants along the "Strip."

Frosty was about 5'9" tall with dark curly hair; however, his hair turned gray early, and at the time of his death his hair was snow white like his mother's. Frosty was the life of any party; he was a jovial and witty person. To hear him tell a joke, especially with an ethnic accent, was always an experience to remember. Frosty was a good cook, and, on occasion when he visited, he would whip

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Pat L. and Frosty O. Mouritsen

together a delicious dinner that demonstrated his appreciation for good food and the way to season and prepare it. Frosty also had an artistic flair and could draw outstanding caricatures and sketches. Two such pictures sketched in Europe during the war and sent home to his nephews are treasured mementos of this talent of "Uncle Dosty" as he was affectionately called. Frosty loved children and loved being around them. Unfortunately, he had none.

Frosty enjoyed good health most of his life until the mid-sixties when it was discovered that, like his father, he suffered from diabetes. He also experienced heart problems and began to visit the doctor regularly. On February 25, 1970 he returned home from work early and explained to Pat that he didn't feel well. At 11:40 A.M. he suffered a massive heart attack that took his life. Frosty was only fifty-six years old. Funeral services were held at Las Vegas, conducted by a close friend and associate of Frosty's who was a Mormon bishop. Services were also held in Idaho Falls, Idaho conducted by the Elk's Lodge of which Frosty was a member. Frosty was buried in the Rose Hill Cemetery in Idaho Falls on March 2, 1970. Frosty's widow still resides in Las Vegas. Her address is 511 East Sahara, Apartment F202, Las Vegas, Nevada 89104.

C22 Afton Mouritsen Seelos

Afton Mouritsen was born January 14, 1917 at Bennington, Idaho. She was the second child of Olean Mouritsen and Clara Simpson. At the time of her birth her parents lived on a small dry farm in what was known as Joe's Gap, a short distance southeast of Bennington. It was an especially hard winter. They planned that when the time came, Clara would go to Montpelier to have the baby, but nearly every day brought another blizzard. So, fearing the baby would come when he wouldn't be able to take Clara out to the doctor, Olean took her to his father's home at Bennington. When the doctor was called he was unable to come. Frantically Olean found a Dr. Charles E. Hoffman who came and delivered the baby. She was born at 10:30 A.M. As soon as Spring came, Olean moved Clara, three-year-old Forrest, and the new baby to Montpelier. On May 6, 1917, Afton was blessed by Joseph M. Phelps in the Montpelier Third Ward.

Afton's early childhood was spent in Montpelier. Her father was a mill-wright who ran a large, three-story flour mill. The mill was run by water power and was located in the mouth of Montpelier Canyon. The family lived in what was known as the "Mill House." It was a nice, five-



Afton Mouritsen Seelos

room house with a large lawn and a big swing between two big trees.

Afton started school at the Washington Elementary in Montpelier. However, in the second grade the family moved to Pocatello, Idaho. Here she attended the Lincoln, Washington, and Jefferson Elementary schools. On May 3, 1925, she was baptized by Don C. Minor, and confirmed the same day as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Milo A. Hendricks in the Pocatello Third Ward. She attended Irving Junior High School and her freshman year at Pocatello High School, where she belonged to the Latin club and played basketball.

In 1932 her family moved to Shelley, Idaho for two years. These were particularly hard years at the height of the Depression. Olean struggled to provide a living for his family, but it was a time of sacrifice for all of them. Afton attended her sophomore and junior years at Shelley High where she participated in music. She sang with a sextet and played bass in the orchestra.

In 1934 the family returned to Pocatello and Afton graduated from Pocatello High School in 1935. As a senior she sang in the chorus and won the Peace Prize for her essay on democracy. After school she started working for Idaho Egg Producers — at first candling eggs and then book-keeping.

On May 16, 1936 she met Leonard Seelos of Pocatello at a dance and they began a courtship that led to their marriage on November 6, 1937 at Idaho Falls, Idaho. Leonard was born July 22, 1907 at Lima, Montana to George Seelos and Sylvia Caroline Sorensen. During their engagement from November 1936 until their marriage, they built a home next door to Leonard's parents at 1031 North Lincoln in Pocatello. Because their house wasn't quite finished, they continued to live at home for a short time after their marriage. Early in 1938 they moved into their new home. Leonard was employed at the Union Pacific Railroad and later at the Naval Ordinance Depot.

Her first child, Leonard James, was born in 1938. On April 22, 1940, Afton and Leonard had their marriage sealed in the Salt Lake Temple and their son, Jim, was sealed to them at that time. A second son, Jerald Olean (Jerry) and a third son, Alan George, were born in Pocatello.

In 1948, Afton and Leonard sold their home in Pocatello and purchased a forty-acre farm seven

miles south of Blackfoot, Idaho. The farm was located a mile west of the highway on Broncho Road at a little area called Gibson on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. In Afton's words, "It will be a new way of life for us, but we feel it will be a good life for us and our sons."

On October 10, 1949, a daughter, Bonnie Lynne, was welcomed to the family. Three years later a second girl, Meredith Ann, was born on May 9, 1952.

Afton's patriarchal blessing promised that she would "be called to responsible positions in the auxiliaries of the church," and that she would "have the gift of being able to teach and draw the attention of the young." This promise was fulfilled, as she was called to work with the young women of the church — first as a Beehive leader and later as the YWMIA President in the Pocatello Third Ward. A year later she was called as a counselor in the stake YWMIA. After moving to the farm she was called again in 1954 to serve as the YW president in her ward, which position she held until her death. She was also called to serve in the Primary, Sunday School, and as the president and counselor in the Relief Society.

In 1955 Leonard suffered a heart attack and had to slow down his pace. Financial demands dictated the need for Afton to return to work. In November 1955 she started keeping books for



The Leonard J. Seelos Family: left to right, front—Jerry, Alan, Bonnie and Meredith; back—Afton, Jim and Leonard.

Coleman Builder's Supply in Pocatello. Then on her fortieth birthday in 1957 she was sworn in as the Deputy Treasurer of Bingham County in Blackfoot, Idaho.

Afton sustained an injury to her back as a young girl; over the years she suffered a great deal from severe headaches as the pressure on her spine would build. Numerous trips to specialists and to chiropractors had brought temporary relief, but nothing lasting. Then in 1955 a friend showed her a head harness that he used for daily exercise to stretch his spine. Afton began to use a similar device and found considerable relief from its use in her daily routine. On the morning of January 10, 1958, Afton died at her home from suffocation while using the head harness. She was alone in her room and evidently fainted while in the harness. Funeral services were held at the Pocatello Fourth Ward and she was buried at the Mountainview Cemetery in Pocatello on January 13, 1958, just one day before her forty-first birthday.

Afton's untimely death left four children still at home, the youngest being just five years old. Leonard remarried a year and a half later to a widow with three children and moved his family from the farm in Idaho to a small acreage in Hooper, Utah. But in November 1961 Leonard suffered a second heart attack that took his life. At this time the three remaining children went to live with relatives. Alan lived with his older brother Jim and Bonnie and Meredith were raised by Afton's sister, Carrie and her husband, Kline Jones.

Afton was a tall woman (about 5'10") with a large frame like her father. She had dark brown hair and brown eyes like her father and Grandmother Carrie. If one tries to remember any one feature of Afton's, it would be her smile. It was both disarming and engaging. It was an invitation to visit and talk. Afton was a good listener and a confidante to many. She was always more critical of herself than others. She always strove for excellence whenever she was given an assignment.

Afton was blessed with many talents. She was an outstanding cook who could prepare a delicious meal even from a bowl of leftovers. Her pies were the best. She was also an excellent seamstress who found little challenge in sewing for three sons; but when her daughters came along she delighted in sewing for them whenever time allowed. Frequently she would look at girl's

dresses in the store, sketch them, and go home and make the same for her girls. Often the item was given an extra touch with a little embroidery, crocheting, or extra lace. Afton, like her brother Frosty, enjoyed an artistic talent for sketching and drawing. Numerous times she designed stage sets and scenery — drawing and painting them from scratch. Her ward won stake road show competitions three times when she did the scenery. As a young bride she won third place in a city-wide Christmas decorating contest in Pocatello by painting her livingroom window to represent a stained-glass church window. A favorite memory of Afton is seeing her at the piano; she would sing as she played, often being joined by other family members. She was especially delighted when someone else could sing harmony with her.

Children:

- *C221 Leonard James Seelos
Born 26 Aug 1938
- *C222 Jerald Olean Seelos
Born 1 Sep 1941
- *C223 Alan George Seelos
Born 13 Apr 1945
- *C224 Bonnie Lynne Seelos
Born 10 Oct 1949
- *C225 Meredith Ann Seelos
Born 9 May 1952

C221 Leonard James Seelos

I was born August 26, 1938 at 8:12 P.M. in the General Hospital at Pocatello, Idaho to Leonard Joseph Seelos and Afton Mouritsen. I am the oldest child of my parents, and the oldest grandchild in my mother's family.

As a boy I was called Jimmy, which has become Jim in my later life. I spent the first ten years of my life in Pocatello where we lived on Lincoln Street. I attended Jefferson Elementary through the fourth grade. Then in 1948 my family moved to a farm on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation about seven miles south of Blackfoot, Idaho. I completed grade school at Central Elementary and attended junior high, high school, and seminary at Blackfoot. I graduated from Blackfoot High School in 1956.

I joined the Navy on August 22, 1956 at the age of seventeen. I graduated from Class A school in



The Jim Seelos Family: left to right, front—Ross, Jim, Diane, Betty S. and Michael; back—Lynn and Kenneth.

the Navy as an intercommunication electrician. I spent all my time at sea aboard the destroyer U.S.S. *Mullany*. I toured the Pacific and Far East, including Australia, during my naval career. I was honorably discharged from the Navy on July 29, 1959.

On one of my leaves I married Betty Ann Swofford whom I had dated through high school. We were married September 7, 1957 at Blackfoot, Idaho. Betty was born July 19, 1939 at Twin Falls, Idaho to Hiram Conner Swofford and Christle Josephine Sterr. We lived in San Diego and San Francisco until I was discharged from the Navy; then we settled at Rockford, Idaho where I worked for American Potato as an instrument man. We also lived at my father's farm for a short time until he could arrange to sell it.

In the spring of 1960 we moved to Burley, Idaho where I worked for Ore-Ida as an apprentice electrician. After the plant was built I stayed on as a maintenance man and received my journeyman electrician's license. On February 5, 1962 we moved to Brigham City where I worked for Thiokol Chemical Corporation as leadman electrician on permanent swingshift. At the same time I worked forty hours a week for Bill Davis as a construction electrician. In November 1962 we bought a house at 124 East 600 North in Brigham City where all our children were raised. On October 5, 1963 I quit Thiokol and went to work as a construction electrician on the road, which job took me all over the country. On December 23, 1966 I went to work at the Defense Depot in Ogden, Utah as an electrician and lineman. After working for others for so long I wanted to be my own boss, and so in 1972 I formed my own com-

pany, Tops Tree Trimmers, which was a combination of tree work and electrical contracting.

Betty and I were divorced in 1972. We are the parents of five children, not including twin daughters that were born prematurely while we lived in Burley. One baby was stillborn and the other lived only a short time. The children are all on their own now except Michael, the youngest, who lives with his mother in California. He is a sophomore at Santa Maria High School where he is active in tennis; he is also a golf enthusiast. Their address is 237 Garnet Way, Santa Maria, California 93454.

In February 1973 I met Janice Ann Chandler Shrader. We dated for four years and were married June 4, 1977 at Elko, Nevada. Jan was born February 22, 1944 at Cairo, Illinois to James Ray Chandler and Frieda Jenette Duncan.

I am an active member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and in May 1980 was elected to serve as the president of the Utah State organization for a year, which I did.

We enjoy gardening and cooking. Jan enjoys needlework, and regularly crochets something special for a family member or friend. We also are enjoying our first grandchild. We live at 32 South 300 East, (Post Office Box 677), Brigham City, Utah 84302.

Children:

- *C2211 Lynn Roger Seelos
Born 24 Sep 1957
- *C2212 Kenneth James Seelos
Born 31 Aug 1958
- C2213 Julie Ann Seelos
Born 30 Apr 1960 Died 30 Apr 1960
- Infant Daughter Seelos
Stillborn 30 Apr 1960



Jan C. and Jim Seelos

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- *C2214 Ross Alan Seelos
 Born 14 Mar 1961
- *C2215 Diane Carol Seelos
 Born 26 Apr 1962
- C2216 Michael Jay Seelos
 Born 3 May 1966

C2211 Lynn Roger Seelos

I was born September 24, 1957 at Blackfoot, Idaho. I am the oldest son of Leonard James (Jim) Seelos and Betty Ann Swofford.

When I was four weeks old, Mother and I joined Dad in San Diego, as Dad was stationed in the Navy there. We only lived there a short time as my grandmother Seelos died in January 1958.



Lynn R. Seelos

My Dad was scheduled to go to sea, so Mother and I went to live with Grandpa Seelos and his family. We lived on a farm just outside of Blackfoot, Idaho for a year, during which time my brother Kenneth was born. Dad then moved our family to San Francisco where we lived for the next six months. Next we moved back to Blackfoot where Dad got work after his release from the Navy. It wasn't long after this that Grandpa Seelos and his second wife moved their family to Utah, so our family moved again to the farm. We lived there until Dad got a job in Burley, Idaho. In the summer of 1960 we moved to Burley. We lived in Burley two years, and then moved to Brigham City, Utah.

I attended elementary, junior high, and high school in Brigham City. I was very active in Little League baseball and football, junior high basket-

ball, Cub Scouts, and Boy Scouts. I passed all the Red Cross swimming classes except lifeguard. While in high school I worked part time, and at age seventeen I decided to go to work full time. I moved to Soda Springs, Idaho and worked there for four years. From there I moved back to Brigham City, where I worked for Thiokol Corporation for two years while also attending Weber State College in Ogden, Utah on a part-time basis. In 1981 I moved to Santa Maria, California where I am at this time.

I still enjoy water skiing, snow skiing, and other sports when I have time, and have been enjoying the ocean since living in California. I plan to return to college this summer studying engineering and then business. My address is 237 Garnet Way, Santa Maria, California 93454.

C2212 Kenneth James Seelos

Kenneth James Seelos was born August 31, 1958 at Blackfoot, Idaho to Leonard James Seelos and Betty Ann Swofford.

He was a small baby weighing only four pounds nine ounces. After a few months of concern, he began to grow and develop normally. When Ken was only six months old his mom, brother Lynn, and he moved to San Francisco, California to join his dad who was stationed there in the Navy. Six months later they returned to Rockford, Idaho



Helen H. and Kenneth J. Seelos

where they lived for a year. Next they lived on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation for a year before moving to Burley, Idaho. After living in Burley for two years they moved to Brigham City, Utah.

Ken spent most of his growing-up years in Brigham City where he attended Foothill Elementary, Box Elder Junior High, and Box Elder High School. He was active in Cub Scouts and Little League football, basketball, and baseball. During these years he also developed an interest in snow skiing and golfing.

In 1976 Ken decided to leave home to make a life of his own. He got his first job at Monsanto Chemical in Soda Springs, Idaho where he is still employed.

In 1979 Ken met Helen Joyce Holland. After a courtship of more than a year, they were married on December 27, 1980 at the Presbyterian Church in Soda Springs. Helen was born May 8, 1962 at Marysville, California; she is the daughter of Roy Holland and Patricia Chism. Ken and Helen enjoy snow skiing, golfing, baseball, hunting, and just being together. Their address is Post Office Box 682, Soda Springs, Idaho 83276.

C2214 Ross Alan Seelos

I was born March 14, 1961 in Burley, Idaho to Leonard James (Jim) Seelos and Betty Ann Swofford.

In the spring of 1962 we moved to Brigham City, Utah where I lived for the next eighteen years. Shortly after moving to Utah my little sister Diane was born. Four years later my brother Michael was born.

During my elementary school years I partici-



Ross A. Seelos

pated in Little League baseball, football, and basketball, took swimming lessons, and was active in Scouting. I also have always liked little children, and have spent many hours taking them fishing and hiking. I would take my sleeping bag and hike into the mountains and spend the night many times as a boy. I still love the mountains, and spend time there whenever I can. While in the eighth grade I took my second year of Spanish, and that summer I went to Mexico with the Spanish class for two weeks.

In 1974 I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

My main interests throughout my school years have been fishing, hunting, golf, some snow skiing, chess, and reading. While in high school I was on the high school chess team and went to state meets twice. My main interest though is reading; I have a large collection of books.

I graduated from Box Elder High School in 1979 after which I attended Weber State College in Ogden, Utah for two quarters. However, I have always had a strong desire to see as much of the world as possible, so on June 1, 1980 I joined the United States Navy. I took my boot camp training and first school at Chicago, Illinois. From there I went to Orlando, Florida for my second nuclear training school, and then to Blackfoot, Idaho where I was able to live with my grandmother Swofford while attending classes at the National Reactor Site at Arco, Idaho. I am now at Bremerton, Washington waiting for a nuclear submarine to be put back in commission, at which time I will go to sea. I will spend the next four years in the Navy, and still try to stay very close to my family.

C2215 Diane Carol Seelos Hansen

I was born in Brigham City, Utah on April 26, 1962 to Leonard James Seelos and Betty Ann Swofford.

My parents moved from a rented home in Brigham City when I was about six months old to the home where I have grown up at 124 East 600 North. I lived there until I was eighteen years old.

I attended school at Foothill Elementary, Box Elder Junior High, and Box Elder High School, graduating in 1980. I also graduated from LDS seminary at the tabernacle on May 15, 1980,



Diane S. and Kevin R. Hansen

after completing four years. While attending seminary, I served as devotional chairman and secretary.

While I was attending high school I was a member of the Future Business Leaders of America, serving as secretary. During my freshman year I was the class secretary, and during my senior year I was awarded the Student of the Month award. Also, when awards were given at the end of the school year, I was awarded the outstanding shorthand student, outstanding business student, and the FOE outstanding girl.

I have been a Primary teacher for the LDS church, having taught the eight-year-olds and then the five-year-olds; I really enjoyed this.

In 1976, the beginning of my freshman year, I began working at the Red Baron Restaurant in Brigham City as a waitress, where I was employed until May 1980. During my senior year in high school I was employed as a secretary for Brown & Davis, a CPA firm. I really enjoyed this job as it gave me the opportunity to use my business skills.

I was married May 30, 1980 to Kevin Reese Hansen in my mother's backyard. We had a lovely late afternoon wedding, with a reception that evening at the North Stake Center. Kevin was born June 5, 1957 at Roswell, New Mexico; he is the son of Delbert Reese Hansen and Lorraine May Young. Kevin has been employed as a bricklayer and travels to wherever there is work in this area. I am employed by Thiokol Corporation at Promontory as a secretary.

This past year we were thrilled to become a family with the birth of our son Brandon James. He is the first grandchild on both sides of my family; he is named after my dad. He is also the first great-grandchild in our family. Our address is 1700 West 2700 North, #156D, Pleasant View, Utah 84404.

Children:

C22161 Brandon James Hansen
Born 1 Nov 1981

C222 Jerald Olean Seelos

I was born September 1, 1941 at Pocatello, Idaho, the second child of Leonard Joseph Seelos and Afton Mouritsen.

I was immediately nicknamed Jerry by my family and friends, and I have used that name ever since. I was blessed by my grandfather Olean Mouritsen, for whom I was named.

During the first year of my life my father was living away from home in Washington, D.C. on assignment with the Naval Ordnance Depot in connection with the mounting war effort at that time. I lived with my parents and two brothers, Jim and Alan, at 1031 North Lincoln in Pocatello. Here I started school, attending the first grade at Jefferson Elementary.

In the summer of 1948 we moved to a farm located at Gibson on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. It was here on our farm on Broncho Road that I grew up. We had a small enough farm to allow my father to continue full-time employ-



The Jerald O. Seelos Family: left to right, front—Stephanie, Karin W. holding Amanda, Jerry holding Matthew; back—Andrew, Jennifer and Suzanne.

ment in Pocatello and to farm as an avocation only. But there were always a lot of chores to be done — animals to take care of and feed, a large garden to weed and water, haying three times a year, and harvesting potatoes every fall. We rode the school bus into Blackfoot where I attended Central and Irving Elementary.

At the age of eight I was baptized by my father on December 3, 1949, and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by him on the following day in the Riverton Ward. I also received the Aaronic Priesthood at Riverton and advanced through the offices of the priesthood.

I attended junior high and high school in Blackfoot, graduating in 1959. My high school years were active and rewarding. I debated all four years, and our four-man squad won the state championship three years in a row. My senior year I served as the studentbody president, and was named the valedictorian of my graduating class.

My mother died unexpectedly when I was sixteen, leaving a young family to be raised. With the help of friends, relatives, and close family, we managed for a year and a half. Then in June 1959 my father remarried. I left home that fall for New York City to attend Columbia University, and shortly thereafter my father sold the farm and moved to Utah.

In my junior year in college my father also died. Fortunately, I was able to remain in school with the help of a scholarship, part-time work, and an occasional student loan. I graduated in June 1963 with a bachelor of arts in history. A highlight of my graduation was a visit from my brother Alan who came to New York City for a visit.

In May 1960, at a stake MIA dance in the Manhattan Ward, I met Karin Dorothea Weber. Our friendship developed into a courtship that survived three summer breaks, and in September 1962 we became engaged. After graduation Karin's family drove to Utah, and on July 12, 1963 we were married in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. I consider this the single greatest blessing of my life. Karin was born January 2, 1943 at Breslau, Germany to Hans Weber and Elfriede Erna Massner. We found an apartment at 182 A Street in Salt Lake City and set up housekeeping.

While living in New York City I was ordained an elder on December 4, 1960 by Floyd Water-

man. About this same time I was asked to go on a mission but I was so fearful that I would lose my scholarship and, hence, my ability to complete college, that I said no. I have always regretted that I didn't have enough faith to know that it would have worked out even if I had lost the scholarship.

I had planned a possible teaching career in history at the college level, but circumstances intervened. Although I enrolled at the University of Utah for some graduate work, I also accepted part-time employment at ZCMI Department Store; this quickly turned into a full-time job and an offer for promotion. However, after several delays in the offer, I grew impatient and got a job with the marketing department of Mountain Bell in April 1967. This has been a good job for me, and I have had good advancement opportunities there. It has been exciting to be a part of the Bell System during its transition from a regulated monopoly to a competitor in a deregulated market environment.

In January 1966 our first child Jennifer was born in Salt Lake City; it was such a thrill to begin a new career as parents. Our family grew quickly after that with another addition about every twenty months — Andrew in 1967; Suzanne in 1969; and Stephanie in 1971.

In October 1966 we moved from Salt Lake City to Bountiful where we lived at 3991 South 650 West for eleven years. In the spring of 1977 we bought a lot a few blocks from where we lived and built our present home. In January 1977 we added another son Matthew to our family, and in 1980 our sixth child Amanda arrived.

In Bountiful we became members of the Orchard Fifth Ward where we have been active in teaching and leadership positions. I have served as elder's quorum president twice, as a ward clerk for seven years, and as a bishop's counselor. Karin has served in three Primary presidencies.

As a teenager I developed an interest in genealogy and family history, and over the years this has been my hobby. I have been able to accomplish some new research, but mostly I have collected and compiled family histories and documented existing genealogical records.

Perhaps due to the loss of our parents, we have always enjoyed a close association with my brothers and sisters and Aunt Carrie's family. Through these associations we have shared many ties that bind. We have also been able to serve and

help each other and have accomplished many worthwhile goals. Our address is 3767 South 575 West, Bountiful, Utah 84010.

Children:

- C2221 Jennifer Dorothea Seelos
Born 5 Jan 1966
- C2222 Andrew Weber Seelos
Born 14 Sep 1967
- C2223 Suzanne Marie Seelos
Born 5 Jun 1969
- C2224 Stephanie Caroline Seelos
Born 28 Apr 1971
- C2225 Matthew Jerald Seelos
Born 19 Jan 1977
- C2226 Amanda Elizabeth Seelos
Born 30 Jun 1980

C223 Alan George Seelos

I was born April 13, 1945 in Pocatello, Idaho to Leonard Joseph Seelos and Afton Mouritsen.

When I was three years old my family moved from Pocatello, Idaho to a forty-acre farm on Broncho Road in the middle of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. Here my first memories really start. I remember how I used to always ask Mom what I could do before we moved to the farm, as I never had anything to do. After moving



The Alan G. Seelos Family: clockwise from upper left—Alan, Daniel, Dee, Benjamin, Rebecca, and Rick.

to the farm I never dared ask, as there were always many jobs that needed to be done.

As kids we would always sleep outside during the summer. Originally we slept in a large tent which Dad put up over a pipe frame; later he actually made a wooden frame for the lower part with a metal roof. I used to enjoy getting into bed and having the sheets ice cold.

When I was twelve years old my mother had an accident and died; this made a great many changes in my life. I have very few specific memories of my mother as a person; these memories I feel have been defined for me more from what I have learned from others. I do remember her as a loving person to whom I could go with all my little problems.

The summer before my freshman year in high school Dad remarried. Phyllis, the woman he married, had three children, Linda, Cheryl, and Leslie, about our ages. During the early part of this school year they moved to Hooper, Utah, and I remained in Idaho on the farm, living with my older brother Jim. At this time I really got to know my dad. He used to come to visit, or when I was helping him move we used to travel together, and I really started to understand him as a person.

Following my freshman year Dad sold the farm in Idaho, and I moved to Utah with him. Here I attended Weber High School. During my junior year my father had a major heart attack. It was a Sunday morning, and I remember walking down the hospital hall toward Dad's room when Aunt Amy (his sister) came out of his room crying and said that he had just died.

That summer Phyllis moved the family back to Pocatello, Idaho, and I moved back to the Indian Reservation where I lived with Doug Hook, a friend, and got a job moving sprinkler pipe. Relations with my stepmother deteriorated, and finally Aunt Carrie and Uncle Kline Jones were declared the legal guardians for myself and my sisters; Bonnie and Mere went to live with Carrie and Kline. When it was time for school to start I moved to Brigham City to live with my brother Jim and his family. I continued to go to school at Weber High in Ogden, where I graduated in 1963. I would travel to Ogden every day in a carpool with four teachers from Brigham City.

That fall I started school at the University of Utah. One of the first people whom I met on campus was DeeAnn Nielson. We both lived in

the dorms on campus and were always passing each other. This girl always said hello to me, so I decided that we should introduce ourselves (a decision I have never regretted).

The next year I did not return to school, but worked full-time at ZCMI. Dee had enough influence on me that I started preparing to go on a mission. In January 1965 I went on a mission to the Northern British Mission. I served there for six months when the mission was joined with the North East British Mission. At that time sixteen elders were transferred to the British South Mission, where I served for the next one and a half years.

I returned New Year's Eve of 1967, and it took me the next year to convince Dee that we should be married. On May 10, 1968 we were married in the Logan Temple. Dee was born June 21, 1945 at Provo, Utah; she is the daughter of Richard Jay Nielson and Norma Ralphs. We moved into a small house at 1152 East 6th South in Salt Lake City.

Dee had graduated from the University of Utah with a degree in nursing and was employed at the Veterans' Hospital; I went back to school. In 1971 I received my B.S. degree from the University of Utah in geology. I remained there for an additional year for post-graduate work. While going to school some of the jobs which I did were working at the dorm cafeteria, working at the ZCMI Tiffin Room, stocked shelves at ZCMI, sold hardware at ZCMI, did cancer research at the Veterans' Hospital, and was a physical therapy aide at the University of Utah Hospital. During the later years of school I worked as a geologist for Sachem Prospects and Rico-Argentine Mining Company.

While living at 1152 East 6th South, we had our first child, Rick. In 1971 we moved to a rental home at 2774 South Hartford Street in Salt Lake City. At this time Dee was medical director for the Salt Lake Headstart program, and I was still a student. While living in this home we had our second child, Ben. In October 1973 Dee and I bought our first home at 755 Bonito Way in Centerville, Utah. We lived in this home until October 1978. While living here both Becki and Daniel were born. In October 1978 our family moved into a new home which we had built.

I have continued to work in geology as a consultant for several different companies. Recently I formed my own company, Mining and Reclama-

tion Services, Incorporated, which specializes in environmental restoration.

I enjoy tinkering and making things with my hands, and surprising my family and friends with homemade gifts. Dee and I also have a mutual interest in antiques and "junking" and have enjoyed many fun times in our quests. As transplanted farm kids we enjoy our yard, orchard, and garden. Currently I am serving as Cubmaster and Dee is the Primary president in our ward. We live at 492 Sheridan Circle, Centerville, Utah 84014.

Children:

C2231	Richard Todd Seelos Born 29 May 1970
C2232	Benjamin Alan Seelos Born 4 May 1973
C2233	Rebecca Ann Seelos Born 2 Sep 1975
C2234	Daniel Joseph Seelos Born 26 Sep 1977

C224 Bonnie Lynne Seelos

I was born on October 10, 1949, in Pocatello, Idaho to Leonard Joseph Seelos and Afton Mouritsen.

I spent the first eight years of my life on my parents' farm on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, and attended elementary school in Blackfoot, Idaho. When I was eight years old, my



Bonnie L. Seelos

mother died, and for a brief period, I lived with my aunt and uncle, Carrie and Kline Jones in Orem, Utah. When I was nine years old, my father remarried and I returned to live with my family in Hooper, Utah, along with the three children from my stepmother's previous marriages. I attended the sixth and seventh grade in Hooper and Roy, Utah, and then my father died. My stepmother moved to Pocatello, and I lived with her there for a brief period; then my younger sister, Meredith, and I came to live with my Aunt Carrie and Uncle Kline permanently. At the time, they lived in Orem, Utah, but shortly after coming to live with them, they moved to Brigham City, Utah, and I lived there until graduating from high school. I graduated from Box Elder High School in 1967, and attended summer school and the first semester of 1967 at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. I quit school in January, 1968, and lived for six months in Salt Lake City working for KUTV-TV as a secretary for the national sales manager. I then moved to Los Angeles, California and lived there for one and a half years working at Liberty Records. I then moved to New York City where I had several temporary jobs. At that time, I met friends who were planning to travel to Europe; I joined them in July in Heidelberg, Germany, and travelled with them for four months throughout Europe. We stayed for several weeks in Heidelberg, Germany; Paris, France; Rome, Italy and London, England. I will always be grateful that I had this opportunity while I was young and able to be so carefree. Upon returning from Europe, I moved back to Los Angeles for another two years, working at a C.P.A. firm in Hollywood. I then moved back to New York City and have been here ever since. I worked for Lanvin-Charles of the Ritz for three years, and was secretary to the president of Homer & Durham Advertising agency for one year. I also attended evening courses at Parson's School of Design studying interior design. For the last year, I have been promoting myself as an interior designer, working as a temporary secretary when I do not have a design job. In May, June and July of 1979, I designed a loft space for living and entertaining for the president of Air Traffic Consultants. My second design job was completed in January, 1980, for a video artist and filmmaker, for her living/working studio apartment. I have just begun my first commercial design job for the execu-

tive offices of Norwegian-American Cruises. I share an apartment on the west side of Manhattan with a woman from Maine, and have just signed a lease for another two years. I have many friends here and enjoy the cultural and social opportunities that a large city like New York has to offer. My address is 200 W. 70th Street, Apt. 14F, New York City, New York 10023.

C225 Meredith Ann Seelos Ellsworth

I was born on May 9, 1952 in Pocatello, Idaho. I am the fifth and last child born to Leonard Joseph Seelos and Afton Mouritsen.

My family had a farm on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation in Idaho at the time of my birth. That was my home for seven and a half years.

On the morning of January 10, 1958 a tragedy struck our family that would change my life; my mother died in an accident. I was only five years old and did not fully understand the impact of the loss of my mother; but even now in my twenty-ninth year, she is greatly missed. Life went on, however, and I started first grade at Irving Elementary School in Blackfoot, Idaho.

My father eventually met Phyllis McIntire Archibald and married her in 1959, which added her and her three children to our family. We sold the farm and moved to Hooper, Utah. We had a



The Phil C. Ellsworth Family: clockwise from upper right—Phil, Christopher, Laura, Heather, Julia and Meredith.

small acreage there, and life was again back to normal. I attended three years at Hooper Elementary.

On November 26, 1961, when I was nine years old, my father died of a heart attack. It seemed my life again was destined for a different path. My stepmother and our family moved back to Pocatello, Idaho as soon as the school year ended. It was then decided that my sister Bonnie and I, the only two of our original family too young to take care of ourselves, should live with my mother's sister and her husband, Carrie and Kline Jones. That same summer we moved to Orem, Utah where they were living. I was no longer the "baby" of the family, but found I was a "big sister" to three cousins, Jeffrey, Wesley, and Lindsay, who was a baby. This proved to be one of the richest blessings of my life, to have younger family members to help love and care for.

The following December my uncle Kline, a pharmacist, was transferred to Brigham City, so again we moved. I was enrolled in fifth grade at Bunderson Elementary School in Brigham City and was finally able to sink roots.

Seventh grade found me at Box Elder Junior High School. During my time there I was able to share in the anticipation and excitement of a new baby in the family. Being the youngest in my own family, I'd never had that kind of experience before. Tina Jane was born April 1, 1966. Finally I had a "little sister."

I went to Box Elder High School and was fortunate enough, upon graduation in 1970, to have earned a scholarship to the college of my choice through the PTA. I wanted to be a teacher and my college choice was Brigham Young University.

In my second year at BYU I found that family home evenings were much more exciting than before, as there was a young man named Philip Chapman Ellsworth in our group. He was a returned missionary, having served a mission to Italy, who came to BYU from southern California. We soon found our feelings for each other were mutual. On March 8, 1972 we became engaged, and on December 22, 1972 we were married in the Ogden LDS Temple. Phil was born February 25, 1950 at Beirut, Lebanon to Theron Charles Claridge Ellsworth and Betty Jean Chapman. We lived in the Georgian Apartments on 9th East in Provo until April, when we were able

to rent a small house at 192 North 1100 West in Provo. While we lived there our first child Julia Ann was born.

Phil graduated in accounting from BYU in 1974. He had a job offer from a CPA in West Covina, California, so we found an apartment and moved there. This would be our home for four years.

I was soon called to be the Laurel advisor in Mutual and fell in love with "my girls." I held this position for two and one-half years. In November 1976 I was called to be the stake Laurel advisor. In September 1977 I accepted a call to teach Church history to the sophomores in the early morning seminary program. In February 1978 I was called as a ward Primary teacher. During this time our family grew with the addition of Heather and Christopher.

In May of 1978 we decided it was time to move back "home" to Utah. We moved to Bountiful and rented a house with a big yard for the children to play in. While there I served as the Beehive advisor and second counselor in the Young Women's organization. A year later, however, we found we would be moving again; this time it would be to our own home with our own big yard. We moved on June 15, 1979 to Magna, Utah, and shortly thereafter our Laura Jane was born. Since moving to Magna I have served as Primary inservice leader, Laurel advisor, Young Women's president, and am currently the Primary organizer.

Phil is employed by Robinson and Hill, a Salt Lake City CPA firm; at the moment he is working on a direct retainer basis for the trustee handling the Grove Finance bankruptcy case. Like my mother, I have a natural talent for sewing, and have been able to sew for my family and others. With four young children, a very busy husband, and my callings in the Church, I find my life both challenging and very fulfilling. Our address is 2748 South 8500 West, Magna, Utah 84044.

Children:

C2251	Julia Ann Ellsworth Born 13 Nov 1973
C2252	Heather Lee Ellsworth Born 5 Jun 1976
C2253	Christopher Leonard Ellsworth Born 26 Jun 1977
C2254	Laura Jane Ellsworth Born 13 Jul 1979

C23 Thomas Doyle Mouritsen

Thomas Doyle Mouritsen was born April 29, 1921 at Montpelier, Idaho to Olean Mouritsen and Clara Simpson. He was named after his grandfather Simpson. However, he was called Doyle by his parents and family during the years he was growing up; since he left home he has been known as Tom.

At the time of his birth his father was operating a flour mill in Montpelier Canyon. Tom was born at his parents' home at two o'clock in the afternoon. This home was located at the mouth of the canyon on the east side of Montpelier.

In 1924 at the age of three, Tom moved with his family to Pocatello. The family lived on the west side of town in several houses, but for the longest time at 321 West Sublette. Here Tom started school, attending Lincoln and Jefferson Elementary. At the age of eight he was baptized on October 13, 1929 by Joseph Dunn and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the same day by Charles Joel Loveland in the Pocatello Third Ward.

In 1932 the family moved to Shelley, Idaho, but returned to Pocatello in 1934. Upon their return to Pocatello the family lived on North Washington Street in the Alameda area. Then in 1936 they moved to their home at 749 North Tenth Avenue.

Tom attended Franklin Junior High and Pocatello High School from which he graduated

in 1939. In school he was active in music and played in dance bands. He has a natural talent for the piano. This ability to play by ear, coupled with his hard work to learn and study music and technique, made him an accomplished musician. It is no surprise to all of us that he has a baby grand piano in his living room.

After high school, Tom attended Utah State University at Logan, Utah for a short while. Tom learned secretarial skills, becoming an expert typist and stenographer. While at the school in Logan he took classes from his aunt Leah who was on the faculty. In 1941 he had an opportunity to work in Washington, D.C. for over a year during the early stages in our country's involvement in the Second World War. In January 1942 Tom was on the first ship with civilians allowed into Hawaii after Pearl Harbor. He lived and worked at Pearl Harbor for the next three years. He then returned to the United States long enough to join the Army, whereupon he was shipped back to Hawaii to serve his eighteen months' duty.

Upon release from the Army, Tom went to San Francisco with the intention of enrolling at Woodbury Business College. While he was waiting for the semester to begin, he accepted employment with Southern Pacific Railroad in 1947. Because of his excellent credentials he quickly worked into a job in the financial department of the secretary-treasurer's offices at the railroad. In this capacity he was responsible for preparing financial statements and all the necessary paperwork associated with the annual board of directors' meetings in New York City and Delaware, and then being required to accompany the corporate executives to the east coast once and sometimes twice a year to make all necessary arrangements.

As an avocation and hobby, and as a diversion from the pressures of the business world, Tom began to purchase old homes and apartments in San Francisco. He would then renovate and remodel them in his spare time as rental units, doing all the electrical, plumbing, painting, carpeting, and decorating himself. His talents in this area are evident by some of the stunning results he achieved. Tom also enjoys restoring antique furniture, with some of his work on display in his home. In more recent years, Tom has slacked off as landlord and real estate investor; instead he spends more of his spare time in travel. He has traveled extensively in the United States



Tom D. Mouritsen

and Mexico; he has also traveled to Europe three times and to South America once.

Tom is tall, like his father, slim, and distinguished looking, with curly hair. He has enjoyed good health all of his life. Recently he retired from Southern Pacific Railroad and is enjoying being able to call his time his own. For the past 30 years Tom has resided at 6 Ord Court, San Francisco, California 94114.

C24 Carrie Jane Mouritsen Jones

I was born April 21, 1933 in Pocatello, Idaho at the old General Hospital, which has since been torn down. I am the youngest of four children born to Olean Mouritsen and Clara Simpson.

My brothers and sister were older than me and gone from home during my growing-up years, so I was raised almost as an only child. My father made his living by doing landscape work and was an expert on that subject.

I was especially close to my sister Afton; in fact, she was like a mother to me. When I was in school she and her family lived across town from us in Pocatello, and I spent a great deal of time with her and her children. It was one of the saddest and most shocking days of my life when the telephone rang and I heard the news that she was dead. She died four days before her forty-first birthday. My oldest brother Frosty died unexpectedly of a heart attack at the age of fifty-six. Both of their

deaths were a shock to our family. There remains now of my parents' family only my brother Tom and I.

I had a lot of close girlfriends while I was growing up, and I enjoyed my years in school very much. I attended Washington Elementary, Franklin Junior High, and Pocatello High School, graduating in 1951. In high school I was a member of the pep club and girl's council. I also participated in the school operettas in the capacity of an accompanist. My parents gave me dancing and piano lessons for many years, for which I have always been grateful. I went to many piano contests and won a state superior rating three consecutive years.

While I was in high school I met Jonas Kline Jones who was a year ahead of me in school. We went together my last three years of high school and then planned to be married. He went to college for two years and I worked for one year, and we were married on August 22, 1952, on his twentieth birthday, in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. Kline was born August 22, 1932 in Malad, Idaho; he is the son of Edward Evans Jones and Elva Fern Nielsen. I continued working as a secretary for the Social Security Administration while he completed his college education at Idaho State University. He graduated in 1955 with a degree in pharmacy.

At that time we moved from Pocatello and Kline went to work in Preston, Idaho. After one year we moved to Provo, Utah where Kline went to work as a pharmacist for Skaggs Drug. It was in



Carrie Mouritsen Jones



The J. Kline Jones Family: clockwise from left—Kline, Lindsay, Wes, Jeff, Carrie M. and Tina.

Provo that our first child, Jeffrey Kline, was born on his grandfather Jones's birthday. Then fourteen months later our second child, Wesley Lynn, was born in Pocatello, Idaho. Kline was an officer in the Army Reserve and was called on active duty while we were living in Provo. Because I was expecting Wesley we decided it would be best for Jeffrey and me to live with my parents in Pocatello instead of going to Oklahoma, which we did.

Kline was released from active duty and arrived in Pocatello one day after Wesley's birth, so we then took up our residency again in the Provo area. Kline returned to the same job at Skaggs Drug and we moved into an apartment in Orem, Utah. After living there for two years we bought our first home just a short distance from our apartment. We did the landscaping and decorating, even making the drapes, a task I have never dared tackle since.

When our third son, Lindsay Clark, was born, the doctor, knowing Kline was a pharmacist with two other sons, announced to Kline that he had just refilled his prescription — another boy. When Lindsay was nine months old Kline was transferred to Brigham City, Utah as pharmacy manager of the Skaggs Drug Center there. Since houses were hard to find in Brigham City we rented a home with plans to build as soon as possible. However, as it turned out, we rented for two years and then purchased a home. We are presently living in that same home and have lived in Brigham City nineteen years.

Our only daughter, Tina Jane, was born in Brigham City which completed our family. However, when my sister died we took her two youngest children to raise. Bonnie Lynn was twelve years of age and Meredith was nine years of age when they came to live with us. My sister's husband died three years after she did which left their five children without parents. The boys were older so we took the two girls. I always felt she would have done the same for me — had the circumstances been reversed.

My mother had been living alone in her home in Pocatello since my father's death, but she had suffered one stroke and her health was failing and we did not want her to live alone any longer. So in December 1967 we sold her home and moved her in with us. She lived with us for four years, at which time she was admitted to a nursing home. She passed away February 24, 1973. When

I think back over those years when we had all of our children at home, plus my two nieces and my mother, we used to seat nine people at a meal. At one time we were quite a large family.

After my mother passed away and my children were all in school I went back to work after many years of being out of the business world. I applied for a job with the Box Elder School District and was given the job of secretary at Bunderson Elementary School where my own children had gone to school. I have worked there for ten years and am presently still employed there. It is a very interesting job.

I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the age of eight on June 8, 1941 and have always been an active member. I have held many church positions over the years, and I am currently serving as the ward choir organist and ward typist, two positions I have held for several years.

We are now enjoying the fruits of our labors by watching our children grow into fine citizens. Lindsay attended Box Elder High School, graduating in 1980. He worked at First Security Bank and attended Weber State College prior to his departure on March 5, 1981 to serve in the Milan, Italy mission for the LDS church. Tina is completing her sophomore year at Box Elder School where she is serving on the seminary council, is active in school activities, is an honor student, and is an accomplished pianist.

Early in our marriage I began trying and collecting recipes, not wanting to lose the reputation my mother and sister had for being good cooks. I find that even today there is a challenge to cook something special for my family, which usually includes one or all of our married children, my nephews, their spouses, and children. We often feed twenty-five to thirty people at our family get-togethers. These family dinners have expanded more recently into regular reunions, camping trips, and special family traditions. I find great joy and satisfaction in doing these things, and we have become a closer family because of it. Our address is 359 North 500 East, Brigham City, Utah 84302.

Children:

- *C241 Jeffrey Kline Jones
Born 21 Sep 1956
- *C242 Wesley Lynn Jones
Born 13 Nov 1957

C243 Lindsay Clark Jones
Born 8 Mar 1962

C244 Tina Jane Jones
Born 1 Apr 1966

C241 Jeffrey Kline Jones

In the spring of 1982, as I sit to write this sketch of my life, it is more enjoyable to dream of possibilities of my future rather than to think about the realities of my past. My wife, Debbie and I are beginning our third year of marriage, I graduated from Brigham Young University in April 1981 with a degree in zoology, and I am currently working on a second degree at BYU in philosophy with the hope of gaining acceptance to graduate school. Let me, though, sketch some of the events and relationships that have brought me to this point in my life.

I was born September 21, 1956 at Provo, Utah to Jonas Kline Jones and Carrie Jane Mouritsen. My parents have been, and are now, never failing in their love and support of their children; to be their son is a great blessing. Both have my admiration, respect, and love.

We lived in the Provo area until 1962 when my father, a pharmacist with Skaggs Drug Company, accepted a transfer to Brigham City, Utah. There I entered Bunderson Elementary School and, later, Box Elder Junior High School. These were happy, relatively uneventful years. This is not to say, of course, that I did not experience the normal trials and insecurities of growing up. But then I have always felt the security and strength which come from belonging to a close-knit family; I refer not only to my immediate family, but

also to my extended family — the Seeloses, Ellsworths, Snyders, Mouritsens, and Shaws, as well as Joneses.

During these formative years my free time was consumed with reading (especially biographies) and sports (especially basketball and baseball). I remember myself as being soft-spoken and introverted, yet willing to extend myself in those matters which were important to me. For example, with relative independence I earned the rank of Eagle Scout. And I distinctly recall the high seriousness with which I did both my school work and discharged my duties as a deacon in the LDS church.

I look back fondly, yet without complete satisfaction, on my years at Box Elder High School, from 1970 to 1974. While there were some accomplishments, I regret that I did not take full advantage of the opportunities that were mine. I did play on the school basketball team for two years and successfully completed the school's advanced placement chemistry course, both of which I enjoyed tremendously. During this time I also worked part-time at a local grocery store.

Upon graduation from high school I enrolled immediately at Weber State College in Ogden, Utah and was soon caught up in the challenges of the pre-med program. The two years I spent at Weber State were intellectually stimulating and rewarding. I began my undergraduate work with the intention of rushing through my pre-medical studies as quickly and efficiently as possible. But, upon exposure to literature, history, and philosophy, I became unwilling to speed through my science classes at the expense of a broader, more liberal education. In fact, at the end of my sophomore year, I decided to discontinue my pre-med work for a year to matriculate in the philosophy department at the University of Utah which, in fact, I did.

Also at this time, little by little, I became impressed with the possibility of serving a mission for the LDS church, eventually accepting a call to the Brazil, Sao Paulo South Mission. April to June 1977 was spent in the Language Training Mission in Provo, Utah studying the Portuguese language. Then, while my visa was being processed, I labored for four rewarding months in the Massachusetts, Boston Mission. When in late October my papers arrived, I flew to southeastern Brazil, my home for the next one and one-half years. For the majority of that time I served as the mission's



The Jeff K. Jones Family: left to right—Debbie B., David, and Jeff.

accountant, and was in the final months a traveling assistant to President Wilford Cardon. Like all missions, mine provided trials and disappointments, but also some of my choicest experiences with the opportunity to form some of my most valued relationships. Without question, the most cherished aspect of my missionary experience was the fellowship I enjoyed with most of my companions and "our" investigators and converts. I still correspond with many of them.

Soon after returning from my mission on May 19, 1979, I married Debra Bingham, whom I had met years earlier while working for the summer at a nursing home in Brigham City. Debbie was born April 30, 1957 at Pocatello, Idaho; she is the daughter of VerNon Arch Bingham and Mary Bernice Powell. Following a trip to Mexico, we moved to Provo and I began my current work at BYU. While I was on my mission, Debbie graduated from the Ricks College of Nursing at Rexburg, Idaho and is currently employed at the Utah Valley Hospital in Provo. I am currently working in the honors program at BYU. We are the proud parents of a son David Kline. Our address is 2511 North 180 West, Pleasant Grove, Utah 84062.

Children:

C2411 David Kline Jones
Born 18 Jan 1981

C242 Wesley Lynn Jones

I was born on November 13, 1957 in the Ban-nock Memorial Hospital in Pocatello, Idaho to Jonas Kline Jones and Carrie Jane Mouritsen.

At the time of my birth my mother was staying with Grandfather and Grandmother Mouritsen while my father was in the Army in Oklahoma. I have been told that Dad was able to get away early and drove straight through to Idaho to be there when I was born; however, he arrived just a few hours after I was born.

I am the second of the children born to my parents. I have an older brother (by fourteen months) named Jeff, a younger brother of five years named Lindsay, and the sweetest sister named Tina Jane. Also, I have two "big sisters." Bonnie and Mere Seelos, my cousins, who came to live with us when both of their parents died; I have always been happy that they came to be part



The Wesley L. Jones Family: left to right—Su H., Jonathan, Wes.

of our family. Being older now, I realize what a responsibility it must have been for my parents to take two more children into their home, but they were always loved just like one of us.

In my preschool years we lived in Orem, Utah while Dad worked at Skaggs Drug Company in Provo. I have very fond memories of many countless hours of playing with Jeff. There were also several boys in our neighborhood whose fathers were in the same Army reserve unit as my father. One year, upon his return from camp, he brought Jeff and me our own mini Army uniforms. The other fathers also brought their sons uniforms. We practically had our own reserve unit in the neighborhood. Of all the presents I have ever received, that uniform has always been one of the best.

We moved to Brigham City in 1962, and it was here that I started school. I was enrolled at Bunderson Elementary School where I loved being with the other kids and making new friends. Next I attended Box Elder Junior High where I became very interested in sports and was picked to be on the athletic intramural executive council. I was also chosen to be on the studentbody executive council. I attended Box Elder High School, graduating in 1975. While in high school I started playing golf and fell in love with the game. During this time I worked at the golf course; the first two years I worked in the clubhouse, and the third year I was in charge of watering the course. The hours were 5:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M.; I hated being alone so Mom and Dad would come out and bring my supper to me, and then usually Dad would stay until I was through watering. I feel that it was this that really helped me get to know my father. This time with him has always meant

so much to me! I received two school letters for being on the golf team. Also in high school I was a member of the National Honor Society, and it was at this time that I earned my Eagle Scout award. I also graduated from seminary with honors. My last year in high school I got a job at a local grocery store, and was to do this for the next two and one-half years.

I attended one year at Weber State College in Ogden and studied chemistry. I then attended one semester of school at Brigham Young University, at which time, on October 8, 1976, my life changed greatly. I received a call from the LDS church to serve in the Finland, Helsinki Mission. I entered the language training mission in Provo, Utah just after Christmas of that year. One of the hardest things that I have ever had to do was to learn the Finnish language, but with a lot of faith, prayers, and hard work I did it. While on my mission my own testimony grew greatly, and it was a time for personal and family growth. I served the last eight months of my mission as a district and zone leader. My mission taught me the value of seeking eternal things, and the importance of the family. I will never regret taking two years to serve the Lord.

Upon returning home I got a job at the Utah-Idaho Sugar factory in Garland, Utah, loading one-hundred-pound sacks of sugar into railroad cars. I knew that if my mission hadn't made a man out of me that this job would. However, as soon as possible, I enrolled again at BYU, studying business and accounting. It was at this time that I met the girl of my dreams. Her name is Susan Howarth, and we were married in the Ogden LDS Temple on July 11, 1980. She is a beautiful young woman who has many talents and abilities that are of benefit in our home. Susan was born February 18, 1955 at Portland, Oregon; she is the daughter of Charles Herbert Howarth and LaRue Evans. I have just a few months left before receiving my degree in accounting, and then I plan to attend graduate school. While attending school I have been teaching the Finnish language at the Missionary Training Center and have served as the Finnish supervising teacher.

With the responsibility of marriage, a wife, and now being the head of my own home, I have come to realize how much my own parents have sacrificed for their family. My good wife continues to be a source of strength to me, and on August 14, 1981 a new member, Jonathan Edward, came

into our family. He is the happiest baby I have ever seen. With Jonathan came more responsibility but also more blessings and happiness than I ever thought possible. My life thus far has been enjoyable for me. I have been grateful for good health, good friends, and a great family. We live at 424 South 100 West, Provo, Utah 84601.

Children:

C2421

Jonathan Edward Jones
Born 14 Aug 1981

C3 Elvina Mouritsen Weaver

Elvina Mouritsen, daughter of Mourits Mouritsen and Carrie Hansen, was born at the old home ranch in Bennington, Idaho on January 8, 1892.

Her early childhood was spent there at the old ranch. Her sister Mildred was just two years younger, and they spent a great deal of time together helping always with the housework and with the many responsibilities of their mother at that time. Vina attended grade school at Bennington, which was two and one-half miles from the ranch. These were hard times for the family



Elvina Mouritsen

and getting back and forth to school, throughout the winter months especially, was no small problem.

On July 12, 1907 Vina's mother died, leaving eight children. Vina was then fifteen years old and Mildred was thirteen. This was a very sad time for all of the children, and the added responsibilities seemed overwhelming. At this time Aunt Lizzie and her family of eight children moved from Montpelier to the ranch, making sixteen children in all. Aunt Lizzie then assumed the heavy responsibilities of rearing this big family.

Whenever there was opportunity the older children, especially the boys, would go out to get jobs to earn money to help the family. Mary Griffiths (Vina's sister) lived in Smithfield where she and Rob operated a hotel and store business. There was a lot of business activity in Smithfield at this time and Mary needed extra help to take care of the boarders and roomers who would come to the hotel. Utah Power and Light Company had many workers putting lines through the valley, and there were also theatrical troupes, cattle buyers, and various others who would stop for a good meal and often a night's lodging. Mary asked Vina, Mildred, and Gwen to come work for her, and this they did. This was about 1911 or 1912. Vina's main responsibility was the cooking and she built up a wide reputation for her homemade bread, cakes, pies, and other good food. Vina returned home to Bennington in 1917 and worked for some time in the telephone office in Montpelier.

Vina married Wilson Weaver of Bennington on February 8, 1919 in Paris, Idaho. They were later sealed in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Wilson was born October 15, 1887 at Bennington, Idaho; he is the son of Peter Wilson Weaver and Mary Jane Davis. Wilson owned a big dry farm at a place called Maple just northeast of Bennington. They lived for a time in Bennington with Wilson's mother, and then moved to Maple where they really started their married life in a small log home on the ranch. Wilson was a hard-working farmer and Vina helped in every way she could, raising flocks of chickens and cooking for farm helpers.

Later on they moved to Bennington and bought the little town grocery store. Wilson ran the farm and Vina ran the store business for a number of years. She did very well and worked

very hard at this. She was always active with Church activities and established a record for her work in music and as chorister of the ward.

Wilson brought logs from the canyon, had them sawed up, and they started to build their dream home which they had wanted for so many years. It was a happy day when they moved into their new, modern brick home one block east of the main highway in the center of Bennington. They planted pine trees around the lot, and Vina always had beautiful flower gardens around their home. Even to this day everyone agrees that this is the best looking home in the whole area.

Here they enjoyed many years, and they shared many social occasions with a group of their friends in Bennington; square dancing was one of their main activities. Vina sang with Lenore Wright and Sam Hall; their trio was called upon to sing at funerals, church functions; and many other occasions throughout Bear Lake Valley. Vina loved music and this was a very special activity for her enjoyment.

It was always an anticipated pleasure to spend some time with Vina and Wilson in their home. Members of the family were always welcome, and it was a great treat to feast on Vina's homemade bread and her best-in-the-world chokecherry jelly. No one before or since has ever made it so good.

Their lives were not without problems, however. They took into their home a boy who was the son of Wilson's cousin. His name was Bud Davis



Vina and Bud Davis

and his parents had both died, leaving him and a sister. Vina and Wilson were very good to Bud but he caused them lots of worry, trouble, and many sleepless nights. They were happy when he married for the second time and seemingly was happy and settled. Unfortunately Bud's wife Elma died at the birth of a little girl and Bud was overcome with grief and simply disappeared, leaving his baby girl with Vina and Wilson. They kept the baby and named her Elma Jill.

After Wilson died on May 23, 1967, Vina sold her home in Bennington and moved to Salt Lake City to be near her brothers and sisters. She and Jill lived at the Executive Apartments in Granger near Homer and June, and then later moved to a small home near Estel and Leah at 3970 South 2700 West in Granger. Vina soon had the place beautified with flowers that she cultivated in every spot available. She enjoyed Estel's garden where she could go anytime she wanted to get her garden stuff. She once remarked, "This is just paradise."

Jill graduated from Granger High School and attended the Technical College. Vina was kept busy with Jill's interest, and she enjoyed being able to go to the shopping mall close by. She also enjoyed attending some of the cultural activities in Salt Lake City.

Vina became sick right after Thanksgiving in 1974 and spent many days in Valley West Hospital going through all kinds of tests. When it was



The Wilson Weaver Family: left to right—Bill, Vina and Jill.

determined that she had stomach cancer, this was a terrible shock to all her family because the doctors said she had only a few months to live. At Christmastime, at the suggestion of another doctor, she entered the LDS Hospital for further tests. The cancer specialist thought he could remove her stomach and prolong her life. After much consultation she went through the operation, but finally passed away on March 11, 1975 at her home in Granger. She was buried in the Bennington Cemetery by the side of her husband Wilson.

Vina was a very special person and everyone truly loved her because she was always so pleasant and always trying to do something for someone else. She must have experienced sad times in her life, but no one would know this because of her ever-pleasing personality. Vina wanted to live to see Jill married but did not quite accomplish this desire. Jill was married the following month, April 21, 1975. Vina and her sister Mildred died nine days apart; they went through life together and left this life together.

Children:

*C31 Elma Jill Davis
Born 21 Apr 1956

C31 Elma Jill Davis Brimhall

I was born April 21, 1956 in Montpelier, Idaho to Grenfall Duncan Davis and Elma Welker. My time of birth was 9:45 P.M., I weighed seven pounds ten ounces, and was twenty inches long.

On April 26, 1956 my mother died from a blood clot in her lung. Soon after that my father left me, and since 1964 I have had no contact or information regarding my father. Friends of the family became my foster parents — Wilson Weaver and Elvina Mouritsen. As far as I am concerned they are my parents.

I lived in Bennington, Bear Lake County, Idaho for the first eleven years of my life. In May 1967 my father, Wilson Weaver, died. In August 1967 my mother, Elvina Mouritsen Weaver, and I moved to Salt Lake City, Utah to be nearer to relatives.

I started school in Bennington, Idaho and then was bussed into Montpelier. After we moved to Salt Lake City I attended Granger Elementary School, where I made many friends. I graduated

C4 Mildred Mouritsen Christofferson

(This story was written and compiled by Mildred's children.)

Mildred Mouritsen, daughter of Mourits Mouritsen and Carrie Hansen, was born at the old home ranch in Bennington, Idaho on January 19, 1894.

Mildred grew up on this ranch, which was about two and one-half miles east of the little town of Bennington. She was the fourth child in her mother's family — her older brothers and sister being Victor, Olean, and Vina. She had a very happy childhood with plenty of playmates and lots of room to run and play. The Astle family lived not too far to the southeast and the Lindsay family lived to the northeast. The families visited a great deal, and there was always fun for the children. Mildred and Vina spent lots of time together helping with the housework and responsibilities on the farm. One thing that did them in good stead all through their lives was that they really learned how to work.

Mildred attended grade school at Bennington. In the fall and spring months they would walk the two and one-half miles back and forth to school.



Michael A. and Jill D. Brimhall

from Westlake Junior High School in May 1971. I then attended Granger High School and graduated in May 1974. For seven months I attended the Utah Technical College in Salt Lake City where I learned secretarial skills.

On July 13, 1974 I met Michael Brimhall on a "blind date." We began dating, and in late September we became engaged and planned to marry in April 1975.

During November 1974 Elvina became very ill and was hospitalized on several occasions until March 11, 1975 when she passed away. I loved her very much and her death affected me greatly. I seriously thought of postponing my wedding day, but was encouraged to maintain my plans because Mom would have wanted it that way. So on April 21, 1975, which was my nineteenth birthday and Mike's twenty-sixth birthday, I married Michael Anthony Brimhall in the Salt Lake LDS Temple for time and eternity. Michael was born April 21, 1949 at Salt Lake City to Dell Junior Brimhall and Viola May Bennett. We honeymooned for a week in San Francisco, California.

Since our marriage we have lived in Salt Lake City. As of this writing we have no children. Michael works in a family business, Brimhall Products, and I work as a claims processor for Equitable Life and Casualty Insurance. Our address is 2613 "D" Village Lane, West Valley City, Utah 84119.



Mildred Mouritsen

Her father had a small log home in Bennington, and in the winter months they would live there some of the time. Other times they would ride in a sleigh from the ranch to Bennington, which was difficult at times because of the very cold winters and lots of snow.

When Mildred was thirteen years old her mother died, and at this time she and Vina assumed many responsibilities with the family until Aunt Lizzie, with her eight children, moved from Montpelier to the ranch. At this time there were sixteen children in all, eight in each family, and sometimes the work seemed overwhelming, but everyone helped and the children had a happy time.

When Mildred was a young girl about six years old, Eliza and Will Cantwell lived across the field about a mile from the home ranch, and the children used to go back and forth from their place. One day Mildred's father noticed something coming through the grain field separating the two homes. It was Mildred cutting across through the field and her hair was flying up and down. Her father thought it must be a coyote because there were a lot of them around and he wanted to get rid of them. He got his gun and was ready to shoot when something stopped him. Soon Mildred emerged from the grainfield. Her father was shaken up very badly with the thought that he could have shot her. It took him some time to get over this.

As the children grew up the older ones, especially the boys, would get jobs away from home on other farms putting up hay and earning extra money. Mary and Bob Griffiths, Mildred's half-sister and husband, had a store and rooming-house business in Smithfield and Mary needed help to take care of the meals and the house-keeping. At this time Vina, Mildred, and Gwen went to Smithfield to work for Mary; this was about 1911 or 1912. They did all kinds of work — cooking, making up the rooms, washing dishes, preparing the food, washing clothes, and ironing.

It was while Mildred was working in Smithfield that she met Isaac Christofferson who lived in Richmond with his mother and father. They were married November 4, 1914 in the Logan LDS Temple. Isaac was born February 9, 1892 at Richmond, Utah to John Christian Christofferson and Metha Marie Madsen. Their first home was a small, red brick house which is still standing in Richmond, Utah. Isaac's father owned a

lumberyard in Smithfield. Isaac worked for him as a carpenter and cabinetmaker, and so became very skilled in all phases of construction building under the tutelage of his father.

It isn't known why they moved to Bennington, Idaho when LeGrand was about one year old; it might have been Mother's desire to move back to her home and also due to some prodding from her father. They were having some financial difficulties and Grandfather thought it might be better if they were in Bennington. Grandfather was very pleased with Mildred. I'm sure she was glad to get back close to her family. They lived with her father on the ranch at first and then later moved into a small log house her father owned in Bennington.

Eventually they acquired a two-hundred-acre wheat farm two and a half miles southeast of Bennington on the way to Montpelier, and they moved into a small house Dad had built on the farm. The entire farming operation — land, buildings, equipment, farm machinery, and animals — were all bought on credit. This was all fine if good crops had materialized each year, but for some unknown reason they didn't; so the entire equity went down the drain, including all of the hard work put forth by both Mom and Dad.

Helen, DuWayne, and Darwin were all born in Bennington.

Mother raised chickens and had a henhouse. Her main problem was the weasels that would get into the henhouse at night. Dad was always trying to kill them with his twenty-two rifle which he kept handy. Dad also had a thirty Remington Auto rifle which he used to shoot coyotes that would come too close to the house.

Money was scarce and so they made do without money in most cases. Once, when Dad was to play in a baseball game in Bennington on a Saturday afternoon, he didn't have a baseball glove so together they decided to make one. Dad cut it out of some canvas and Mother sewed the pieces together on her sewing machine. LeGrande remembers the incident well, and remembers that the glove was well-made.

During the fall when the wheat was to be harvested, all of the neighbors would help each other, and there was always a big crowd to work together. At noontime the workers would all come to the house. The horses were unhitched, fed, and watered, and the women, under the supervision of my mother, would prepare a big



The Isaac Christofferson Family: left to right, front—Gayle, Mitzi, Mildred M., Helen and Donna; back—LeGrande, DuWayne, Ike, Leonard, Jack, and Darwin.

dinner which was eaten out in the yard on lumber tables. Once LeGrande could not be found anywhere; everybody searched high and low for him. Finally Mom, thinking of the most likely place, found him asleep in a header box where he had been when the crew stopped working that evening.

Mother and Dad were so busy that they didn't have much time for social affairs, but they always had a few close friends of good character in both Bennington and Rock Springs. They were always very active in the affairs of the LDS church. Dad and Mom were very devoted Christian people who prayed regularly and tried to live like the Lord intended they should. It has always been a delight to have never been ashamed of what either one of them did. They lived and did set a good example for all their children. When we were growing up Mom and Dad always saw to it that we went to Sunday School, Primary, Mutual, and the other church activities they had. We were in our share of the programs, and sometimes we gave two-and-a-half-minute talks; occasionally we even sang on the programs. We did have this good church training and background in our lives. Dad usually went to the Mutual dances and

took us with him so that we could participate. He also went to the sport activities the boys were involved in.

Grandfather Mouritsen was always very helpful to Mom and Dad in that he furnished them with lots of fruit and vegetables from his ranch regularly. Mom and Dad made many trips, even from Rock Springs, to get fruit and potatoes. Aunt Leah tells that Mom and Dad always came to the ranch after church on Sunday to have Sunday dinner with the family.

Uncle Willard and Uncle David had ventured to Rock Springs, Wyoming to go into business. It was a boomtown with lots of building going on and good wages were available, so in 1923 Dad and Mom decided to leave the dry farm and move there where they could work and together they could build a new life and raise their family. When we first moved to Rock Springs from Bennington, we lived in a small one-room apartment on Bridger Avenue. There was a place for Mom to cook, and our beds were on the other side of the room. Now and then someone used to bring us a can of milk from Bennington. Dad worked for the Superior Lumber Company, and as soon as possible he built the first house, which we al-

ways called the "little house," on the back of a large lot on Q Street on Number 1 Hill. Dad built this himself with the help of the other carpenters who exchanged work whenever anyone did some building so that the cost was only in the materials which they bought at discount at the lumberyard where they worked. Mom cooked on a coal range, on which she heated our water also; it also heated the house. On Saturday night she heated lots of water and we all had our baths in a tin tub set across two chairs so that we would be clean and ready for church the next morning. Dad gave the boys haircuts, and also the girls when they needed it. The davenport in the living room made down into a bed for the boys, and when this was down we had our family prayer around it. Dad built a backporch where Mom had her washer. There was a cellar with fruit shelves which you went down to from the back porch. They also stored potatoes there for the winter and sometimes apples. The kids always hated to get sent down there for something as it was dark and cold; we always thought there would be a big spider down there or that something disagreeable would happen to us.

Mother was a good cook and she always made her own bread. There was a little bakery a short distance away to which she'd send one of us to get her a nickel's worth of yeast. The bread dough was in such a large kettle it almost came up to her elbows because she made so much bread at one time. It would bake up into four large loafs; it was such good bread. Sometimes, though, it was a real treat to have a loaf of bread purchased at the store. Mom tried to please everyone. She always used to fry two sets of meat — one with onions and one without. DuWayne and Darwin didn't like onions while the rest of the family did. She also did this with tossed salad. Mom also worked hard to keep our clothes mended, washed, and ironed. We didn't have a lot of clothes, but Mom kept what we had in good repair. We used to always tease her because whenever she would have a big dinner, invariably, she would always forget to put something on the table such as the Jello, or on Thanksgiving, the cranberries, etc. It would make her so upset with herself after going to all the work of preparing it.

Mildred was a very quiet and unassuming person. Once one of her children mailed her a lei from Hawaii and she didn't want to wear it to church as it would draw attention to her and she

did not like that. When there would be any arguments in the family she would always be the peacemaker. She loved each of us so very much that she would do everything and anything to help work out our problems; that was her main concern. There was never a concern for herself.

Mom had a regular schedule that we lived by. We all ate together three times a day, and she always had the table set when it was time for Dad to come home from work. Every Saturday morning she would do the grocery shopping.

Mom had good health most of her life and the only times she had help, besides her family, was when there was a new baby; then Aunt Lizzie would usually come to help for a while. All of our family were born at home except Gayle. In later years, however, Mom suffered a great deal from her arthritis and sore leg, but she never complained or let it interfere with whatever she needed to do to take care of Dad or the family. She was also afflicted with sugar diabetes.

There were many fun times in the little house. One time Dad brought us home a phonograph, and we thought this was the ultimate. Then there was the radio and the first talking picture. Dad was so thrilled with this that he took our entire family to see the Al Jolson picture. Mom and Dad wanted us kids to play a musical instrument, so they started LeGrande on the violin and Helen on the banjo. Helen used to have to go out on the back porch to practice. When the weather was hot, Dad would come home from work and Mom would put a lunch together and we'd all go to Green River swimming. Usually some of the neighbor families would go also.

Sometimes Mom and Dad didn't have much money for Christmas but they would make things for the family. One time Dad made a little dressing table, a table, and chairs for the younger girls and sleighs for the boys. When we were getting to doubt that there was a Santa Claus, Dad went to bed and took all of us with him to prove to us he wasn't Santa. We all slept with him that night, and we didn't even think about where Mom was. They tried to keep us believing in Santa as long as possible.

I don't recall just how long we lived in the little house, and then Dad started to build the big house on the front of the lot. Again, the other carpenters helped him, as did the boys and also the girls when there were jobs we could do. It was really great when we moved to the big house. The

girls then had their own room as did the boys downstairs.

Dad was enterprising, and we had two root beer stands during these years. The first one was on C Street down towards town, and we kids had turns working our shifts there; this one was not successful. Then later on when Uncle David and Aunt Em had their cabins in Blairtown there was a root beer stand next to them. Again we went into business, but after a while this, too, was unsuccessful. I don't know whether we were just too young to be good business people or whether we ate and drank up all of the profits; perhaps people just didn't go out as much in those days.

Mom belonged to a ladies' sewing club for many years. They met about once a month at the different ladies' homes. They did quilting and sewing of all kinds. Mom embroidered and crocheted, and sometimes the time was just spent mending the family clothes. Mom worked very hard in her life to keep her family going, and went without the things she needed to give to her family. She was a good cook, using a coal stove in the big house for many years before she finally had gas put in. She always bottled lots of fruit for the winter. Dad liked to hunt and fish, and we depended upon this for our meat, especially in the winter months.

Sometimes in the winter it was very hard for my parents; Dad would be out of work because of the bad weather. He would take the boys and go out along the railroad tracks from the mines and gather sacks of coal that had fallen off the cars so that we'd have coal for the stove. One winter during the depression there wasn't work at the lumberyard, and so Dad had to work on the WPA project to take care of the family. He helped build the rock wall around the high school.

When the Mouritsen family started to have reunions, we'd really have some happy, fun times. They used to have them at Bennington for many years, and we nearly always managed to go to them. Everyone would get there the night before and go to the dance at the Silver Pond on Uncle Homer and Uncle Willard's place; it was really fun. Then the next day the men would cook the meat, whatever it was, in lots of Dutch ovens buried in the coals of the fire. Oh how good it would smell and taste when it came out! There were usually several freezers of homemade ice cream, and usually made with fresh strawberries. Sometimes getting to the reunions and then get-

ting home wasn't so much fun. Roads were hard on tires, and usually we had at least one flat tire. Sometimes other things happened to the car which Dad would repair with baling wire, chewing gum, or some other such thing that we might have along with us. And it seems like there was always a kid hanging out of the window of the car because of car sickness.

As we look back on our parent's lives, we realize what a great balance they were for each other. Mom was sweet and uncomplaining, no matter what her trials were, and she helped Dad a great deal in whatever he was doing. Dad always provided the discipline that helped us develop the love and respect we had for our parents. Dad was head of the household and we knew it, and we obeyed and didn't question his authority.

During the Second World War the family moved back to Richmond, Utah. We saw Dad on the weekends only during the war years when he could get enough gas to drive to Richmond from Salt Lake City or Ogden where he worked.

Our family lived in Richmond for about three years when Dad got work in Salt Lake City. In 1946 we were reunited again when we moved to Granger and lived in a basement apartment in Aunt Leah's home. Dad was just getting started in the contracting business during this period, and he was primarily involved in building custom homes. One of the finest tributes to Dad's work was relayed to his son Leonard by accident one night at a dinner party in the Hotel Utah. There were eight people around the table, and somehow the subject of home building came up. There were the usual comments about low quality and high prices, but one couple commented that low quality did not apply to their home. In fact, the couple said, it was the best built home she had ever seen. It turned out to be a home Dad built near the Salt Lake Country Club. Now that the family was together again, he immediately began building a new home for us at 2767 West 3500 South in Granger. The home still exists, even though it has been moved to 2200 West in Granger where it is now owned by our cousin Bud Rich.

In the years of 1946 to 1950 Dad always had business, but these were difficult times with Dad trying to make a go of it in the contracting business. Mom never complained. Both Dad and Mom seemed to be born to struggle, but they never gave up. Each time I drive out to Granger

now and see the hustle and bustle of the state's third largest city, I can't help but think of Dad and Uncle Estel. They are two of the people who triggered the development of that city (now named West Valley City). It does seem like a fitting monument to both Dad and Estel for doing it, and also for Mom and Aunt Leah for supporting them.

The years from 1950 to 1958 seemed to be a little easier. Dad eventually put together enough assets so that he and Mom could retire and live comfortably. Dad's last construction project was the building of another new home for him and Mom on Market Street. Dad, Mom, and Mitzie lived in this house until Mitzie got married, at which time Mom and Dad decided it was time for them to move back to Richmond. Prior to moving to Richmond, Dad remodeled the old Christofferson family home on the corner of the highway and Main Street. Dad, with some help from the family members, removed the top floor and added to the first floor, making a small, single-story home for him and Mom to live in comfortably during their last years together. Everyone in the family loved to visit Richmond and spend a day or two with them.

During their stay in Richmond they devoted a good share of their time to gardening. They were able to raise most of the food they needed, and Dad always went to the auction in the spring to buy a calf which he would keep until late in the year to provide meat for the family. When the weather was good and the work was done, Mom and Dad would spend time relaxing on their patio on the front of the house watching the cars go by on the highway and talking about things. I do not believe Mom particularly liked Richmond. However, she did enjoy these years together with Dad, although I think she would have liked to have been closer to her family. During these last years they also enjoyed spending time in recreational pursuits, whether at Christmas Meadows with Darwin's family or snowmobiling with Gayle's family. In November 1964 they were honored by their children at an open house on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary. Just three years later Dad died and was buried in Richmond.

Mom then came to Salt Lake City and stayed with Gayle and her family for a short time, after which she stayed at Donna's home. She then

traveled either to Texas or Illinois. Next she lived for a brief time in Leah's apartment, and then she moved into Gayle's duplex. We had a hard time to convince Mom to buy a few new pieces of furniture. I think that was one of the biggest adjustments Mom had to make was to decide on something for herself. She was so used to Dad deciding on things that we couldn't get her to spend any money or make any important decisions. Even though Mom had her own place she never did feel that she was left alone as we were all close by. Many nights one of the grandchildren would sleep at her house; the kids loved this because she spoiled each of them so much. She always had the cookie jar full and ice cream in the refrigerator even though she could not eat sweets because of her sugar diabetes. We used to gather at Mom's house for at least one hour when we all got home from school and work. That was just part of our day's routine. No matter how long we stayed she never wanted us to go home. She used to always come up with something else to talk about to keep us from going home.

Mom loved living in Granger and being around not only her children but also her brothers and sisters — Willard, Homer, Victor, Vina, and Leah. She loved every telephone call or visit received by each of them. Leah used to come by and do Mom's hair on Saturday. She would then come back on Sunday and comb it out. Mom enjoyed having Leah do this for her. Leah said she enjoyed doing Mom's hair because she knew how much Mom did appreciate it. Leah also used to do some of Mom's grocery shopping. And it's a good thing Mom had nine children, as it took all nine to keep her happy and busy. All of the ones away from Salt Lake City used to send her flowers and call her. She was so pleased to be remembered by each one of them. She also looked forward to each of their visits. As long as Mom was alive I don't ever remember of DuWayne missing a single year without coming to visit her.

Even though her home was in the Eleventh Ward, Mom always went to the Third Ward. Dad was the general contractor when this building was built, and she always held a special loyalty to it. One reason she gave for attending the Third Ward was because she was closer and could walk, but her legs and hips gave her so much trouble she was hardly able to walk at all.

Leah used to always have a birthday party in

January for Mom and Aunt Vina. Vina's birthday was January 8 and Mom's was January 19. It was always a surprise party, and they both loved it.

At Christmastime Mom would always figure out how many bills she would need to fix her Christmas envelopes for all of her grand and great-grandchildren. She had twenty-four grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren at the time of her death. It was difficult for Mom to shop, but in remembering her own children she always went to the store (even though it was hard for her to walk) and picked out towels, sheets, or something like that, and then most of the time she would buy nine. That was about the only way she could get her shopping done. She was a very generous person — always wanting to do for someone else.

In January 1975 Donna and I started staying with Mom every day and night. Mom got along really well through January and most of February; it was only about one week before Mom passed away that she needed constant care. After she became very ill, it was only a matter of days until she was gone. Mom died on March 2, 1975 at her apartment on Market Street in Granger. Vina, being very ill at that time, was never told of Mildred's passing, but just nine days later Vina, too, departed this life. Mildred was buried next to Isaac in Richmond.

LeGrand pays tribute to his mother as he states, "I can't say too much in the praise of my mother. She was a great lady of superb character. She was a hard worker, but still sweet and kind. She endured many hardships and problems but always had a smile and loved us all very much. We will always be in her debt for the things she did and inspired us to do. She was a real mother in every sense of the word."

Helen said, "I wish to express my love and appreciation to our parents for myself and for all of our family. There were many times in our lives that were hard and difficult, but we always managed to get through them and go on to other and better times. My mother and dad were good people and loved by those who knew them. They were also hard-working people, and we, their children, were taught how to work and to be honest in our dealings with others, which was a great gift to us and has served us well throughout our lives."

Children:

- *C41 LeGrande Christofferson
Born 14 Jun 1915
- *C42 Helen Christofferson
Born 4 Oct 1917
- *C43 DuWayne Christofferson
Born 6 Jul 1919
- *C44 Darwin C. Christofferson
Born 10 Jun 1922
- *C45 Donna Carrie Christofferson
Born 5 Jan 1925
- *C46 John Budd Christofferson
Born 18 Nov 1926
- *C47 Mildred Marie Christofferson
Born 28 Oct 1928
- *C48 Leonard Isaac Christofferson
Born 11 Dec 1930
- *C49 Doris Gayle Christofferson
Born 20 May 1933

C41 LeGrande Christofferson

I was born in Richmond, Utah on June 14, 1915 to Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Mouritsen.

When I was one year old we moved to a wheat farm at Bennington, Idaho. I started school there at the age of six. I rode a horse to and from school for two years — a distance of two and one-half miles. When I was eight we moved to Rock Springs, Wyoming. Here I attended Northside Washington School, Yellowstone School, Rock Springs Junior High, and Rock Springs High School. I skipped the seventh grade. I was also an Eagle Scout. I graduated from Rock Springs High School in 1932 where I was active in basket-



Juanita W. and LeGrande Christofferson

ball, track, and football; I also belonged to the National Honor Society.

For a year after high school I worked in Bennington for my Uncle Willard and Uncle Homer. I was able to save \$45 of my \$50 monthly earnings for college. In September 1933 I enrolled at the University of Wyoming in Civil Engineering. I played freshman football. I roomed with Weldon Robinson; for \$20 per month we got board and room and two meals a day (we skipped breakfast). I got a job working in a powerhouse for thirty cents an hour and earned \$15 per month that way. My next year at college I got a college route with New Method Laundry for \$12 per week when I took it. This was a good job because several of us, including DuWayne, earned our way through school on it. In fact, I was making as much when I graduated (\$40 per week) as Chicago Bridge started me at. Some of my other college activities were: SAE fraternity including treasurer, house manager, and president; varsity football (first team) for three years including selection twice for All-Rocky Mountain Conference and honorable mention for All-American; Iron Skull (freshman honor society); president of Sigma Tau-Wyoming chapter, National Engineering Honorary; president of "W" Club, Wyoming letterman; survey team for U.S. Geological Survey of Teton Park; and inspector for Wyoming Highways Department. I graduated in 1937, and shortly thereafter began my life's career.

On my twenty-second birthday I started working for Chicago Bridge and Iron Company as a timekeeper on a field job. I have worked in the following locations: Des Moines, Iowa; Muskegon, Michigan; Osceola and Bettendorf, Iowa; Pasadena and Texas City, Texas; Lusk, Wyoming; Clearwater, Florida; Buffalo, New York; Kansas City, Missouri; Wichita, Kansas; Cheyenne, Greybull, Wamsutter, Medicine Bow, and Granger, Wyoming; Deer Park, Texas; Lake Charles, Louisiana; Parker Dam, California; Chicago, Illinois; Andrews, North Carolina; Tennessee; Newburgh, New York; Eureka, California; and Seneca, Illinois.

On August 11, 1938 I married Juanita Ray Woodard at the Eastwood Baptist Church in Houston, Texas. She was born July 22, 1911 at Grapeland, Texas; she is the daughter of Franklin Columbus Woodard and Maude Mabel Straughn. The company promoted me to foreman shortly after that, and in September 1940

they gave me my first real engineering job as field engineer at Parker Dam. Shortly thereafter our first daughter Joan was born in Houston. I worked really hard and developed an ulcer which slowed me down for three months in 1945.

In the fall of 1943 we bought a house at 9515 South Seeley in Chicago. While we lived there both Kathryn and Frances were born. In November 1947 we had a chance to transfer back to Houston where we built a house at 2150 Southgate Boulevard. We lived there for nearly seven years when we bought our present home in the River Oaks area in Houston. In October 1948 I was promoted to construction manager for the Southwestern region; in 1959 I was promoted to operations manager for this same region. In January 1964 I was transferred to the company's executive offices at Oak Brook, Illinois as manager of operations; shortly thereafter, in April, I was made a vice president. In 1965 I was elected to the board of directors for Chicago Bridge and Iron.

We bought a house at 5504 South Garfield in Hinsdale, Illinois but we didn't sell our home in Houston. In 1967 I was made senior vice president and manager of worldwide operations. This job entailed the management of twelve thousand people at about three hundred different office, shop, and field construction job locations in the world except behind the Iron Curtain. We did, however, during my tenure in this job, do several jobs in Russia, Rumania, and Red China.

All during my work at Company Headquarters at Oak Brook, Illinois I served on the Company Executive Management Committee. During the period of 1964 to 1975 we completely reorganized the work force and built new plants and other facilities at a cost of one hundred fifty million dollars so the company could increase its ability to do work from one hundred twenty five million dollars in sales per year, which was its size in 1963, to one billion dollars in sales per year, which we achieved in 1974. This was a very interesting job with big financial and management responsibilities. During this time the value of Chicago Bridge stock changed from \$15 per share to about \$80 per share.

Nita and I traveled extensively during this period to such places as Hawaii, Canada, Alaska, Japan, Philippines, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Korea, Australia, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Egypt, Libya, Italy, Switzerland, France, Spain, Germany, Hol-

land, Belgium, England, Ireland, Newfoundland, Puerto Rico, Bahamas, Jamaica, Aruba, Curacao, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, and Argentina, in addition to regular trips to the many offices, plants, and construction job locations throughout the United States.

When all this reorganizing job of Chicago Bridge and Iron was done, I had accumulated about thirty-nine years of service and was over sixty years old and qualified in every way for a full pension; so I decided to retire. This decision was also prompted by my medical history which included a bleeding ulcer (1945), heart attack (1961), and surgery for artery replacements (1970 and 1975). On December 31, 1975 I retired from active duty, and on April 15, 1976 I resigned my position on the board of directors.

We had purchased five acres of land in Jackson Hole, Wyoming where we constructed a four-bedroom, four-bath log house which we use as a summer home from May to October each year.

I am a member of the following: American Society of Engineers, American Welding Society, Rotary Club of Houston and Oak Brook, Eastgate Masonic Lodge 1153 of Houston, Briar Club of Houston, Ruth Lake Country Club of Hinsdale, Second Baptist Church of Houston, and Jackson Hole Golf and Tennis Club. I enjoy golf, hunting, horses, travel, and my home workshop. Nita and I live at 3403 Wickershem Lane, Post Office Box 22125, Houston, Texas 77027.

Children:

- *C411 Joan Mabel Christofferson
Born 8 Nov 1940
- *C412 Kathryn Juanita Christofferson
Born 20 Aug 1943
- *C413 Frances Ray Christofferson
Born 8 Nov 1944

C411 Joan Mabel Christofferson Allison

I was born November 8, 1940 in Houston, Texas to LeGrande Christofferson and Juanita Ray Woodard.

One year after my birth Father was transferred to Chicago, where I attended first, second, and third grades at Vanderpool School. I was double-promoted while there, so from then on I was one



The S. Gerry Allison Family: left to right—John, Joan C., Gerry, and Sarah.

year younger than others in my grade. We returned home to Houston in 1947.

I remember learning to play the violin in the fourth grade orchestra, being a Girl Scout, and being active in youth activities at the Second Baptist Church. I also took piano lessons during this time. I am very grateful to my parents who always saw that I had a good education, private lessons in music, ballet, and tap dancing, a stable home life, and a good spiritual background. I have used my piano lessons to play for church many times, to play in the high school orchestra, and to play for many organizations. I attended Lamar High School in Houston, and graduated in January 1958 at the age of seventeen. I attended the University of Texas one semester, and then transferred to the University of Houston, from which I graduated in 1962. My degree is a B.S. in education; math and Spanish are my fields.

I have worked as a full-time teacher or as a substitute until the last two years. Most recently I have worked for the United States Postal Service at Spring, Texas. I have, with very few exceptions, worked part time, as I enjoy being a homemaker.

I met Sidney Gerry Allison while I was a junior in high school. Gerry was born March 12, 1935 at Houston, Texas; he is the son of Sidney Dewey Allison and Ruby Lee Harrison. We have been married twenty-two years at this writing.

We lived in Houston five years where we bought our first home in Westbury. The past eighteen years we have lived in Montgomery County in the East Texas Piney Woods. We bought three acres and built a house, and have bought more land around it as we could. We greatly enjoy our rural setting.

Gerry has a business degree from the University of Houston and is active in the house-rental business, investments, keeping books for small businesses, and is a purchasing agent for the Chicago Bridge and Iron. He enjoys hunting, fishing, gun collecting, and is an officer in the local gun club.

We have two children, John and Sarah, of whom we are justifiably proud. John is a junior in college and Sarah is now married, but still lives in this area.

Our address is 16102 Stagecoach Road, Magnolia, Texas 77355.

Children:

- *C4111 John Lars Allison
Born 24 Mar 1961
- *C4112 Sarah Kathryn Allison
Born 27 Oct 1962

C4111 John Lars Allison

John Lars Allison was born March 24, 1961 at Houston, Texas to Sidney Gerry Allison and Joan Mabel Christofferson.

He moved with his family to Magnolia in east Texas when he was a small boy, and it is there that he grew up.



John L. Allison

John attended schools in Magnolia, graduating from high school in 1978. He was active in football and track, garnering medals in the half-mile

and quarter-mile. He also played varsity golf for three years and was one of the top four in that sport. After high school John attended the University of Wyoming for one year, and then transferred to Texas Christian University in Fort Worth where he is studying finance and business. His address is care of 16102 Stagecoach Road, Magnolia, Texas 77355.

C4112 Sarah Kathryn Allison Kohler

I was born October 27, 1962 at Houston, Texas to Sidney Gerry Allison and Joan Mabel Christofferson.



Sarah A. Kohler

I grew up in Magnolia, Texas and went to school there, graduating from Magnolia High School in 1981. My interests in school were channeled into music (I played the flute in the school band), journalism (I worked on the yearbook staff), and drama.

On August 15, 1981 I married Paul Douglas Kohler at the First Baptist Church in Magnolia, Texas. Paul was born February 16, 1952 at Houston, Texas; he is the son of Irvin Dee Kohler and Rose Marie Doves. Paul operates a fabricating shop here in Magnolia, and during the winter months he also is a professional guide for duck hunters. I am continuing my education at North Harris Community College where I am completing requirements for a nursing degree. We live at 311 Pecan Street; our address is Post Office Box 319, Magnolia, Texas 77355.

C412 Kathryn Juanita Christofferson Mikeska

I was born on August 20, 1943 in Chicago, Illinois to LeGrande Christofferson and Juanita Ray Woodard.

When I was four my family moved to Houston, Texas where I have lived ever since. We were a very close-knit family, especially me and my sister Frances, who was only a year younger. I attended very fine public schools and was a scout. When I was six I became a Christian and was baptized. All through my childhood and teen years I was active at church and school, went to summer camps, had piano and voice lessons, and sang in any choir I could.

I attended the University of Houston upon graduation from LaMar High School. I pledged Alpha Chi Omega sorority where I made some lifelong friends whom I still see regularly. I was in the National Spanish Honor Society, was on the Dean's List numerous times, served as a Spark (girl's service and booster club), and was on the Student Leadership committee. In 1965 I took a memorable summer tour of Europe, including Denmark where everyone could easily pronounce "Christofferson." I graduated with a degree in secondary education with a double major in English and Spanish.

I met Thomas Gene Mikeska, a native Houstonian, in 1965, and we were married on July 9, 1966 at Houston, Texas. Gene was born September 3, 1942; he is the son of Otto Adolph Mikeska and Evelyn Ethel Macat. I also began teaching school that year and was able to teach my cousin Bonnie Christofferson, daughter of my father's

brother Leonard. My husband, a mechanical engineer, designed our home which we moved into in 1968 and have been here ever since. It has become more dear through the years.

I went into retirement as a teacher to have a family. Our first son Christoffer is named for our family. Our second son, and "unexpected blessing" Lee, is named for his grandfather LeGrande. Our daughter Laurie was the girl I so desperately wanted.

Amidst the everyday routine of rearing three children, we have stayed active in our Church and have relied on God and Jesus Christ as the mainstay of our family. Last year Gene went into business for himself and partially with my sister Joan's husband, Gerry Allison. We have thoroughly enjoyed this closeness with them. Infact, we are very fortunate to have my parents and both Joan and Frances and their families close by. My children have really benefited from being around all of them.

Our hobbies are camping, going to Grandma and Grandpa Chris's loghouse in Jackson Hole, playing baseball with Dad coaching, and working with the Feingold Association of Texas, a non-profit organization for children with hyperactivity and/or learning disabilities. Our address is 10803 Beinhorn Street, Houston, Texas 77024.

Children:

C4121	Christoffer Thomas Mikeska Born 15 Jul 1970
C4122	Lee Alan Mikeska Born 16 Sep 1971
C4123	Laurie Kathryn Mikeska Born 4 May 1974



The T. Gene Mikeska Family: clockwise from upper left—Gene, Kathryn, Laurie, Chris, and Lee.

C413 Frances Ray Christofferson Blair

I was born November 8, 1944 in Chicago, Illinois to LeGrande Christofferson and Juanita Ray Woodard. As a child I remember playing in the snow and wading in Lake Michigan. My family moved to Houston, Texas before I started school. My school years were happy times and I was very fortunate to have lots of good friends. I developed a love of horses at an early age from my father. Every summer we visited Utah and Wyoming and all the Christoffersons. I remem-



John Y. and Frances C. Blair

ber well the horseback riding and fishing in the mountains.

As a teenager I attended Lanier Junior High and Lamar Senior High. I also went to summer camp with a group of my friends at Longhorn in the Texas hill country.

While in high school I met my husband-to-be, John Yoes Blair. We graduated from high school and got married the same year. On December 8, 1962 we were married at Lake Charles, Louisiana. John was born September 18, 1944 in Houston, Texas to James Yoes Blair and Mildred George. John and I began married life in the Navy. We were stationed first in Lemoore, California where I attended Sequoia State Junior College. Next we moved to Tennessee, then to Louisiana, and finally back to Texas. During this time our daughter Janet Lynn was born.

When John's tour of duty ended, we moved back to Houston. I enrolled in the education department at the University of Houston. Our second daughter, Jenni Christen was born during this time. The next several years were spent going to school and taking care of my family. In May 1972 I graduated from college with honors in home economics.

One month later our Jenni contracted spinal meningitis and died at the age of two years despite the fact that she had been a very healthy and robust child. This tragedy has been the toughest problem to face. Jenni's death left us devastated. Then several years later John was in an auto-



Janet L. Blair



Jenni C. Blair

mobile accident which gave him a severe neck injury; he died shortly thereafter. Janet and I were left in total despair. We lived for some time with my parents and my sister Joan; but finally we have our own apartment here in Houston. I have worked as a health inspector for the City of Houston and as a teacher. It is difficult to spend the time I would like with Janet and work full time but we are beginning to enjoy life more and more as time goes by. I am very grateful to my parents and my sisters who have helped me and encouraged me. I am always sustained by my faith in God and am looking forward to the time when our family will be together in Heaven.

Children:

C4131

Janet Lynn Blair
Born 21 Sep 1963

C4132

Jenni Christen Blair
Born 12 May 1970

Died 4 Jun 1972

C42 Helen Christofferson Sawyer

I was born October 4, 1917 in Bennington, Idaho to Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Mouritsen.

We lived in Bennington for about five years after I was born; then we moved to Rock Springs, Wyoming. I started school at the Washington Elementary; then I went to Yellowstone School, Rock Springs Junior High School, and graduated from Rock Springs High School in 1935. I was a member of the Gros Ventre National Honorary Society. I was baptized in Rock Springs on October 29, 1925 by Alvin King Eschler, and con-



Helen Christofferson

firmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder John Young, who was bishop at that time.

My father built two homes while I was living at home. The first we called the "little house" and it holds many happy memories. The second was much larger, and we called it the "big house." We had many good times with our friends and neighbors, and as Dad loved to hunt and fish we had many great family trips with our friends. It was also really special when we made trips to Bennington or to Richmond to see our relatives and grandparents. Family reunions at Bennington were looked forward to with great enthusiasm. I attended Sunday School, Primary, and Mutual, and participated in the activities of each.

After my graduation I worked as Dave Sawyer's secretary at the Marveon Sign Company to earn enough money to go to Salt Lake to beauty school. In 1938 I met Arthur Sainz, and we were married in Manila, Utah on July 30, 1938. He was born October 15, 1894 at Staten Island, New York; he is the son of Arthur Sainz and Emma Darenthol. We lived in New Jersey for two years, and then returned to Wyoming to see the family before going to California, where we lived for many years. Arthur and I traveled throughout the United States during our marriage. When he became ill I went to work as a waitress, and we eventually went to Palm Springs, California where I worked at Louise's Pantry for twenty-three years. I loved Palm Springs and the people I



Helen C. and Arthur F. Sainz

worked with and worked for. Arthur passed away March 21, 1969 and was buried in Salt Lake City. Donna and Howard Byrd were a great help and comfort to me during this time.

I returned to Palm Springs to work, and my special friend, Ruby Smith, and I took a trip to Hawaii, Sidney, Australia, Auckland, New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands. We visited my brother Leonard who was living in Sydney at this time. I was secretary of the night Relief Society in Palm Springs, and this association was one of the influencing times of my life.

My father died in 1967, and my mother moved from Richmond, Utah to Salt Lake City so she could be nearer the family; I tried to spend some time with her each summer when I had my vacations. Donna and I were very close sisters, and we also enjoyed some great times together during these summers.

My mother's health failed, and she passed away March 5, 1975. At this time I became reacquainted with Dave Sawyer; our families had been friends for many years and his wife had just recently passed away. He asked me to marry him and we were married June 25, 1975 in Ogden, Utah by Bishop Fred Baker. We were married in Dave's home with our families present. Dave was born June 25, 1901 at Malad, Idaho; he is the son of David Enoch Sawyer and Marguerite Antonia Gehring. I received my temple endowments June 24, 1975 at the Ogden Temple, another special spiritual experience in my life that I really never



Helen C. and Dave F. Sawyer

pected to have and only wish I could have shared with my parents. We went to Alaska on our honeymoon, and when we returned to Ogden I was called to be the Social Relations teacher, another new experience for me. I was also a visiting teacher. Dave and I were sealed for time and eternity in the Ogden Temple on June 25, 1976, another spiritual and special time in my life.

I have learned to do oil painting, with Dave as my teacher. He has become a well-known artist since his retirement, and I have enjoyed painting with him. I am also taking China-painting classes, as I enjoy this form of art very much; it gives me a great deal of personal pleasure. Dave and I took a trip to Hawaii with a group of friends, and we enjoyed this very much.

In March 1977 we were called to serve on a mission. We left for the Oklahoma, Tulsa mission where we served in the Ava, Missouri area. We loved this area, the work, and the friends we made. They still seem very special to us. The area has grown a great deal, and they soon will have a chapel of their own. We played a special part in making this come about. We were told many times by general authorities who visited that we were pioneers in Missouri preparing the way for the coming of our Savior. We were privileged to go to a special missionary meeting conducted by President Spencer W. Kimball—memories never to be forgotten. One of the saddest times of my life came at this time also with the passing of my dear sister Donna whom I loved so much and miss so much now. We finished our mission in December 1978 and were released to come home just in time for Christmas.

Next we were both asked to serve a two-year mission as ordinance workers at the Ogden LDS

Temple. We felt very privileged to be considered worthy to work in the House of the Lord. We love our assignments there and the special people we associate with as workers and those that come from day to day. We will soon have served our two years, and if our health permits we hope to serve many more. I am also the Homemaking director of the Relief Society.

As I reflect upon my life I am amazed at the many wonderful experiences I have been privileged to have, and how quickly our lives can change. What a marvelous time in which to live. My love for my husband, my family, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ mean everything in my life. Our address is 3045 Circle Way, Ogden, Utah 84403.

C43 DuWayne Christofferson

I was born July 6, 1919 in Bennington, Idaho to Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Mouritsen.

Our family moved to Rock Springs, Wyoming when I was about four years old. I attended all twelve grades of school in Rock Springs, and graduated from Rock Springs High School in 1937. I enjoyed sports and played intramural football, basketball, and golf. I especially enjoyed golf, and spent many hours out on the Rock Springs golf course as a caddy and learning the game. I attended the University of Wyoming at Laramie and was active in the ROTC training



DuWayne Christofferson

program while there. I graduated with a degree in civil engineering and immediately went to work for Chicago Bridge and Iron Company. I was sent to work at the Seneca, Illinois shipyards as an assistant, and then I became the superintendent in charge of launching the LST's.

I was married to Isabel Patricia Carroll on June 29, 1943 in Chicago, Illinois. She was born February 14, 1923 at Casper, Wyoming; she is the daughter of Floyd Eugene Carroll and Grace Parks.

As the director of painting and corrosion on steel fabrication which is done by CBI, I have lectured at universities and trade meetings and written many trade papers concerning protective coating and corrosion on steel. I have written two chapters for a book by the steel construction painting council which is to be published soon.

I, like my brothers, enjoyed many hunting and fishing trips with my father and family, and have enjoyed pheasant hunting in South Dakota since living in Illinois, where we have made our permanent home.

I have four children: Carroll Ann, Wayne Floyd, April Jean, and Lisa. As the children grew I was involved in the activities they enjoyed, and I



The DuWayne Christofferson Family: clockwise center front—DuWayne holding Michael Leach, Jeffrey Barry, Carroll Ann C. Barry, Dawn Barry, Wayne, Isabel C., Lisa and April C. Leach.

coached a Little League for five years. I have continued to enjoy golf, and am the chairman of the golf league for CBI. We have won many championships over the past years, and this year I had the pleasure of making a hole-in-one.

I have traveled extensively, both with my family and for business purposes. I have visited most of the United States and many countries of Europe — Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, Ireland, Scotland — Panama Canal, and Honduras, to name a few.

Our children are all grown and on their own now. Only Lisa is still living at home but this year she is attending school in Italy as a Foreign Exchange student.

We have a summer home in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho and spend many happy vacations there as a family. While my beloved parents were alive we always spent a part of our vacation visiting them. Our address is Box 95, Palos Heights, Illinois 60463.

Children:

- *C431 Carroll Ann Christofferson
Born 30 Jan 1945
- *C432 Wayne Floyd Christofferson
Born 17 Sep 1948
- *C433 April Jean Christofferson
Born 15 Apr 1951
- C434 Lisa Christofferson
Born 19 Nov 1963

C431 Carroll Ann Christofferson Barry

Carroll Ann Christofferson was born January 30, 1945 at Ottawa, Illinois to DuWayne Christofferson and Isabel Patricia Carroll.

She grew up in the Chicago area and graduated from Carl Sandberg High School in 1962. In high school she was a cheerleader, the homecoming queen, a member of National Honor Society, and she was chosen as a top ten senior in her class. After high school she attended the University of Wyoming for three years.

On February 27, 1965 she married Richard Barry in Chicago. He was born January 29, 1942 at Chicago, Illinois; he is the son of Richard and Judy Barry, Senior. They moved to Caldwell, Idaho where Dick worked on his masters degree in physical education at the College of Idaho.

Their first child, a daughter, Dawn, was born there. Next they moved to Munster, Indiana where Dick coached high school baseball and basketball. In 1967 they returned to the Chicago area where Carroll completed her bachelors degree at Georgetown College. In 1970 their son Jeff was born.

Carroll decided she wanted to practice law; in August 1980 she received her law degree from Northern Illinois University. Currently she practices with a Chicago firm.

Carroll is a sports enthusiast and participates in tennis, skiing; and swimming. She loves to travel. Their address is 8500 W. 122nd Place, Palos Park, Illinois 60464.

Children:

- C4311 Barbara Dawn Barry
Born 14 Sep 1965
- C4312 Christopher Jeffrey Barry
Born 30 May 1970

C432 Wayne Floyd Christofferson

Wayne F. Christofferson was born September 17, 1948 at Harvey, Illinois to DuWayne Christofferson and Isabel Patricia Carroll.

He grew up in the Chicago area and graduated from Carl Sandberg High School in 1966 where he was active in sports, particularly football. After high school he attended the University of Wyoming on a football scholarship. He then transferred to Westminster College in Salt Lake City, Utah where he completed his bachelors degree in business administration and economics.

It was in Salt Lake City that Wayne met Susan Jean Utzinger. On December 19, 1969 they were married at Park City, Utah. Susan was born October 19, 1949 at Peoria, Illinois; she is the daughter of Robert Jean Utzinger and Lois Freeman. They settled in Bozeman, Montana for a year and then moved to Somers in northwest Montana.

Wayne is an engineering supervisor for a lumber treatment plant owned by Burlington-Northern Railroad. Susan works at a day-care center. They have two children, both of whom were born at nearby Whitefish. Wayne and his family take full advantage of their location near Flathead Lake and Glacier National Park to fish, camp, and hike; they love the out-of-doors. Their

address is 94 Summit Avenue, P.O. Box 102, Somers, Montana 59932.

Children:

- C4321 Megan Ann Christofferson
Born 11 Aug 1975
- C4322 Conor Carroll Christofferson
Born 11 Jul 1979

C433 April Jean Christofferson Leach

April Jean Christofferson was born April 15, 1951 at Harvey, Illinois to DuWayne Christofferson and Isabel Patricia Carroll.

She grew up in Palos Heights, Illinois where she attended school, graduating in 1969 from Carl Sandberg High School. April's high school days were busy and full of achievements. She served as president of her sophomore class, a cheerleader, school paper editor, and homecoming queen. She was also president of the National Honor Society and selected for top ten seniors. After high school she attended the University of Illinois at Champaign.

On August 27, 1972 April married Stephen Michael Leach, her high school sweetheart, at the Episcopal Church in Palos Park, Illinois. They



The Stephen M. Leach Family: Steve and April C. inset—Mike on the right with his cousin Megan Christofferson.

were married by Steve's father, the Reverend Leach. Steve was born June 3, 1951 in Chicago, Illinois; he is the son of Keith Alan Leach and Ruth Marie Straka. They moved next to Salt Lake City, Utah where April completed her degree in biology and Steve completed a degree in communications. They returned to Illinois for a short time where April attended veterinary school. In 1976 they decided to move to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. It was here their son Michael was born. Steve works for Time Magazine, Incorporated as their circulation manager for the Northwest and Western Canada. More recently they decided to go back to school by commuting to Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington where Steve is working towards a masters in Business Administration and April is in her second year of law school.

Living as they do right on a lake, they take full advantage of water sports, ice skating, and cross-country skiing. Coeur d'Alene is a real team-sports community and Steve finds ample opportunity to participate. They are also fond of pets with dogs, cats, and birds getting into the act. Their address is 406 Fernan, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83814.

Children:

C4331 Michael Wayne Leach
Born 4 Oct 1978

C44 Darwin C. Christofferson

I was born June 10, 1922 at the family home on the forty-acre farm at Bennington Hill which is between Bennington and Montpelier, Idaho. My parents are Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Mouritsen.

I am told that the family was happy there until the bank went broke and foreclosed on some equipment my father had purchased. As a result of this, the equipment and the farm were lost. Dad decided to move to Rock Springs, Wyoming to start a new life. Dad went to work as a carpenter, and we started our new life in this small coal mining town.

My life in Rock Springs was exciting to me. As we grew up we spent many happy days together as a family hunting, fishing, working, and just going on outings together. We always went to church when we were in town, and were always



Darwin C. Christofferson

active with church activities. I guess I remember the events best after I was twelve years old. At this time I became active in scouting and working as a caddy at the Dead Horse Golf and Country Club. Both of these events were important in my life.

As a caddy we received twenty-five cents to caddy nine holes; the fee was later raised to thirty-five cents. We would generally earn twenty-five or fifty cents on weekdays, fifty cents on Saturdays, and one dollar to one-fifty on Sunday. We also earned some money by working at the golf course and by selling golf balls. The most important side affect of working at the golf course was that we were able to play golf regularly. On caddy day we would generally play eighteen to thirty-six holes. During these years as a caddy the country club would sponsor caddy tournaments in the summer and would generally give away used or new golf clubs as prizes. I was a reasonably good golfer and won quite a few clubs. I remember on one occasion that DuWayne and I met in the finals of one of these tournaments. As a result of this, we received a write-up in the *Rock Springs Rocket* sports page with the headlines "Brother Meets Brother For Caddy Tournament Championship." In this particular tournament I was able to defeat DuWayne. After graduating I obtained a temporary membership and played almost every day. I figured that golf was about the best thing there was. At one time I had a three handicap, and my best nine-hole round was three under par. In this round I had five birdies in the nine holes.

During this same time I was very active in Scouting. I was a member of Troop 99 and had a lot of fun with Scouting activities. We went on a lot of camping trips in Wyoming and Utah, and we made a lot of our own equipment. We really tried to achieve the requirements of the Scouting program. I received the Life rank, but needed seven more merit badges to become an Eagle Scout. Summer camp was generally at New Fork Lake, and our camp director was Preston Pond from Ogden. He helped us do many things; however the one thing I remember best was building an archery bow from a piece of lodge pole pine. Even though it broke very soon, I learned how to build a bow.

Shortly after this time my brother LeGrande called and asked me if I wanted to go to work for Chicago Bridge and Iron Company. I agreed, not knowing that would be my life's work. I have now completed over thirty-five years with CBI. During these years I have served in a variety of jobs such as welding and inspection engineer at the Salt Lake plant, Western regional welding and QA manager, European welding and QA manager, chief welding engineer, and welding and QA manager for CBI manufacturing plants. This work has taken me all over the United States, Europe, the Middle East, parts of Africa, Pakistan, Brazil, Japan, Hungary, and Hawaii.

During these same years I was elected chairman of the Salt Lake City section of the American Welding Society. I served as a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers on a number of their boiler and pressure vessel committees. I am a member of the American Bureau of Ships Welding committee, and the State of Utah Industrial Committee Advisory Board, as well as AWS representative on some committee work.

Over the years our family has spent a lot of time together hunting, fishing, traveling, and at our summer home on the Stillwater Fork of the Bear River. While in Europe, our family traveled through Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, England, and Wales.

During these same years I have been active in LDS church activities. I have served in the Sunday School; Watford District councilman, British South Mission; high councilman for the London North Stake; high councilman for the Houston, Texas North Stake; and other positions.



The Darwin C. Christofferson Family: left to right—Eric, Jeanne, Debra F., Tim, Carol N., Darwin, Ryan (in front), Coleen D. holding Megan, Clint (in front), and Bud.

I have worked eighteen years in Scouting as a Cub or Scout leader, and as a member of the Jordan District Training Committee. I have achieved the Eagle Scout rank and the Scouting Key. I have received the Jordan District Silver Beehive award and the Silver Beaver award from the Sam Houston Council, BSA.

Last but not least, I want to tell about my family. On January 26, 1946 I married Caroline Adel Newman in Salt Lake City, Utah. Carol was born March 15, 1927 at Bingham Canyon, Utah; she is the daughter of Hugo John Newman and Dora Lucy Millgate. I was still attending school at the University of Utah. In 1948 I graduated with a B.S.-C.E. degree. Our first son, Darwin Craig, was born that same year. Shortly after his birth we learned that we were unable to have other children. After four years time we were able to adopt our son Tim Robert. After Tim's birth we still had a desire for more children. After ten years of praying, we were able to adopt our daughter Jeanne. One and one-half years later we adopted another son, Eric Mark. All of the children except Eric are now married and live on their own. Eric recently graduated from Brighton High School in Salt Lake. His interests have centered around sports—particularly baseball and football, which he played in high school. He also learned how to perform magic acts and enjoyed being a magician along with one of his pals. Eric learned welding in

high school and after graduation gained employment at Chicago Bridge and Iron as a welder.

I am grateful to the Lord for all of my many blessings. I am grateful for my family and want them to know that I love them. I am grateful to my wife Carol and all the many things she has done for me. Without her help I do not know what I would have done. I know that the Lord hears and answers our prayers, and I pray that I will be able to endure to the end. Our address is 8579 Snowville Drive, Sandy, Utah 84092.

Children:

- *C441 Darwin Craig Christofferson
Born 22 May 1948
- *C442 Tim Robert Christofferson
Born 5 Sep 1952
- *C443 Jeanne Christofferson
Born 14 May 1962
- C444 Eric Mark Christofferson
Born 18 Dec 1963

C441 Darwin Craig Christofferson

Darwin Craig Christofferson was born May 22, 1948 at the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah to Darwin C. Christofferson and Caroline Adel Newman.

His parents were delighted with his happy disposition and his Christofferson "red" hair. He was quickly nicknamed Bud.

Bud grew up in Granger where he loved to roam the fields with his dog. He started school at Monroe Elementary in Granger. After the family



The D. Craig Christofferson Family: left to right, front—Megan, Coleen D. and Ryan; back—Clint and Bud.

moved up by the University of Utah, he attended Douglas School and Roosevelt Junior High. Bud played Little League baseball. He enjoyed a special experience in the scouting program as his dad served as both his cubmaster when he was a Cub Scout and later as his scoutmaster. They enjoyed hiking, camping, and service projects together; they even earned their Eagle Scout award together.

Bud graduated from Hillcrest High School in 1966 where he was active in football, key club, acappella choir, and played the tuba in the pep band. During this same period he was active in the LDS church, serving as president of the priests' quorum, and as a member of the planning committee for the LDS church's Explorer conference held at Brigham Young University in 1965. He graduated from seminary and earned the Duty-to-God award.

After high school Bud attended BYU for one year, and in June 1967 he began serving a mission for the LDS church in Central Germany (now Düsseldorf Mission). At the conclusion of his mission he met his family and girlfriend, Coleen Dodge, and together they toured Europe. His family lived in England at this time. He then returned to the USA in September and enrolled at BYU again.

Bud and Coleen were high school sweethearts; their courtship culminated in marriage on May 25, 1970 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Coleen was born December 12, 1948 at Salt Lake City, Utah; she is the daughter of Glen Petersen Dodge and Glenna Maurine Tippetts. They have been blessed with three children — Clint, Ryan, and Megan.

Bud graduated from BYU in April 1973 with a B.S. degree in manufacturing technology. Bud moved his family to Salt Lake City and started a career with Chicago Bridge and Iron. He has subsequently been transferred by his company to Colorado, California, Texas, and Illinois. He returned to Salt Lake City in July 1977 where he is now employed as a numerical control programmer.

Wherever they have lived they have been active and involved in their church and community activities. Bud has served as elders' quorum president, Sunday School president and teacher, executive secretary to the bishop, and Cub and Scoutmaster. Currently they live at 9587 South 1040 East, Sandy, Utah 84070.

Children:

- C4411 Clint Darwin Christofferson
Born 20 Apr 1971
- C4412 Ryan Dodge Christofferson
Born 19 Jul 1972
- C4413 Megan Christofferson
Born 4 Mar 1975

C442 Tim Robert Christofferson

Tim Robert Christofferson was born September 5, 1952 at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. His parents are Darwin C. Christofferson and Caroline Adel Newman.

He showed a strong will and character right from the beginning. Grandpa (Isaac) Christofferson delighted in scaring all the babies in the family with his gruff, deep voice. On their first encounter Tim was lying on the couch, and at the sound of Grandpa's deep voice he didn't cry; he turned his head and looked up as if to say, "You don't scare me!" That attitude has seemed to stay with him as he faced people and difficult situations throughout his life. When his family moved from Granger to 525 Elizabeth Street, near the University of Utah, he was lonely so he stood at the end of the driveway shouting, "Won't someone come and play with me?" It wasn't long until he had friends with whom to climb the trees and build huts.

Tim started school at the Douglas School, and then attended Midvalley Elementary, Union Elementary, and Butler Junior High after his family moved to Sandy, Utah. These years were full of woods to explore, a Shetland pony to ride,



The Tim R. Christofferson Family: left to right—Debra F. holding Carli, Chad, and Tim.

a swimming club, snakes to scare his mother with, and trips to the family cabin in the Uintas.

After his family moved to England, Tim attended London Central High School, the American Military High School in Bushy, Herts. He was on the school wrestling team and participated in the regional meets at Brussels, Belgium. He was also active in a cinematics group which wrote, produced, and filmed original movies. Tim really enjoyed traveling, and was able to see much of Europe and the Scandinavian countries with his family and on school trips.

After high school graduation in 1971, Tim worked for Chicago Bridge and Iron in their welding lab at Wembley, England. Then he received a mission call to the Kentucky-Tennessee Mission. His family moved back to Naperville, Illinois and Tim filled a successful and honorable mission.

After his mission he lived a short time in Illinois with his family. When his family moved to Houston, Tim returned to Salt Lake City where he attended Utah Technical College and worked at Chicago Bridge and Iron. In 1976 Tim went to Houston to live with his family and worked as a welding inspector and quality control supervisor for CBI.

In Houston he joined the LDS Young Adult group where he served as a counselor in the stake Young Adult presidency. Through these activities he met Debra Clair Ferguson. They were married on December 30, 1976 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Debra was born June 17, 1954 at Farmington, New Mexico; she is the daughter of Robert Young Ferguson and Nedra Clair Patterson. Their first home was in Provo, Utah. In July 1977 Tim accepted a position with Bechtel Corporation in Midland, Michigan. Their first child, Chad Eric, was born there. Tim served as the elders' quorum president in the ward there. In October 1979 Tim accepted employment with Ibasco Corporation. They transferred him to Clearfield, Utah where he lives and works today. He is now working as an expeditor and has completed the requirements and test for the American Welding Service QCI Welding Inspector.

Tim has served as a Scoutmaster and assistant ward financial clerk in Clearfield. On their fourth wedding anniversary they added a daughter Carli to their family. Their address is 844 West 600 North, Clearfield, Utah 84015.

Children:

- C4421 Chad Eric Christofferson
Born 9 Mar 1978
- C4422 Carli Christofferson
Born 30 Dec 1980

C443 Jeanne Christofferson Jensen

It was an especially happy day when Jeanne joined the family of Darwin C. Christofferson and Caroline Adel Newman on May 14, 1962.

As an only daughter and sister, Jeanne was much loved and fussed over by her parents and her brothers, Bud and Tim. Jeanne was a typical little girl, loving dolls and pretty clothes. When Eric was born she was nineteen months old, and she tried to be a second mother to him. Whenever she got a chance she would smear his face and head with Vaseline, cream rinse, or anything else that resembled the baby lotion she had seen her mother put on him.

As they grew older, Jeanne and Eric kept things lively at the Christofferson house by doing everything from getting lost in the woods behind their house to locking the little boy next door in the closet of the family's camper. Luckily, his screams were heard, and he was rescued before any harm was done.

From the time she was able to, Jeanne loved to dance. She would get dressed up in something she thought looked glamorous and dance around

the house, much to her family's delight. From about the age of four years, Jeanne loved to play teacher. She would get her papers, pencils, and books together and really did a good job of teaching a Family Home Evening lesson.

When Jeanne was five the family moved from Sandy, Utah to England. This was a bewildering time for Jeanne, as she started attending Eastbury Farm School, the neighborhood English school. She had never attended school before, and going from 9:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. to a school in a strange country where the children and teachers spoke with a strange accent, using words she did not understand, made her a confused, tired little girl at the end of the day. She adjusted quickly, however, and soon sounded as English as the other children. She did retain her American identity enough to refuse to wear a uniform to school every day. When Jeanne was in the third grade she transferred from the English school to Eastcote Elementary, an American Air Force school. As quickly as she had acquired her English accent she lost it and became Americanized again.

In 1971 the family moved back to the United States. The time spent in Naperville, Illinois was a happy time in Jeanne's life. She was glad to be back in the United States again and enjoyed participating in the special school programs available. She learned to play the clarinet and played in the school band when she went from Mill Street Elementary School to Jefferson Middle School. About this time Jeanne began to take gymnastic exercises at the Naperville YMCA. She was on the beginners' gymnastics team and won many ribbons. She did especially well in the floor exercise.

In 1974 the family was again transferred this time to Houston, Texas. There Jeanne attended Klein and Wunderlich Middle Schools and Klein High School. She was in the Wunderlich Wildcats Pep Club, was active in the school's gymnastics program, and after winning in the Wunderlich Science Fair she went to the Houston Science Fair, exhibiting and explaining her model of a solar house. She received an honorable mention and a special award from the Houston Natural Science Museum. She also won ribbons in school art shows.

In 1974 Jeanne returned with the family to Salt Lake City where she attended and graduated from Brighton High School in 1980. In her senior year she started attending the Internation-



Jeanne C. and Clint B. Jensen

al School of Beauty and continued her training after high school graduation. She graduated in March 1981. Since then she has been employed at the Command Performance Beauty Salon in Brickyard Plaza, Salt Lake City, where she is a licensed beautician and assistant manager.

In October 1980 Jeanne met Clinton Bruce Jensen of Salt Lake City. After a courtship of over a year, they became engaged on Christmas Eve, 1981 and were married on March 3, 1982 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Clint was born July 10, 1956 at Salt Lake City; he is the son of Paul Truman Jensen and Marion Josephine Walters. They are living at 859 South 1200 West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104.

C45 Donna Carrie Christofferson Byrd

I was born in the "little house" in Rock Springs, Wyoming on January 5, 1925 to Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Mouritsen. All that Momma says she can recall is that Dad was working in Superior, and it was during one of the worst blizzards she can remember.

One of my earliest recollections is running to meet Dad at the property line when he came from work. He would stop and let us ride into the yard on the running-board of



Donna Christofferson Byrd

the car. I fell off under the wheel once and was temporarily crippled; I had to learn to walk again. One other early recollection is of the time I was instrumental for Jack getting a spanking from Dad, who told him to stop swinging a little bag of marbles as he walked through the house as it would hit someone. Jack went by and ticked my head, and I yelled; Dad gave it to him. I remember all the older kids telling me I wasn't hurt, and they were all mad at me. I professed to be wounded although I really wasn't; I just couldn't admit to being the cause of all that commotion for no reason. I remember at various times Dad was proud of me because I could stand on my head so well and arm wrestle some of the boys down. He also thought I was all right when I showed I was fleet-of-foot at the Labor Day and school races. I sang often at family reunions and did acrobatic dancing. The teachers at school used to tell me that the Christoffersons got dumber every year. I remember in general that I enjoyed Rock Springs with all the neighborhood kids to play with, which included the Cassas, Browns, Smethursts, Fields, Williams, Landeens, and Robinsons, to name a few.

Other favorite memories are: the camping outings; ice skating at the high school; sleigh riding down the hill in front of the house; swimming at Green River; the carpenter picnics; Mouritsen reunions at Bennington; an occasional visit to Grandma Christofferson in Richmond; Sunday School, Primary, and Mutual; dancing to Ike's Orchestra at the Playmore on Saturday night; the time Dad worked for a week with a broken leg — climbing the ladders on his knees till the pain was such that he was forced to go to the doctor (he was in a cast for sometime, and one day the cast was bothering him so he made Momma saw it off, which she surely hated to do); butter boxes for the holes in our shoes; Mitzie punching the holes in the speaker of the new radio with the scissors; Helen fainting when Dad snipped her ear while cutting her hair; Momma standing late at night doing the ironing with flatirons heated on the stove; L. G., our big brother, coming home from college for a visit; Gayle being a very sickly baby; Christmas and the nine little piles; the things Dad made for

Gr
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Pat

Christmas presents, such as tables, chairs, and cabinets; and the times I spent at Uncle Dave and Aunt Em's with Betty and Glenna. There is no doubt that we all had a healthy respect for Dad's wishes. I came to understand later in life that Dad's hardness and Mom's softness made a pretty good combination for raising a family — none of whom turned out to be too bad.

I met Howard Louis Byrd at the Playmore in Rock Springs; we were married on August 15, 1942 at San Francisco, California shortly after I got out of school. Howard was born October 22, 1920 at Oswego, Kansas; he is the son of Woodie Byrd and Ilma Louise Pohlman. Howard was in the Navy, and we spent our first years moving about the country: San Francisco, Alameda, and San Diego, California; Norfolk, Virginia; Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Hawaii, and Midway Island, to name a few. Dad built our first house on 3500 South in Salt Lake City, and then later another one at 3608 South Market Street in Granger, where we celebrated Dad and Mom's fiftieth wedding anniversary at an open house. We have three children — Ray, Jerry, and Tricia.

After Howard retired they sold their home in Granger and moved to Thayne, Wyoming. This move took them into an area of the country that they loved; it also brought them nearer to Tricia



The Howard L. Byrd Family: clockwise from upper left—Donna C., Ray, Howard, Jerry and Patricia.

and her family. Donna was able to help with the twins, and Howard helped Don in the store. They had planned to build a new home there. They spent the winter of 1976-1977 in LeGrande's home in Jackson, Wyoming. The following summer Donna had a severe heart attack and died on July 12, 1977 at the hospital in Jackson. Funeral services were held in Salt Lake City, and she was buried at Richmond, Utah near her parents.

Donna was truly loved by all her family and is surely missed. She was always compassionate to the needs of others, and fair and honest in her dealings with everyone. She left a beautiful family which she loved dearly and who loved her in return. Howard has remarried and still lives at Thayne, Wyoming.

Children:

- *C451 Raymond Gary Byrd
Born 9 Nov 1943
- *C452 Jerry Kay Byrd
Born 9 Aug 1945
- *C453 Patricia Lynn Byrd
Born 15 Dec 1950

C451 Raymond Gary Byrd

Raymond Gary Byrd was born November 9, 1943 at the Navy hospital in San Francisco, California to Howard Louis Byrd and Donna Carrie Christofferson.

He was their first child, and all of his mother's brothers and sisters idolized him. He spent a good deal of time with his Grandpa and Grandma



The Raymond G. Byrd Family: left to right, front—Lance, Donna Carrie, Bridgette, Isaac Christoffer, and Chellese; middle row—Ray, Holly and Lana G.; back—Angie and James.

Christofferson while his mother traveled to be with his dad in the Navy; this made him especially close to his grandparents. He has many good memories of listening to the Lone Ranger on the radio with his grandpa while his grandma peeled a pan of apples and put them in cold water to eat. In later years he worked on home building with his grandpa and young uncles. To this day his love and respect for Isaac Christofferson has stayed with him, in that he possesses many of the same strong character traits of his grandfather.

Ray's parents made a permanent home for their children (Raymond Gary, Jerry Kay, and Patricia Lynn) on Market Street in Granger where, even though his dad had to leave occasionally on different tours of duty, he was able to complete his years in high school at Granger High, graduating in 1962. He went right from high school into the Marine Corps reserve for six months. He enjoyed the challenge, and continued to attend monthly drills for the next six years.

On December 12, 1963 he married Lana Rae Given at Salt Lake City, Utah. Lana was born April 28, 1944 at Palmerston North, New Zealand; she is the daughter of Charles Roland Given and Dorithy Scott. They spent the first two years of their marriage in Salt Lake City where a son, James Chane, and a daughter, Angie, were born. During this time they had lots of good family association and enjoyed being so close to their children's grandparents. They lived in Fritz and Gayle Morawetz's duplex.

Ray was able to become an ironworker apprentice, thanks to the help of Raymond Baird, a close friend of his parents. With this new line of work came the opportunity to travel to many interesting places. They lived in Green River, Wyoming; Farmington, New Mexico; Bullhead City, Arizona; and Glenrock, Wyoming before moving to Richmond, Utah. While living at Richmond Ray went into business for himself building trailers for boats, snowmobiles, and motorcycles. It was also through the association of wonderful neighbors in Richmond that Ray became reactivated into the LDS church.

After eight years of having two children, Ray set the goal of wanting ten! Holly was born soon after they moved to live in Ray's parents' home on Market Street, while his folks tried condominium living in Fruit Heights, Utah. They lived in the home on Market Street for only six months when

Ray's parents made them an offer they couldn't refuse — to move into their new condominium so they could get back into their home. Ray's mother couldn't take the tri-level home with all those stairs.

Ray and Lana made some special friends while attending church in Kaysville, although they moved after six months to Bountiful to live in a little house next door to Ray's shop that had been used as a warehouse. It was at this time they were sealed as a family in the Ogden LDS Temple on June 6, 1974.

Ray worked so hard in the trailer business, but the energy crisis finally made them realize they couldn't last in the recreation line. With the gas shortage people were not ordering boats. The best part about these years, however, was the support of Ray's family. His dad shopped at the commissary for them and acted as a consultant and as an investor. His mom worked for hours doing boat upholstery by herself, and later she had the help of Ray's Aunt Helen. They were all wonderful to the family during that time.

Because of the reputation Ray had built for himself as an ironworker connector, when he went out of business he was able to get a job with his old employer, Shurtleff and Andrews. They sent Ray and the family to Holbrook, Arizona where they lived for seven months, and where Chellese was born. Then they moved to Page, Arizona for two weeks before they were sent to Lyman, Wyoming, where Ray was superintendent on a job that lasted three months. They were next to live in Jerome, Idaho where Ray helped set up a cable bridge over the Perrine River. They then moved to Glendive, Montana and parked their mobile home on the property of the John Orcutt family who were members of the branch they attended. There were more than enough church jobs to go around in this small branch, and the Orcutt family, with their eleven children, were a great inspiration. Francis Lance Byrd was born in Glendive just eleven days before the family moved to Tri-Cities, Washington. Ray was delighted to have another son at last!

Ray was to build several units for the production of nuclear power on the Hanford Reservation, where he is still working to this date as superintendent for Shurtleff and Andrews. They bought their first home and moved from Kennewick to Richland in the Tri-City, and added three more children to fill the house, making eight in

all. Bridgette was born on the day a new cable bridge over the Columbia River was opened between Pasco and Kennewick (hence, the name Bridgette). Isaac Christoffer and Donna Carrie (the twins) were a complete surprise to everyone.

Ray's greatest love is mountain climbing. His aspiration is to climb the highest peak on each continent; he already has several to his credit. He has been as high as 19,000 feet. In January 1981 he purchased a small retail business catering to mountain climbers and backpackers which makes it possible for him to support his habit. He still has his other job, however, to support his family.

It has always been the hope for the future that the family would end up retiring in Richmond, Utah. Ray has always talked about a place with a garden where anyone in the family could come in a time of crisis. They loved living in Richmond in his grandparent's home before, and have always looked forward to being once again in the place that was so special to Ray's mother and his grandparents. Their current address is 1912 Birch, Richland, Washington 99352.

Children:

C4511	James Chane Byrd Born 8 Jul 1964
C4512	Angie Byrd Born 4 Dec 1965
C4513	Holly Byrd Born 15 Dec 1972
C4514	Chellese Byrd Born 5 Feb 1975
C4515	Francis Lance Byrd Born 7 Dec 1976
C4516	Bridgette Byrd Born 16 Sep 1978
C4517	Isaac Christoffer Byrd Born 26 Aug 1980
C4518	Donna Carrie Byrd Born 26 Aug 1980

C452 Jerry Kay Byrd Aldrich

I was born August 9, 1945 (V-J Day) in Salt Lake City, Utah to Howard Louis Byrd and Donna Carrie Christofferson.

While Mother was in the hospital, Daddy was out dancing in the streets to celebrate the end of World War II. Grandma and Grandpa Christofferson lived in Granger, Utah and we lived a



The Jack S. Aldrich Family: clockwise from the top—Jack holding Robyn, Susan, Christine, Sandra, Jerry B. holding Nathan, and Brian.

country block away in a house that Grandpa had built. Aunt Leah and Uncle Estel were one house away from Grandma, with my best friend Susan Hill in between. Granger was a rural area in those days with fields and farms, and I spent many happy hours at each of those three houses.

At the age of four I was accidentally shot with a .22 rifle by an unknown person who was hunting on Uncle Estel's farm at the time. I was at Susie's house rocking on a play horse in her driveway. At the hospital I was given a blessing by Uncle Estel and Billy Hill; this blessing saved my life. My father was stationed in California at the time and hitchhiked home.

Dad stayed in the Navy after the war, so we had the opportunity of living in different places. We lived in California, Virginia, Hawaii, Midway Islands, and home, which was Granger, Utah. I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the age of eight. I graduated from high school while living on Midway Island, one of a class of four, in 1963. I attended college at Utah State University in Logan, Utah, graduating in June 1967 with the intention of becoming a librarian. I worked for two years, first in Ogden, and then in Salt Lake City. I returned to school and received my master's in librarianship in August 1970 from the University of Washington at Seattle.

On September 11, 1970 I married Jack Samuel

Aldrich in the Salt Lake LDS Temple for time and eternity; we were married by Elder Spencer W. Kimball. Jack was born September 4, 1946 at Nampa, Idaho; he is the son of Jack Aldrich and Ferrol Thorley Stucki. Jack was in the Navy at the time so we honeymooned on our way to San Diego, California where he was stationed. One year later we returned with our firstborn, Brian Samuel. We settled in Logan, Utah so Jack could earn his masters in business at Utah State University. Our next child, Susan Carrie, was born during this time. In June 1973 Jack graduated and went to work for Pepperidge Farms in Richmond, Utah. Our third child, Sandra Leah, was born in Logan just prior to Jack's taking a new job in Ogden, Utah with Radio Shack. Due to a promotion, we moved to Boise, Idaho where Christine was born.

The following summer Mother passed away. While death is not to be feared, the loss of one so dear cannot be described.

Another promotion, another move, and another baby, this time to Spokane, Washington where Nathan Benjamin was born. Jack decided to go back to school at this point, so we moved to Salt Lake City while he attended the University of Utah. In June 1980 we moved to the Denver, Colorado area; two weeks after our move Robyn Jeannette was born. Recently we have returned to our home in Spokane.

My life has been filled with happy memories of family and friends, interesting places, and most of all — the Gospel of Jesus Christ and membership in His true Church. This is a precious heritage left to me from Grandpa Mouritsen. Our address is East 316 Chilton, Spokane, Washington 99218.

Children:

- C4521 Brian Samuel Aldrich
Born 10 Jul 1971
- C4522 Susan Carrie Aldrich
Born 26 Jan 1973
- C4523 Sandra Leah Aldrich
Born 21 Sep 1974
- C4524 Christine Aldrich
Born 28 Oct 1976
- C4525 Nathan Benjamin Aldrich
Born 22 May 1978
- C4526 Robyn Jeannette Aldrich
Born 18 Jun 1980

C453 Patricia Lynn Byrd Aullman

I was born December 15, 1950 at the Naval base hospital in San Diego, California, which was the first and last time that I was there. I was welcomed by my parents, Howard Louis Byrd and Donna Carrie Christofferson, and one brother Ray and one sister Jerry.

The first thing that I can remember was when we lived in our house on 3500 South in Granger, Utah. I can remember playing in the bathtub and slipping and cracking my head open; Jerry got mad at me because I got the water all bloody. I also remember my father telling us that we were going to Hawaii.

We lived on the island of Oahu from 1955 to 1957, and I started school there. I grew up being known as a tomboy, so I could run faster, fight, and play ball with the best of them. In Hawaii my best friend was Molly MacCarthy. We were a great pair. We were always in trouble, and we could beat up all the boys. I was the same way in school, and didn't learn too much. When we moved back to Utah they decided to hold me back in second grade so that I could catch up a little.

When we came back to Utah we moved into our house on Market Street, which we built before going to Hawaii but never got to live in. Granger was like a family town with grandparents and aunts and uncles all around us. We lived there for four years, and I attended Granger Elementary through the fifth grade. Here I started music; I played the drums, which I continued to the ninth grade.



The Don C. Aullman Family: left to right—Lee, Pat B. holding Jeffrey, Don holding Nicholas, and Dee.

In 1962 we moved to Midway Island for a year. My brother had just graduated from high school and stayed behind. This place was quite an experience. It was only two miles long and two miles wide, and everyone either walked or rode a bike. I attended the sixth grade there. In church we mostly had my sister, myself, and one sailor (or priesthood holder). We came home in 1963; Jerry went to college and I started junior high. I attended Valley Junior High for one year, and then went to the newly built West Lake Junior High for two years.

This time of my life is when I got my first dog. He was a Westie, and his name was Rebel. I trained and showed him in dog shows. He won twelve first-place trophies for obedience. Whenever we went to reunions, Grandpa Christofferson would make us perform. I had him until he was fourteen years old. I then attended Granger High School, where in my senior year I was elected the studentbody historian; I graduated in 1969.

In the summer after high school I got my first job working at the Grand Canyon. As soon as I came home I went to Utah State University. In my first year I met Don Corwin Aullman on a blind date, and on June 13, 1970 we were married in Salt Lake City, Utah. Don was born March 28, 1949 at Afton, Wyoming; he is the son of Lowell Corwin Aullman and Ada Hale. We went one more year at USU where Don graduated. He then started law school in Laramie, Wyoming, but after four months we had an opportunity to buy a sporting goods store in Don's hometown of Thayne, Wyoming. So in January 1972 we bought the Hitching Rail and moved to Thayne, where we have been ever since.

We have been blessed with four sons, including a set of identical twins; needless to say, they have given us a workout.

In the summer of 1977 my beloved mother died of a heart attack at the age of fifty-two. My parents were living by us when it happened, and I got to talk to her just before she died.

In the winter of 1979 we moved into our new home that we built right by our old home. Our address is Box 296, Thayne, Wyoming 83127.

Children:

C4531 Dondee Louis Aullman
Born 11 Apr 1974

C4532 Donlee Louis Aullman
Born 11 Apr 1974
C4533 Nicholas Ray Aullman
Born 11 Oct 1978
C4534 Jeffrey Pete Aullman
Born 12 May 1981

C46 John Budd Christofferson

I was born 18 November 1926 in Rock Springs, Wyoming to Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Mouritsen. My family and friends always called me Jack. I loved to hunt and fish and my father took me with him often, even when I was small. Our father taught us to work, as well as doing the fun things in life. I started school in Rock Springs and when my family moved to Richmond, Utah I went to High School there and graduated from North Cache High in 1945. I enjoyed sports and was captain of the basketball team in North Cache; we won the state championships while I was there. I was also on the track team and won several pole vaulting championships during this time.

Directly after graduation I went into the Army where I served for two years. I was a sergeant and served one year in the Aleutian Islands. We played lots of basketball and our team won the Island championships. After my army service I returned home to Salt Lake City where my family was living



John B. Christofferson

at that time. I married Lorraine Krebs 5 March 1948 in Salt Lake City. She was born July 10, 1927 at Kenilworth, Utah to Harry Krebs and Lenorah Cloward. I worked as a carpenter for my father and attended the University of Utah. During this time our son Johnny was born in 1949 and I built us a home in Salt Lake while going to school. I became quite proficient as a carpenter.

I graduated from the University of Utah with a civil engineering degree and like my brothers went to work for Chicago Bridge and Iron Co. I worked for a year in the Salt Lake engineering department and then was sent to Washington and California as a field engineer in oil refinery construction. Our daughter Karen was born in Pittsburg, California in 1955. We were transferred to Chicago into the welding engineering department and I worked six or eight years as a welding engineer. In 1966 we were sent to Memphis, Tennessee and in 1971 I was advanced to director of welding. In 1973 we moved to Houston and in 1976 we moved back to Chicago again.

I have traveled a great deal for the company and done many studies in the field of welding engineering for my company and the trade. I still enjoy hunting and fishing; our family enjoys many outings in our boat, especially fishing for salmon on Lake Michigan.

I would like to pay tribute to my parents: to a mother who was soft spoken and willing to do anything for her family, and to a father who knew the value of work and taught us these things

which have meant so much in our lives. Our address is 22 Palisades, Oakbrook, Illinois 60521.

Children:

- *C461 John William Christofferson
Born 26 Nov 1949
- *C462 Karen Wynn Christofferson
Born 21 Dec 1955

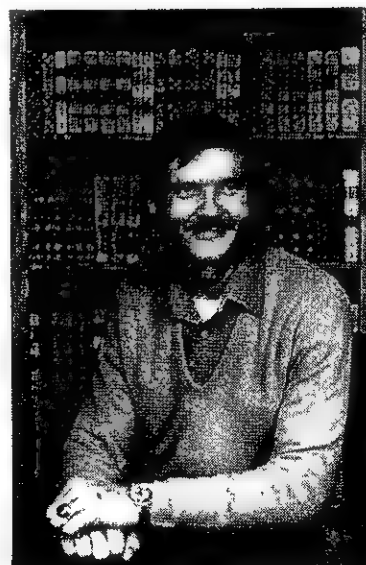
C461 John William Christofferson

I was born November 26, 1949 in Salt Lake City, Utah while my dad was still going to college. My parents are John Budd (Jack) Christofferson and Lorraine Krebs

My parents moved several times during my earlier years to the states of Washington, California, and to Illinois when I was just five years old. I went to several different schools in the suburbs of Chicago and graduated from high school in West Chicago in 1968. During school I enjoyed wood working and made several things for my family. I moved with my parents when Dad was transferred to Memphis, Tennessee. There I went to work for CBI as a machinist's helper and later learned how to weld. Since I am now a welder, I'm glad for the experience I gained in Memphis. I married during this time, but my marriage ended in divorce, and I had a difficult time getting over this. I moved to Houston, Texas in 1973 and



The John B. Christofferson Family: Jack, John, Lorraine and Karen (in front).



John W. Christofferson

worked as a field welder for CBI for several years prior to returning to Oakbrook, Illinois in 1976. Since returning to the Chicago area I have a good job as a welder with the Miller Paint Co. In addition to my full-time job, I also do volunteer work in a local hospital in the emergency room. I have always liked people and enjoy being able to help in the hospital. In my spare time I enjoy salmon fishing on Lake Michigan as well. I do other part-time jobs, so I do keep busy. My current address is 22 Palisades, Oakbrook, Illinois 60521.

C462 Karen Christofferson Greene

I was born December 21, 1955 in Pittsburg, California to John Budd Christofferson and Lorraine Krebs.

My early years were spent in the suburbs of Chicago, with Dad working for Chicago Bridge and Iron Company. From this time I remember frequent trips in our trailer and vacations out West. When I was fifteen Dad was transferred to Memphis, Tennessee. Before this move I anticipated going to the land of the hillbillies! However, I soon grew to love Memphis and quickly picked up the accent. While in Memphis I made some lifetime friendships and started high school. In 1973, just before my senior year, Dad was again transferred, this time to Houston, Texas. Although I didn't relish being in Houston for my senior year of high school, the move was



J. Dave and Karen C. Greene

good and I don't regret having gone there. While some may have opted to remain in Memphis and live with friends, I knew that I wanted to stay with my family because leaving would come soon enough. It did, when I decided to go to Harding College in Arkansas. I missed my family while I was away from them, but it was also exciting to be on my own and responsible for myself.

My favorite and most outstanding memory from Harding was meeting my husband, John David Greene. We were married on May 8, 1976. Dave was born July 5, 1955 at Clarksdale, Mississippi; he is the son of John Baxter Greene and Jackie Buster. We remained at Harding until August 1977 for me to graduate, and then we moved to Memphis to set up housekeeping.

Going away to college and then marrying Dave helped me to realize a few things. As Christians, Dave and I want to serve other people and be responsible citizens. I realized that my parents had nurtured me to respect and be considerate of those around me, and to be conscientious in all my endeavors. My upbringing has helped me to follow through with our commitment to serve other people daily.

Dave is studying to be a civil engineer at Memphis State University. Both of us are looking forward to having our own children when Dave finishes school. We love children! In the meantime, I am a social worker, and my main responsibilities are to work with children who are in foster care and to help facilitate adoptions. Our address is 4015 Summers, #28, Memphis, Tennessee 38122.

C47 Mildred Marie Christofferson Liston

I was born in Rock Springs, Wyoming to Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Mouritsen.

When I was born we lived in a small three-room house. How we ever managed I'll never know. We must have looked like the old woman who lived in a shoe. When I was three my father built us a much larger house which we always refer to as the "big house." We had a good life in Rock Springs and we all enjoyed it very much. Up on Number One Hill where we lived there were many children. We would get together each night and play around the lighted lamp post on the



Mildred M. Christofferson

corner. In the wintertime we used our sleds, ice skates, and skis. Dad always liked for us to enjoy these outdoor activities because it was much better for our health.

One Saturday afternoon I was playing in the big, vacant lot across Q Street with all of my friends. Momma came across the street with a plate full of Rice Krispie treats for all of us. So seldom did she have the grocery money or the time for such things, but it made me feel really important to have such a thoughtful, wonderful mother.

Dad and Momma always took us on lots of hunting and fishing trips. Each summer we spent at least one week in Granite Hot Springs, near Jackson, Wyoming. There we could fish, hike, and swim to our heart's content. It was something we looked forward to each year. When I was about ten we were returning from one of these trips and we stopped for gas at Farson. I ran back to the restroom and somehow locked myself in. I screamed and hollered and kicked the door, but no one heard me. Finally I managed to get the door unlocked only to find that my family had left me there. When they had gone a little ways they realized there was more room in the car. DuWayne stopped and took a head count. They returned immediately and found me crying so hard that I didn't settle down all the rest of the way home. This was one experience I will never forget.

When I was little Mom always curled my hair



The Douglas Liston Family: left to right—Kalyn, Douglas, Mitzi, and Wamoth.

with old pieces of sheet which made such nice ringlets; she didn't like hair braided. Then my sister Helen gave me a permanent and I had forty-five ringlets. Since Mom had to do all the combing and brushing, I was always the last one to leave. As my hair got longer and longer it got to be such a job and got so tangled that Mom got her scissors one day and there went my beautiful ringlets.

During the eighth grade my family moved to Richmond, Utah where I graduated from Park School in the eighth grade. In Richmond my brother Leonard bought himself a horse named Blaze. I loved to ride horses and decided to ride Blaze even though I knew he would try to brush me off with a tree or ride me through the water, as I had seen the horse do this to Darwin and Jack before. I reined him hard when he tried either stunt, but I hadn't planned on the next tactic. Blaze started to rare back, higher and higher. Mom came out and when she saw me on the horse she kept yelling, "Mitzi, get off." I was holding on for dear life as there was no saddle. Blaze finally decided to lay down and roll over me, but I stepped off the other side. As soon as he stood up I led him back to the corral; I never had anymore trouble with him.

When I was a sophomore at North Cache High School I began having fainting spells or black-outs. Medical exams indicated an injury near the brain which periodically blocked the normal blood flow to my brain. Fortunately I was able to

receive medication that helped alleviate the problem, but it was something we had to watch continually.

In October 1946 we moved back to Salt Lake City and lived in Aunt Leah's basement while Dad built us a house in Granger. There I completed high school, graduating from Cyprus High School in 1946. I also graduated from the Oquirrh Stake seminary and belonged to the pep club.

After high school I worked for Purity Biscuit Company for over five years. This wasn't one of the easiest jobs but I was promoted after three months to one of the best paying jobs that I was qualified for. In 1949 I joined the Intermountain Choir which was a good experience for me. I sometimes would feel sorry for myself because of my physical condition, but here I learned that I was able to accomplish much more than I had previously imagined. I was able to accompany this choir to Hawaii to participate in the centennial celebration of the Church in Hawaii. I was also privileged to go through the Hawaiian LDS Temple while I was there, having received my own endowments earlier in the Salt Lake LDS Temple.

From March 1952 until September 1953 I served as a missionary for the LDS church in the Central States Mission. It was an experience that I shall always cherish. My first six months I labored in Kansas City, Missouri, the next three months in Kansas City, Kansas, and my last ten months were spent in Anadarko, Oklahoma where we worked among the Indian people.

After returning from my mission I worked as a secretary and accounting clerk for Dames and Moore, a Salt Lake City engineering firm. I was there until my marriage. Through my association with choral groups I met Douglas Liston in October 1955. He had an outstanding voice which I recognized at once. We courted off and on for nearly two years. Doug was a widower with older children from his previous marriage. He taught school and farmed on the side. I told him that I didn't want to marry a farmer, and he assured me there would be no farm. On September 20, 1957 we were married at my parent's home in Granger, Utah. Our marriage was sealed in the Salt Lake LDS Temple a year later. Douglas was born April 11, 1913 in Escalante, Utah; he is the son of Philo Liston and Hazel Genevieve Riddle. We settled in

Bountiful where our two sons were born. Kalyn looks like the Liston family and Wamoth, with his sandy, red hair, looks like a Christofferson. In 1961 Douglas's health became a problem. As time went on the school board could see that his situation wouldn't allow a continuation of his teaching career and so on his sixtieth birthday he retired. We immediately bought a small farm near Saint Anthony, Idaho.

By this time the boys and I had gotten accustomed to farm animals, milking cows, building fences, and hard physical labor because earlier Douglas had found a small ranch in Montana that we started to fix up as a summer home. Each year we would travel from Bountiful to our Montana property. There we all learned to work together as a family. The boys learned responsibility at a young age due to the many experiences we had in Montana. Our move to Idaho just made it a shorter trip each summer from Egin Bench to Montana.

We lived at Saint Anthony until 1977, at which time we moved to a milder climate, namely Washington, Utah (near St. George). We lived there for two years before moving to Salt Lake City. We have lived in our present home for two years now.

I have always taken an active part in the LDS church, starting with a teaching job in the old Granger Third Ward when I was still a teenager. I have worked in music, the ward library, and served as an MIA secretary in the ward and for the stake. Mostly though I enjoyed many different teaching assignments.

Our sons are both married and gone now. Douglas is confined now to a wheelchair. In 1975 I underwent radiation treatment and therapy for a brain tumor. This serious affliction has caused us considerable concern, but through the Lord's help I am still able to take care of Douglas and myself and care for our home. I have been blessed with wonderful parents, a supportive family, and fine children. Now we enjoy being grandparents. Our address is 388 East 6230 South, Murray, Utah 84107.

Children:

- *C471 Kalyn Douglas Liston
Born 18 Nov 1958
- *C472 Wamoth Don Liston
Born 17 Oct 1960

C471 Kalyn Douglas Liston

I was born in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City on November 18, 1958 to Douglas Liston and Mildred Marie Christofferson.

Some of my favorite childhood memories are my Wonder Horse, getting wheelbarrow rides from my dad, my friends Greg and Bryan, playing with my cousins Kirt and Shane, fishing at Yellowstone, and working with the cattle on the ranch in Montana.

I attended David Tolman Elementary School in Bountiful and then one year at Centerville Junior High School. Then our family moved to Idaho. I next attended Fremont High School in St. Anthony, Idaho from which I graduated in 1977; I also graduated from the LDS seminary. In high school I played trumpet in the band. I also like to play the piano.

I was ordained an elder in the LDS church by my father in preparation for serving a mission for my Church. About this same time our family moved again — this time to Washington, Utah (near St. George). From there I was called to serve in the Nevada, Las Vegas Mission. I served from January 1, 1978 until January 1980. The mission I fulfilled was a wonderful two years. The Lord guided us and the Holy Ghost spoke through us on some occasions. Everyone there could feel that spiritual feeling and there were many tears and baptisms.

After completing my mission I returned to that area to court a lovely girl I had met while serving as a missionary. On April 18, 1980 I married Shelley Evans in the St. George LDS Temple. She was born August 27, 1961 at St. George, Utah; she is the daughter of Clyde Arsha Evans and



The Kalyn D. Liston Family: left to right—Shelley E. Skyler and Kalyn.

Beth Webb. We have settled in Henderson, Nevada where I am employed at Titanium Metals, a steel company. In my spare time I enjoy tinkering and mechanical repairs. We are recently a family with the birth of our son Skyler. We bought a home here; our address is 131 Beech Street, Henderson, Nevada 89015.

Children:

C4711 Skyler Kalyn Liston
Born 18 Jan 1982

C472 Wamoth Don Liston

I was born October 17, 1960 in Salt Lake City, Utah. My parents are Douglas Liston and Mildred Marie Christofferson.

Not only did I arrive early in the morning, but I was also a little premature. But thanks to a good doctor (Homer Ellsworth), Mom and I came through okay. At the age of one month it was discovered that my one leg hadn't seated itself properly in the hip socket yet. Again, thanks to skilled medical attention, I now have good legs; otherwise I might have developed a limp.

I have good memories of our small ranch in Montana which we like to call the Montana Cracker Box. The small white home is only fourteen by sixteen feet. The second floor where the beds are has high ceilings so we don't have to duck our heads; there is a ladder built on the wall to get up



Jeri H. and Wamoth D. Liston.

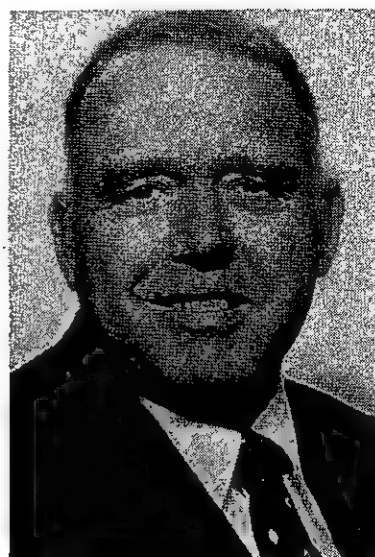
and down. We enjoy being up there, especially in the winter with snowmobiles. Then there was our favorite fishing spot, a small little lake so peaceful and quiet near Hebgen, Montana. Kalyn and I would take turns fishing in the same spot. As soon as one would catch a fish and step aside to take it off the hook, the other one had already caught a fish, too.

I attended schools in Bountiful and Saint Anthony, Idaho, but I dropped out of school at the end of my sophomore year and began working at Scottie's Grocery Store. After the family moved to Washington, Utah I went to work with the D & L Truss Company, where I worked my way into a supervisory trainer for new employees, and then as a foreman figuring trusses for all kinds of construction. I had a good friend in Riverton, Wyoming, so I then moved there and found employment in the oil fields.

It was in Riverton that I met Jeri Kaye Hufford. I wanted my parents to meet her, and soon I proposed. We were married November 27, 1981 at her parents' home in Riverton. Jeri was born February 1, 1963 at Ekalaka, Montana; she is the daughter of Tom Floyd Hufford and Sharon Ann Martin. We enjoyed a honeymoon to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and then we settled in a home here in Riverton. I have built a small shop next to the house where I spend my spare time as a mechanic. Currently I operate an oil rig for Pool Oil Servicing. Our address is 1215 East Washington, Riverton, Wyoming 82501.

C48 Leonard Isaac Christofferson

I was born December 11, 1930, in Rock Springs, Wyoming. I don't remember much about myself before I started school. When I did start school, it was at Lincoln School in Rock Springs. I was sadly disappointed after one year in school when the teacher recommended that I spend another year in the first grade. I was able to progress through the upper grades without difficulty after my second year in the first grade. I was in the fifth grade when we moved to Richmond, Utah. It was Easter Sunday of 1942. It was raining cats and dogs when we arrived in Richmond. Although everything was in a turmoil, Ma still managed to let us color Easter eggs. I com-



Leonard I. Christofferson

pleted the fifth grade that spring at Richmond Park School.

During the spring of 1943, I took a job delivering newspapers. It was during the war, and it was not possible to buy a bicycle without a permit. Since I needed a bicycle for delivering papers, I was able to get a permit to buy one. I also got a horse that summer. She was a two-year-old colt named Blaze. She cost \$45. I paid \$25, Jack paid \$10, and Dad paid the rest. I doubt if I ever repaid Dad. The horse presented some problems such as cutting grass with a butcher knife for feed. I used the horse to deliver papers, and I recall many mornings in the winter, while on my paper route, icicles would form on my eyebrows in the sub-zero temperature at 4:30 a.m. During the summer months, I worked in the beet fields and helped put up hay. I did pretty good working in the hay, but hoeing beets was not one of my strong points! Once I earned \$5 after about three weeks' work; I recall LeGrande thought I was pretty lazy and I guess I was. I went to Lehi to work for Dad in the summer of 1945. I didn't do too well there either. However, I wasn't lazy. I just plain didn't know anything about building. Dad was mad at me pretty regularly. However, I am sure it didn't do any harm, for by the time I graduated from high school I was pretty good at carpentry, brick laying, cement finishing and most other types of labor.

In 1945, we moved to Salt Lake and lived in Leah's basement apartment. We built a house in our spare time, and I sometimes thought I would

never get a day off. However the house was finally completed.

I attended Granite High School and I did pretty well in most of my school work. Then one day in 1948, Dave Winder, Wally Orr, three other boys, and I decided to sluff school. In addition to that, we sneaked into the Utah Theatre . . . and we were caught. The police told us we would have to see the juvenile judge with our parents so I decided I better tell Dad. However, I never could get up enough nerve to tell him. After about thirty days a letter arrived saying that Dad should appear in court with me. Ma was good enough to hold the letter until I had left for school; she then gave it to Dad. That afternoon at 4 p.m. all six of us boys walked into the courtroom. There seated was Dad, Mr. Orr, and the others. The only words spoken were from Mr. Orr. He asked if we were going to hit the First National Bank next. I always expected Dad to say something about it later, but, he never did. (I really appreciate that.)

I graduated from Granite in 1949. I started building tanks that year when Scottie hired me to keep time for him out in North Salt Lake. Le-Grande told Scottie to give me every dirty job he could because I guess he thought I wouldn't go to school. Scottie was very helpful and I got every dirty job he could find for me. His only trouble was he couldn't find enough of them to keep me busy. I spent the rest of my time working on some of the better jobs which stirred up a lot of union trouble since I wasn't a union member. Scottie was good at settling the problems and keeping everyone happy.

I spent the summer of 1950 in Elko, Nevada and I recall that Dad wasn't too happy to see me leave home for the first time and go to a place like Elko. Although I never told Dad this, I really did mind my own business, and I didn't do any gambling, etc.

I spent the summer of 1951 in Arco, Idaho, working on some tanks at the Atomic Energy Plant.

I was going to be drafted in the fall of 1951, so Dad agreed to let me buy a car. He went with me and I expected to buy a used car for about \$400. I was really surprised when he bought me a new 1951 Ford. I could hardly believe it; however, with Dad it seemed that when you least expected it that was when he would surprise you. I spent the next two years in the army. I joined the paratroopers where I spent most of my time at Fort

Bragg, North Carolina. I made fourteen parachute jumps and I was discharged in October 1953. From October, 1953, until Christmas 1953, I worked in Plainview and Wichita Falls, Texas and then returned to school again in the winter of 1954. I married Mildred Jean Case on June 4, 1954. Bonnie was four years old at the time. Mildred was born May 16, 1930 at Sumpter, Oregon to James Benson Case and Eythe McKnight.

I graduated from the University of Utah, June 4, 1956 and immediately began building my home on Market Street. Clair was born about the same time I completed the house. I worked for Dad from June, 1956, until September, 1957. Dad retired in 1957, and I went to work for Chicago Bridge and Iron Company in Beaumont, Texas. I worked in Beaumont, the Four Corner area of Utah, and El Paso, Texas. I then returned to Salt Lake and began work at the Salt Lake plant. I worked in Salt Lake until 1964 when I was transferred to Houston, Texas.

I bought a new home in Houston during April of 1965. I liked Houston but the biggest and best reward was my marriage to Kate Mary (Kay) Wilding at that time. We were married on July 2, 1966, in Houston. Kate was born September 26, 1920 at Salt Lake City, Utah to Laurence Roy Wilding and Kate Mary Shill. We remained in Houston for another three years, and during



Children of Leonard and Jean C. Christoffer-son: left to right—Clair, Jean C. and Bonnie.



Kate W. and Leonard I. Christofferson

those three years Bonnie completed high school and graduated from the Spring Woods High School. Bonnie was just beautiful in her golden cap and gown and I was truly proud of her. Bonnie then left Houston to return to Salt Lake City and attend the University of Utah.

Clair meanwhile was growing like a weed also, and he was practicing his music every waking minute. As a youngster in grade school he was a first class drummer and guitar player. He also seemed to like the high school majorettes, for he was over at the high school each night to watch them practice. They finally adopted him and made him their mascot. From then on the school bus came by the house each week to pick him up and take him to all the football games with the majorettes. The girls really took good care of him.

In 1969 we moved to Sydney, Australia, and during our first winter there, all of us were together again. Bonnie came down for three months during her summer break, and of course, Kay, Clair, and I lived there. Having everyone there that first few months was really a blessing. We all picked out a house, and Kay and Bonnie were able to be together while I worked. They were able to choose our carpets and generally figure out how the house would be furnished. That three months went by much too fast and before long it was time for Bonnie to leave. I hated to see her go, but school was starting and there was no choice.

While we were in Australia, we toured some, but the highlight of our recreation was fishing. Kay learned to fish while we were there, and it wasn't long until she out-fished me. The fishing was "out of this world." Catching trout in the three- to five-pound range was commonplace. A fish less than two pounds was hardly worth keeping.

During our last two years there, Kay's daughter Patricia came down to live with us so again we had a full house and again it was fun to have family around. We all enjoyed having Trish there. Trish fell in love with Australia and hated to leave, but when the time to go arrived we were glad to get back to the good old U.S.A.

Our stay in Australia ended in the latter part of 1973. We officially moved into our new home in Salt Lake City on January 1, 1974. It was good to be back in Salt Lake City so most of 1974 was spent in renewing old acquaintances. It was so good to be back in the U.S.A., and especially good to be back where we could see our families. We could now see Kay's brother and sister, on something more than a quick visit, and it was good for Kay to have the continued company of her sister after so many years. It was also great to be back where we could see Bonnie again anytime we wished.

My one weakness each year is the urge to hunt deer and elk. Once each year in October, I meet with LeGrande and some other fellows, and we spend a week up in Wyoming. We take our horses and have a grand time. We have been quite successful. This is the time when I reflect a lot on Dad's love of hunting and all I learned from him. I frequently find myself planning hunts the way I think Dad would if he were with me.

There were a lot of memorable hunts, but I like to remember the one where I killed my first deer. The hunt was on Ferron Mountain in southern Utah. It was bitter cold, with deep snow. Dad hunted all through the first day, but luck was not with him so he failed to bag a deer. Darwin bagged his deer that day, and it was the only deer killed. The second day, Dad gave me his gun so I could try it. Darwin and I climbed quite high before light, and just as the sun rose, a buck appeared from out of nowhere. I was shaking pretty badly, and Darwin said, "shoot, shoot." Finally I shot and down went the buck; needless to say I floated on air the balance of the trip. It wasn't until a few years later that I realized that it

must have been quite a sacrifice for Dad to give up his gun before he bagged his own deer.

Bonnie was married in 1974 to Melvin Mickelson; she is a beautiful young lady, full of energy and busy continually. Clair moved out in November 1979 into his own house which he and I built in our spare time. So now there is only Kay and I living at home anymore. I hope the future will continue to be as good as the past. Our address is 10819 South Ascot Parkway, Sandy, Utah 84070.

Children:

- *C481 Bonnie Lee Christofferson
Born 17 Aug 1949
- *C482 Clair Leonard Christofferson
Born 2 Oct 1956

C481 Bonnie Lee Christofferson Mickelson

I was born at home in Salt Lake City, Utah on August 17, 1949 to Leonard Christofferson and Mildred Jean Case.

My memory is naturally vague until I was about four years old. However, I remember that we lived on Catherine Street in Rose Park. Mother worked most of the time and Dad was a student in college, so I was tended during the day by a Mrs. Malmstrom. She was a fun lady and I enjoyed being at her home. I suppose I was a typical child; good most of the time but sometimes doing some-



Bonnie L. Christofferson

thing mischievous, such as the time Mother sent me down to Mrs. Malmstrom's with some frozen strawberries. I was embarrassed for some reason, so I threw them in the garbage instead of delivering them.

We moved from Catherine Street to Granger in about 1954. I attended the Granger Elementary School, and later the Valley Junior High School. My years in Granger were a mixture of fun and sadness. On the fun side, I had a lot of close friends to play with and go to school with. We were all good kids, taking part in only a nominal amount of mischief. However, in about 1961 my parents were separated; this was a disheartening experience and quite sad.

In 1964 we moved to Houston, Texas where I graduated from Springwood High School. Houston was not a bad place to live except for the humidity which was terribly high and uncomfortable. However, there were some nice things about Houston, such as the swimming club we joined. Summers were nice when we could spend a lot of time in and around the swimming pool, which was something we couldn't do in Salt Lake City.

After completing high school, I returned to Salt Lake City and attended the University of Utah. It was nice to be back in Salt Lake City again. I lived two years in a dormitory, and then moved into my own apartment; it was nice to get out on my own.

During the years from high school graduation until the present I did a nominal amount of traveling. I spent one summer in Australia with my father, and have made a couple of trips to Hawaii, as well as some shorter trips such as to Houston and California.

I was married to Melvin H. Mickelson on April 1, 1974 but we were subsequently divorced. I have since purchased my own home and am employed by Albertsons.

C482 Clair Leonard Christofferson

I was born October 2, 1956 in Salt Lake City to Leonard Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Jean Case. I am told that as a baby, my parents were building a house, so I was carried to and from the construction project in a cardboard box which doubled as a bed at home. We lived on Market Street in Granger (West Valley City) until I was



Clair L. Christofferson

seven years old, and at that time we moved to Houston.

Mother and Father were separated at the time we moved to Houston, so only Dad, Bonnie and I moved. I remember living in an apartment in Houston next to a swimming club. Bonnie and I got the lifeguard to let us sneak in and swim. Later Dad joined the club so we could swim all we wanted. While in Houston, I received a set of drums for Christmas, and Dad had a guitar, so that launched my musical career. The musical career to date has not been extremely profitable, but it has given many hours of pleasure. While growing up in Houston, I remembered quite clearly the time when I quit school. I was about ten years old, and since Dad left for work before I went to school, he did not realize I was not going. The teacher called him at work one day and asked if I was sick. He didn't take long to get home and find me there watching T.V. I was quickly cured of quitting school.

Dad married Kay while we were in Houston, and in 1969 we moved to Australia. We lived in Pennant Hills which is a suburb of Sydney. Australia was a fun place, and we lived there five years. While in Australia, I organized a band of two or three kids in our neighborhood. However, in order to do it I had to teach one to play the guitar.

We returned to Salt Lake City in 1974, and I completed high school at Granger High. I tried a couple of quarters in college, but I didn't have much enthusiasm for college.

In 1978, Dad and I built a house in our spare time. It took one and one-half years to complete, but we finally made it. I moved into it in November of 1979. We built a sound-proof music studio in the basement, so I can play as loud as I want as

late as I want. It's great. My address is 3383 Vespa Drive, West Valley City, Utah 84119.

C49 Doris Gayle Christofferson Morawetz

In the year 1933 another child was born to Isaac Christofferson and Mildred Mouritsen. I was their ninth child, and the first one in the family to be born in a hospital. I was born at 12:30 P.M. on Saturday, May 20, 1933 in the Rock Springs General Hospital.

I was a very sickly child. Many thought that I was too sickly to live. Apparently, I was not getting enough nourishment, when the doctor supplemented my diet with Sego milk. I was named on December 3, 1933 by Uncle Willard Mouritsen at the Rock Springs Ward, Lyman Stake. At the age of eight I was baptized by Henry Smith and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Owen W. West on August 3, 1941.

I lived in Rock Springs, Wyoming until I was in the fourth grade, at which time our family moved to Richmond, Utah. I lived in Richmond until I was in the seventh grade. At this time we moved to Granger, Utah where I lived until I was married.

I graduated from Cyprus High School in 1951, after which I attended Utah State University,



Gayle Christofferson Morawetz

graduating in 1955. I met Francis E. Morawetz, Jr. while we were attending school at Utah State. We went together for about one year before we were married. We were married between our junior and senior year in college on August 20, 1954 at Salt Lake City, Utah. Fritz was born January 24, 1933 at Lawrence, Kansas; he is the son of Francis Ellsworth Morawetz and Helen Edwina Myers.

After college graduation I taught school for four years at Brockbank Junior High School in Magna, Utah. In 1959 Kristin, our first child, was born, followed in two years by twins, Kim and Kirk. We also raised Willie Benally, Jr., a foster Indian boy from Shiprock, New Mexico for three years.

Dad built our first home in Granger at 2791 West 3650 South. We moved into that house in the fall of 1959 just before Kristin was born. Mom and Dad lived next door until sometime in 1960 when they moved back to Richmond, Utah. I am grateful my children had the opportunity to know my parents well; they, of course, knew my mother better as she lived in our apartment after my dad died.

Fritz (my husband) was a convert to the LDS church. He joined the Church and was baptized in July 31, 1954 just before we were married; our



The Francis E. Morawetz, Jr. Family: left to right, front—Fritz and Gayle C.; back—Kim, Kirk and Kristin.

family was sealed in the Salt Lake LDS Temple on June 20, 1962. Fritz is now serving in the bishopric of the Granger Seventeenth Ward. In 1976, after eighteen years in our first house, Fritz and I moved about two blocks south and one-half block east where we have lived for six years now.

In 1976 I graduated from the Brigham Young University with my master's degree in business education. I have been teaching school at the Utah Technical College for the past ten years. Fritz is employed by Western Air Lines. Kristin is now married, but lives close by.

Kirk, the oldest of our twins by six minutes, attended all of his schooling in Granger, graduating from Granger High School in 1980. Kirk enjoys the out-of-doors and like hunting, fishing, bow hunting, skiing, snowmobiling, swimming, etc. He earned the Eagle Scout award just before his fourteenth birthday. He worked as a camp counselor at the YMCA camp near our cabin in the Uintah mountains. After high school he attended Utah State University for a year. Currently he is working for Chicago Bridge and Iron Company.

Kim also grew up in Granger along with her brother and sister, not to mention assorted family pets — two dogs, two cats, fish, and ten hamsters. at Granger High she was a member of the dance club and active in the Excalibur drill team. After graduation in 1980 she attended Utah State University for one year. Now she is working at American Savings in Salt Lake City.

Our family's address is 3876 South LeeMaur Street, West Valley, City, Utah 84119.

Children:

- | | |
|-------|---|
| *C491 | Kristin Morawetz
Born 28 Sep 1959 |
| C492 | Kirk Francis Morawetz
Born 10 Nov 1961 |
| C493 | Kim Morawetz
Born 10 Nov 1961 |

C491 Kristin Morawetz Klein

I was born on Wednesday evening, September 28, 1959, in Salt Lake City, Utah to Francis E. Morawetz and Doris Gayle Christofferson.

I was pretty spoiled for two years until my brother and sister were born. Some of my earliest



Norman S. and Kristin M. Klein

memories were going to visit my grandma and grandpa Christofferson in Richmond, Utah. Grandpa used to let us feed apples to "Old Bawly," the cow, and Grandma would always be sitting on the porch shelling peas waiting for us to come. I also remember many fishing trips when I was very young in Grandpa's big red boat. Seems we usually came home with quite a catch. As a child, probably my favorite place was Grandma's kitchen where the cookie jar was never empty, there was always a supply of 7-Up in the fridge, and there were always peppermints to snack on. As I grew up it seems like I was always surrounded by family — lots of aunts, uncles, and cousins. I even recall dancing on picnic tables at a few Mouritsen family reunions.

I've lived all of my life in Granger. We lived at 2791 West 3650 South until I was almost seventeen years old. During this time Granger has grown and grown. I used to snowmobile in the field where the Valley Fair Mall is now during the winter and ride bicycles there in the summer. Dee's used to be the only hamburger place for miles around.

At the end of my sophomore year in high school, we moved to the house we live in now. I attended Granger Elementary, Valley Junior High, and Granger High School. I always en-

joyed school. I was interested in a lot of extra-curricular activities such as marching band (where I played the flute), debate, choir, girls' state, dance, and student government. I spoke at my high school graduation in May 1978, which was a great way to finish my high school education. I was always busy with either school or work. During high school I was a checker at the local grocery store. By working I saved enough money to go to Utah State University where I enrolled in computer science. Midway through every quarter I'd swear up and down I was going to change my major, but now I'm halfway done in computer science. At USU I also studied Spanish, music, and economics. I also played in the Aggie marching band for two years; I think we had one of the best bands in the nation. We've won many awards and received good comments from people all over the country.

I spent from January to June 1980 in Madrid, Spain. I was on Study Abroad with the Brigham Young University. Not only did I improve my Spanish, but I was able to see and study architecture, art, music, theater, and European history. It was a great experience being able to see exactly what I was studying. My trip also included tours of Paris, London, Austria, and Italy. Spain and Italy were my favorite countries. I really enjoyed living and working in close contact with so many different types of people and customs. I learned a lot about different things that have had an influence on our own country.

On September 26, 1980, two days before my twenty-first birthday, I was married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple to Norman S. Klein. Norm was born June 12, 1958 at Salt Lake City, Utah; he is the son of E. Joseph Klein and Glenna Mae Driggs. After our wedding we had an outdoor garden reception at my parents' home in Granger. We honeymooned at our family cabin in the Uinta Mountains, and then set up housekeeping in Aunt Leah and Uncle Estel's basement apartment. Currently Norm is an insurance agent for Farmer's Insurance and I am a date technician for the State Office of Education. We are expecting our first child in May 1982. We are now building our home at 5402 Mountain Men Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84118.

C5 Willard Mouritsen

The following is an adaptation of autobiographical materials prepared by Willard Mouritsen compiled by his daughter Maren.

Like Nephi of old, Willard Mouritsen was born of "goodly parents" and his children claim the same precious heritage. For Dad it all began on February 1, 1896, in the one-room log house of Mourits Mouritsen which was located in Bennington, Idaho. He grew up on the "old ranch" as we have heard it affectionately called through the years, some two miles east of Bennington. Early activities which filled his life were herding sheep, tending cows and the many other farm chores which were necessary to assist the family. "One of my earliest recollections," he states, "was that of my mother, Carrie Hansen Mouritsen, the day before she passed away. I can still see her plainly on the old porch doing the family wash with the old tin tub and washboard. That night she gave birth to a baby sister, premature I am sure, resulting in her death and that of the baby. Had the baby lived she would have been about two years younger than Leah. This was in July, 1907. I was nine years at the time."

He continues to write that his early years were ones in which he learned the value of work by



Willard Mouritsen

"working a full ten hours per day for the sum of \$1.00 per day" in the hay fields of the surrounding neighborhood. In the summer of 1912, at the age of fourteen, he hired out to the Crane Bros Sheep Company as a camp mover and spent most of the next three years in the hills between Bennington and Afton, Wyoming — namely, Steep Canyon, Crow Creek and the Red Mountains. One winter was spent on the Utah desert.

In the fall of 1917 upon the recommendation of Bishop Silas L. Wright, "a man whom I really loved all of my life," Father received his mission call to serve in North Carolina. He was in North Carolina for thirty months. "I supported myself on my mission from savings and through some farm activities, that of planting a crop of wheat before I left. I did, of course, receive help from some of the family from time to time and for this I was grateful. In the main I supported my self. The expense of my mission was just over \$1,900.00 — not bad for thirty months! I loved that state and her people. I am sure that I was in every city and hamlet from the Blue Ridge Mountains to the seashore." He was released at a conference held in Willmington on June 15, 1919. He remarked often of the privilege of having been set apart for his mission by President Heber J. Grant and while serving as mission conference president the last six months of his mission, he was honored to introduce Dr. James E. Talmage when he addressed a large congregation in Willmington, N.C. "I consider him," Dad writes, "to be one of the greats." As he was on his mission during World War I and was released just eight months after the armistice was signed, he did not fill any military service.

Over the years, we have come to understand the truth contained in the familiar saying, "You can take the boy off the farm, but you can't take the farm out of the boy." Dad was a perfect example. Throughout his life he has always remained close to the earth. Upon returning from his mission he again engaged in farming. "I found it very difficult in those days with no modern equipment, inadequate transportation and so many other drawbacks. After two years, I decided I wanted something better or, at any rate, different." During this period there is one event that he recalled often and with great pleasure — the building of a dance hall called the Silver Pond. "It was built on my forty acres east of Bennington and for four years during the summer, weekly

dances were held there. It paid money many more times than the cost, but the heavy winter snows eventually caved in the roof."

The winter of 1921 found Father in Rock Springs, Wyoming with a rented warehouse out of which he sold hay, grain and feed products. Shortly, thereafter, he had the opportunity to become a "jobber" in the oil and gasoline business. "With very little, but good credit, a warehouse was purchased. The ensuing ten years proved to be personally as well as financially rewarding." At the time this business was sold, it had grown to include eight service stations and some twenty accounts.

These were eventful years in other ways for it was in Rock Springs that Dad met Johanna Louise Anderson and "her very wonderful mother." Louise was born April 18, 1898 at Rock Springs, Wyoming to John Boyd Anderson and Matilda Oberg. After a rather lengthy courtship, they were married at Green River, Wyoming by an Episcopal minister on July 18, 1928. "Louise," Dad recalls, "was an ardent member of the Episcopal Church, a choir member in good standing and active when we met. It was thirteen years later when she was baptized into the LDS church and about one year later our marriage was solemnized in the Mesa Temple. At that time, Maren was sealed to us. Joan, not being home at the time, was sealed to us at the time of her marriage in the Salt Lake Temple."

For several years after their marriage, Mother



Louise A. Mouritsen

and Dad lived with Grandmother Anderson in Rock Springs. Grandmother had always suffered from asthma but through the years it became an increasing problem. In an effort to find a drier climate and relieve her discomfort, the decision was made to sell the oil business and move to Arizona. On August 15, 1935, the move was made. "Since Joan was born at Rock Springs," Father comments, "we always feel that she was the greatest asset we took to Arizona." During this period, he served as the first counselor in the Rock Springs Ward having been set apart by President George Albert Smith.

September 1, 1935, marked the beginning of yet another venture. Dad was reading the evening paper and found a "for sale" ad for an ice cream bulk plant on the south side of Phoenix. Although he had no experience in the ice cream business, the plant was purchased. "I found it difficult and discouraging at times," he writes, "demanding many hours of hard work and worry. However, after ten years to the day that the plant was purchased, it was sold to Arden Farms for just over \$40,000.00. It was during our "ice cream period" that Maren joined us early one January morning in 1939. She was born right at home . . . and ever since, has been the one in the family to cut expenses!"

After selling the ice cream business, Father organized the Westward Home Builders, a company dealing in real estate and construction. The brightest spot of the next years came when the property our family has affectionately come to call "the ranch" was purchased some fifty miles north of Phoenix. The subsequent years shared in Arizona were full of growth and loving associations. Dad himself says it best, "These were wonderful years and were capped by one of my greatest thrills. It was my privilege, when Maren was eight years old, to take Louise, Joan and Maren to the Mesa Temple where I baptized each of them into the Church." Grandmother Anderson passed away in Arizona and was not able to be baptized before her death due to her health; her work was done for her shortly after her passing.

In 1958 just before Maren left for college, the decision was made to move to Salt Lake City and work with Leah in the real estate business. This proved to be an important move since it was very shortly thereafter that Mother became seriously ill. Having the family near meant so very much. Over the next thirteen years Mother suffered

numerous strokes which eventually took her speech and confined her to a wheelchair due to total paralysis on her left side. It never, however, took away her spirit nor her will. In 1964, Father took Mother to Hawaii in her wheelchair and met Maren, who was returning from her mission to Japan. Arriving with Maren was Yoshie Akimoto, a member of the Church and outstanding young Japanese pianist. Mother and Dad were Yoshie's sponsors to America and to the Juilliard School of Music in New York City. Maren traveled to New York with Yoshie and entered graduate school at Columbia University. The ensuing years were spent between "The Mouritsen Retreat" in Arizona, New York City and San Jose, California where Joan lived with her husband and five children.

While in Granger, land was purchased adjacent to Leah and Estel's place and Dad once again became a farmer. He enjoyed keeping some stock and an occasional pony. As he puts it, "I have to keep in practice." During this period, Father served for six years as a guide to Welfare Square and as a host for the International Visitors Council. Both of these opportunities brought many interesting people into our home. "I have in my files invitations from the French West Indies, the Congo, Japan and many other areas which have been written by those who have visited our home." These people were always brought home to meet Mother, to share her spirit and a root beer float. He was also the high priest group leader in the Granger Third Ward and in this assignment had considerable genealogy work completed. "While Mom was still here we had some research work done on her father's lines. To date, we have completed baptisms, endowments and sealings for 50 of that line and have 200 more names submitted for clearance." Throughout his life Father held numerous Church positions: a guide at the Mesa Temple, Sunday School superintendent, MIA superintendent at both the ward and stake levels, ward clerk, teacher and Boy Scout leader. In addition to his own mission, he and Mother have supported three other full-time missionaries in the field. They also sponsored a second Japanese girl, Mie Ito, for her senior year of high school and at Utah State University at Logan.

Great sadness was impending for our family when, in November of 1970 while visiting in New York, Mother was taken ill and flown home. Although she rallied and came home from the

hospital in early December, she suffered a setback and the Lord called her home on December 13, 1970. The passing of her gentle, good spirit has caused a deep void which for each of us has brought its own meaning and impact. The next years held the warmth of friends and family for Dad. However, there were many silent, lonely hours. Then, one afternoon on an airplane flight to Boise, Idaho, an old Arizona friendship was renewed with Lelia Boyer. Lelia's husband Bill had passed away many years before. That Mouritsen charm still worked and on June 4, 1975, Lelia and Dad were married by Joan's bishop at her home in San Jose, California. Over the next years, they divided their time between Arizona in the winter and Utah in the summer.

In the fall of 1978, Maren completed her doctoral degree at Columbia and returned west to be with family and take a position at Brigham Young University. She purchased a home with an apartment that was meant for Father and Lelia. It was, however, used for but a few brief months. In November, Dad and Lelia left for Arizona only to have him taken seriously ill and hospitalized late that month. After spending some time with Joan, he and Lelia returned to Salt Lake. Father never was to regain his health. He continued to have serious health problems; one was a lingering foot infection which finally necessitated the amputation of a toe. This seemed the telling blow for he was never to return home but passed away on the morning of May 12, 1979, in Granger.

He had commented often that, "My most happy occasions were when I was with my family — my brothers, sisters and immediate family." He recalls hunting trips to Wyoming and Canada, fishing trips throughout the west and numerous vacations and adventures that have all been



Willard and Lelia B. Mouritsen

shared with the family. "I will always treasure," he remembers, "the trip Joan and I took east when she graduated from high school. We visited my mission area, the Hill Cumorah, Washington, D.C., New York, Nauvoo, Carthage, Independence, the Joseph Smith farm, the Sacred Grove, Palmyra and many other sites."

I suppose that each of us has always had a secret desire, Dad had one. "My greatest hope was to become a violinist. I will always feel that I had what it took to be just that, but the nearest violin teacher was twenty miles away and the only transportation was horseback. This, together with no finances, did not allow my dreams to become a realization." With only an eleventh grade education, however, he "has tried through the years to better himself so all in all his practical education has allowed him to match wits and to compete with the best of the educated." His patriarchal blessing promised that he will never want for the necessities of life as long as he is willing to share with others. As Dad has given over the years through sponsoring others to this country, through supporting missionaries, through opening his home and through giving of his material possessions, this blessing has been fulfilled richly. "I still feel," he comments, "that the greatest things one can take from this life are the things you give away. To sum this bit of history, I feel I did achieve during my lifetime something somewhat unique, that of organizing, managing and operating three separate and successful businesses — all different in their nature. It was accomplished by never borrowing a cent from the bank or anyone else, the only exception being the F.H.A. mortgage on the Home Builders Company."

When one reflects, therefore, upon life and living, how blessed we are if we can say as my father said, "I am happy to enjoy all the comforts of life surrounded by loyal friends and family. I can face the world knowing I owe no one and go through each day striving to offend no one and know I have the love of my daughters, my grandchildren, my brothers and my sisters, all of whom are close to me. I thank God each night for all these wonderful things that have graced my life to this time."

Children:

*C51

Joan Louise Mouritsen
Born 22 Apr 1931

*C52

Maren Mathilda Mouritsen
Born 6 Jan 1939

C51 Joan Louise Mouritsen Savage

I was born in Rock Springs, Wyoming on April 22, 1931 to Willard Mouritsen and Johanna Louise Anderson, who gifted me with love, security, good heritage, and a knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

My earliest memories are of Grandma Anderson's big white house in Rock Springs where we lived until I was three. When Grandma's health began to fail Dad sold his gas and oil business, and we moved to the warm, dry climate of Phoenix, Arizona where I spent all of my growing years until I departed for college in 1949.

Mother and Dad built our first home in Phoenix at 324 West Palm Lane where Maren, my only sister, was born when I was eight years old. This was a special event as I had always wanted a sister. We both attended the old two-story Kenilworth Grade School.

It was about this time the Church began to be part of my life. Dad was born to an LDS heritage, but Mother was Episcopalian, and that was where I went to church in my grade school years. It was not until I was about thirteen that we began to regularly attend LDS meetings. Mother, Maren, and I were all baptized on Dad's birthday just



Joan L. Mouritsen

before I turned sixteen. We had the special privilege of being baptized and confirmed in the Arizona Temple. Maren was sealed to Mother and Dad at that time, but because of my age I had to wait until I received my endowments in August 1958.

After grade school I went on to high school at North Phoenix High, and graduated in 1949. Having done well scholastically, I was accepted into Stanford University. Wishing to minimize the cost of my education, I carried a maximum class load and attended summer schools, which allowed me to graduate in three years from Stanford University with a B.A. in speech and drama. The following year (1953) I received my M.A. in speech therapy, and obtained teaching credentials in the areas of speech, special education, hard-of-hearing, and general education on both the elementary and secondary levels.

After graduating I worked as a speech therapist on the elementary level for two years, and then as a consultant in speech education for the Santa Clara County School Department (California). In 1957, desiring to broaden my experiences, I was hired by the government as a speech consultant for the American Schools in Heidelberg, Germany. With this opportunity I was able to travel throughout Europe, the Holy Land, and the Near East into Egypt and Greece.

It was in Heidelberg that I met my husband, Shyrl Ben Savage, who was completing his tour in the Army, after having served his mission in the British Isles. We returned home and were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple on August 28, 1958, with Elder Delbert L. Stapley officiating. Shyrl was born March 6, 1934 at Bicknell, Utah; he is the son of Jesse Raymond Savage and Leah Maud Baker.

For the next twenty years we resided in San Jose, California where all five of our children were born. Each has been special, and we are grateful for their presence in our lives. Shyrl graduated from San Jose State University with a degree in math and has been employed by IBM as a computer programmer. In 1978 IBM transferred our family to Tucson, which has brought me back to Arizona.

The birth of our youngest son John was a unique experience. His arrival took special effort, as I remained in the hospital nine weeks prior to his birth so that he might not be born too pre-



The Shyrl B. Savage Family: left to right, front—Steven, Lorraine, Tara and John; back—Lisa, Shyrl, Joan M. and Holly.

maturely. Even then, he arrived five weeks early and struggled the first few weeks of his life. Through this experience our testimonies grew, as a calm assurance let us know he would arrive safely. Dad did not tell us until after John's birth that the same condition that caused our difficulties was what caused the death of his mother and youngest sister in childbirth.

The years have brought joy, pain, growth, and strength as we have tried to live close to the Gospel, knowing that therein lies the answer to happiness. I am grateful for my heritage which has brought the Gospel to my life, and I have tried to fulfill my callings with dedication to the Lord. I have served in Relief Society as a teacher, counselor, and stake board representative (cultural refinement area); in the MIA as Young Women's president, advisor, and roadshow specialist; in Primary as president (ward); and a support for my husband and children in their callings. Most recently we have been foster parents to a Navajo daughter on the Lamanite Placement program.

Contributing to the enrichment of my life has been my interest in the creative arts — literature, dramatic performance, creative dance (especially teaching young children), painting, sewing, and quilting. The Lord has blessed me with enjoyment in these areas, and I have been grateful to use such gifts in raising my family and in the

Church organization. Our address is 2610 North Conestoga, Tucson, Arizona 85715.

Children:

- *C511 Steven Shyrl Savage
Born 28 Aug 1959
- *C512 Lisa Joan Savage
Born 9 Sep 1960
- C513 Holly Suzanne Savage
Born 25 Feb 1963
- C514 Tara Lyn Savage
Born 11 Dec 1965
- C515 John David Savage
Born 12 Nov 1966

C511 Steven Shyrl Savage

Steven Shyrl Savage was born in San Jose, California on August 28, 1959 to Shyrl Ben Savage and Joan Louise Mouritsen.

Steve grew up in San Jose, graduating from Gunderson High School in 1977 as a member of its first graduating class. His early interests have been music, woodwork, art, and athletics. An imposing six-foot-seven-inch stature encouraged his participation in basketball, where he has excelled. Among his awards and accomplishments are: most improved voted by his teammates as a junior; fifth in scoring in the Central Coast Section (CCS) of California as a senior; first team all league as a senior; and honorable mention all region in the CCS as a senior. He attended Ricks College in Idaho and Pima College in Arizona on basketball scholarships.

Steven joined the family in Tucson, Arizona in 1979 where he met his bride. He married Lor-



The Steven S. Savage Family: left to right—Lorraine K., Sean and Steven.

raine Ellen Kissinger on December 27, 1979 in the Oakland LDS Temple. She was born October 3, 1960 at Honolulu, Hawaii; she is the daughter of Roger Martin Kissinger and Sharron Ann Whaley. They are presently living in Tucson, working, going to school, and actively participating in the Church organization. Recently they became the proud parents of Sean Steven.

Steve's chosen profession is fireman/paramedic. He is presently working for the Tucson Rural Metro Fire Department, and is pursuing an education in this field. Their address is 2002 E. Ft. Lowell Road, Tucson, Arizona 85715.

Children:

- C5111 Sean Steven Savage
Born 31 Jan 1982

C512 Lisa Joan Savage

Lisa Joan Savage, oldest daughter of Shyrl Ben Savage and Joan Louise Mouritsen, was born in San Jose, California on September 9, 1960.

Lisa grew up in San Jose, graduating from Gunderson High School in 1978. Through the years, she has enjoyed participating in both community and church sports programs. Her abilities have enjoyed a wide range as she received honors in high school math and displays talent in drawing and sketching.

After high school, Lisa attended one year at



Lisa J. Savage

Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho. She then joined her family in Tucson, Arizona where she has attended Pima College and worked in the student-hire program with IBM. Her present plans are to complete her education in computer programming. Lisa's address is 2610 North Conestoga, Tucson, Arizona 85715.

C52 Maren Mathilda Mouritsen

Arriving much earlier than Mother and Dad anticipated, I was born in our family home in Phoenix, Arizona on January 6, 1939 to Willard Mouritsen and Johanna Louise Anderson. The ensuing enjoyable years were filled with all of the challenges as well as the joys and heartaches that come with growing up. Our family called Phoenix home until I graduated from high school in 1957. The following summer, we moved to Salt Lake City and I left in September for the east and middle west to pursue an undergraduate education. In 1961, I graduated cum laude from Northwestern University (Evanston, Illinois) with a bachelor's degree in liberal arts. I attended Northwestern on a full academic scholarship and while there was elected president of the Associated Women Students, sat on the University Disciplinary Committee by appointment of the president of the university, was named one of eight University Guild Scholars in my senior year and was elected to Mortar Board. During my years at

Northwestern, I also attended classes and worked at the Chicago Institute of Art. While there, I was fortunate to be awarded the McCormack Prize for painting as well as having paintings selected for exhibition at the Brussels World's Fair and the United States Cultural Exchange Program.

Upon graduation from college, I worked and lived in the Los Angeles area for about a year doing free lance art work for Walt Disney Studios and Paramount Pictures. It was at this time that I decided to fill a mission and was called to the Northern Far East Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When first hearing of this call, I had assumed that it was to Maine and the north eastern states, only to discover that the assignment was to Japan.

During the three glorious years that were spent in this country, I was fortunate to be able to attend Tokyo University where I took language and calligraphy courses. It was my privilege while in the mission field to establish the first visiting teaching program for the sisters. This work found me traveling the width and breadth of the beautiful Japanese islands.

While in Japan, I made the acquaintance of a talented Japanese sister, a pianist named Yoshie Akimoto. As she had always desired to study at the Juilliard School in New York City, I contacted the folks to see if they would be interested in supporting her in this venture. They were, so she auditioned and was accepted. Upon release from my mission in 1969, Mother and Dad met us in Hawaii and we were on our way to New York by the end of that summer.

My first year in New York was spent in a variety of activities — translating for the United Nations, working for Sumitomo Shoji, Inc., a Japanese import/export firm, as well as serving in the stake Young Women's program. I was later to be called as the stake YWMIA president and served for almost ten years in that capacity. After a year of working, I felt a strong desire to return to school and in 1966 entered Columbia University in New York City, where I initially studied Japanese and Chinese in the East Asian Institute of the School of International Affairs. In order to finance continued educational activities, I began working at Teachers College, which is the Graduate School of Education for Columbia University. I was made the Coordinator of Student Activities there in 1968 and began a second master's degree in student personnel administration. What I dis-



Maren M. Mouritsen

covered during this important period in my life was the fact that I really enjoyed young people and wanted to be a teacher and educator. I eventually completed a professional diploma in higher education and finally in 1979 a doctorate in higher and adult education.

During this period I was promoted to the position of Director of Student Life (1972) and served in that capacity until coming west in 1978. The years in New York could not have been more exciting and rewarding. Had it not been for my desire to be with family and particularly Dad, from whom I had been separated geographically for almost fifteen years, it would have been even more difficult to have left.

Since New York is a hub city, it is a wonderful place to meet all kinds of exciting people. Through the influence of Belle S. Spafford then General President of the Relief Society, and Florence S. Jacobsen, then General President of the Mutual Improvement Association, I became involved in the National Council of Women. In 1976 I chaired that organization's annual conference on the Family and the Child, which was held at Columbia University. It was while in New York that I also served as a staff person on the governor's task force on youth drug abuse. In 1979, I was privileged to be included in *Who's Who in the East*. These were, indeed, wonderful years.

In 1979 I came to Brigham Young University to assume the position of Assistant Dean for Student Life and was made the Associate Dean about nine months later. This position is a great joy as it provides for a happy blend of teaching, administering and counseling. I also hold the rank of associate professor in the department of educational psychology. It is a particular pleasure to be in such close association with the youth of the Church. In addition, it is my honor to serve on the board of directors of several businesses as well as professional associations. Although writing is not my favorite advocacy, I have written articles and edited three books. Presently, I am collaborating on the biography of Belle Spafford.

At a personal level, I am my father's daughter as I would rather be on the back of a horse, out with my dogs in the mountains or working in the garden. While in the east, however, I learned to sail, so sailing along with flying small engine aircraft are my favorite sports. I do hope to devote more time to painting in the future. Above all, however, I love young people, which is surely the

reason why I chose a career in education rather than art. I am, therefore, alive and well and happy and very grateful for loving parents who taught me that I could be and do whatever I wanted if I was willing to pay the price and who also helped me gain an abiding testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To them, I owe it all. My current address is 11024 North Manor Drive, Highland, Utah, 84003.

C6 Irvin Mouritsen

I was born August 1, 1898 on a ranch two miles east of Bennington, Idaho to Mourits Mouritsen and Carrie Hansen.

My childhood life was very happy. I loved the beauty of nature from my first recollection. I vividly remember the night Mother and her infant child passed away. At the age of eight I can still remember many things about Mother and some special attentions she gave me along with the others. Two, Homer and Leah, were younger than me. After Mother passed away Aunt Lizzie came to the ranch and cared for all of us — eight of her own and eight of my mother's, sixteen children in all; we all grew up together. Aunt Lizzie took care of us as our own mother would



Irvin Mouritsen

have, showing no partiality. She worked hard, and we can never repay Aunt Lizzie for her kindness. I did not realize it at that time, as I do now, how she sacrificed and cared for us and loved us. Someday I want to tell her.

I never remember being hungry. I can still remember how happy I was playing with the others in the groves on the mountain and at home around the table of food all provided by Father and us as we were able to help in the garden. Everything we ate was grown on the farm. We had ball games of all sorts or games of our own making. Our neighbors, the Astles who lived a half mile away, had twelve children; we mingled with them also. There were no cars so we spent most all of our time on the farm and manufactured our own amusement. Those were happy days.

When I was six years old I was kicked in the jaw by a horse and it broke my jaw into eight pieces. It was six days before I was taken to a doctor; my mouth was badly swollen. The doctor had to scrape each break so it would heal together. They couldn't give me anything to kill the pain or I would choke. Mother walked the hall as she couldn't stand to see me suffer. I know the Lord prevented me from pain as I never remember having any. I never cried at all during the operation. A tooth was pulled to get a small tube into my mouth. I ate everything through the tube. I squashed strawberries in where the tooth was pulled. For six weeks I did that and got plenty to eat.

Father always provided a team and buggy in the summer and a sleigh in winter for us all to go to church. I loved to go to church, and if the family couldn't go for any reason I rode a horse. A silk handkerchief was given for the best attendance in my class, and I got the silk handkerchief; I was really happy. I learned about the gospel at a very young age. Because of going to church I gained a testimony and knew it was true and bore my testimony in Sacrament meetings. There has never been a time in my life I have ever had any doubt about the truths of the Gospel. Aunt Lizzie taught me the Gospel at home, about Joseph Smith, and the story of the pioneers. I am deeply indebted to her for that. She had a great influence for good on my life. My father also encouraged me to attend church. I was baptized by George Perkins in the Ipsen Reservoir. When I

was ordained a deacon at age twelve I was made president of the deacons' quorum.

I continued with the work on the farm and more responsibility came as we grew up. I had a great love for the soil and animals. I found joy in work and seeing things grow. I also loved to hunt and trap. At about age eighteen I had a desire to own property. As I was not of age Father signed with me at the bank. I borrowed money to buy six horses, harnesses, a sleigh, a mower, and a two-way plow. I plowed land for the first crop, broke sod land, and also plowed for money. I paid for my horses and equipment and began to accumulate a little. I was so interested in my work I could hardly wait for daylight to come. Father owed five hundred dollars on the farm and home and had for many years. As the older boys went to work in town they got married and left. I was next to the oldest left. I asked Father if I could buy eighty acres of the farm. Father had tick fever at that time and was sickly. He said he thought I should get it. I got a loan from the State of Idaho for fifteen-hundred dollars for ten years. Being under age, Father had to sign all my papers as guardian. Father paid off his indebtedness. I did well for two and a half more years and bought another eighty acres adjoining what is known as the Hunter place. I got another Federal Land bank loan and paid Father off.

I was called to take a missionary course at the Fielding High church school at Paris, Idaho. I spent the winter in Paris and also met Lula Ellen Thornock, who two years later became my good wife. On October 17, 1919 we were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple for time and eternity. Lula was born October 21, 1902 at Bloomington, Idaho; she is the daughter of Joseph Bott Thornock and Ellen Sabina Painter.

In the spring of 1920 we bought a ranch in Turnerville, Wyoming. This was a hard experience for my good wife. It was seventy miles to Turnerville. We put four horses on a wagon. Since it was a hard winter there was lots of snow on the mountain passes. It was May 10th when we started. It took us five days of hard travel to get to our new home. Lula never complained although she was pregnant. We rented a house that had been used for a chicken coop until we could build our own twelve by sixteen one-room house. We also built a barn and milked cows that winter. Lula returned to stay with her folks when she

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gave birth to our first child, LaGrand, in the fall of that year. Our oldest daughter, Irene, was also born to us while we lived at Turnerville. It was forty below zero the night she was born. There was no doctor, only a midwife two miles away. Irene was a strong, robust baby and was sucking her fingers five minutes after birth. All the time we were in Turnerville we went five miles by team and wagon to Bedford, Wyoming to attend church. We both worked in the Sunday School as teachers. I was also in the superintendency and was also a stake missionary. But farm prices fell drastically after 1920; though we worked hard we got further behind. After four years we came back to Bennington. We lost all we had put into the place, but we were young and not discouraged. We had learned how to save money and to appreciate our blessings which came later.

After returning to Bennington I leased three hundred twenty acres of dry farm. Wheat was worth about twenty-five to thirty-five cents per bushel. I milked cows, raised sheep, and worked from daylight till midnight. Wheat came up in price to two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars per bushel. Everything came up. I bought the three hundred twenty acres I had leased. I bought a Farmall tractor, then a D2 Caterpillar, then a D4. We soon prospered.

I loved the soil and bought lots of land. After buying the parcels mentioned, we bought another forty-eight acres of irrigated farm, the Silver Pond, and another forty acres from Homer, my younger brother. Later, I bought four hundred acres more. I also purchased two hundred more acres from George Stephens and forty acres of the Jack Wright place. Finally, we got a lot in Bennington, built a modern home, and bought a new car.

In the summer of 1923 Lula had her appendix removed. While in the hospital she got typhoid fever and was very sick. She lost so much weight that she only weighed seventy-five to eighty pounds. Dr. Ashley decided to take her to her mother's place in Bloomington. I carried Lula out of the hospital and took her to Bloomington. We felt the doctor gave her up to pass away. I came home and stayed with the little kids. Lula's parents called their bishop, Alford Hart, who administered to her and promised her she would live. She soon recovered and came home, but her body was so burnt up with fever they thought she would not have any more children. But, later, we

became the parents of four more children — Ruth, Leonard, Roy and Marie. All these things have added to our testimonies.

I have always been blessed with a strong, healthy body. I've hardly ever known being tired. I thank my father and mother and my Heavenly Father for this. When I was about forty-five I wore out the cushion in my hip. After suffering for five or six years I had an operation which helped for about five years. Then the cushion wore out again. I had a second operation, but the doctor said it was worn so badly that it would have to be fused. This was a hard ordeal. I was seven hours in the operation and in a cast for nine months.

In 1956 Lula and I went to the Bitterroot Valley in Montana with our three sons and daughter Marie. We sold part of our land in Bennington and bought, in all, six hundred acres. Darby was a small branch. Both LaGrand and Leonard served as branch president for many years each. We came just in time to help build a new chapel. We all worked and helped with money. During this time Lula and I were stake missionaries for seven years. Then in 1963 we had the opportunity to go on a full-time mission to the Great Lakes Mission for fourteen months. I used a crutch all the time because of my operation. We drove our own car there and back without even a flat tire. We walked and tracked almost everyday. We baptized fourteen souls into the Church. We live this over and over in our lives; it was a great experience for us.

In November 1966 we went to British Columbia, Canada because we had heard a lot about Canada. Roy, Durell (my son-in-law), and I liked the looks so well we decided to buy a thirteen-hundred-acre ranch for one hundred forty-six thousand dollars. We started packing. We got trucks and arrived in Canada on Christmas Day. I made four trips that winter, a distance of one thousand miles, over hills and snowy dugways. In all our travels we never had any trouble. The Church in Canada at that time was just starting with only five or six families. Again, we had the opportunity to help build a meeting house. At first it was a small chapel which we outgrew in about four years. Then a larger building was constructed.

One evening, while trying to head a cow in a sloppy corral, I fell down and broke the same leg that was operated on before. It was a cold winter night, and I was hauled five miles lying in the



The Irvin Mouritsen Family: left to right, front—Roy, Lula T., Irvin, and Marie; back—Leonard, Irene, Ruth, and LaGrand.

back of a truck, cold and shivering, to the hospital. The next day I was flown to Salt Lake City where they operated again and put me in a cast for another ten months. I was soon able to get around on crutches again. I can even dance again.

I enjoy each day of my life and I have never complained about my troubles. I know the Lord still remembers me and Lula in all our experiences. Sometimes I think it may be a blessing. I know I have studied the scriptures more than if I had not had these operations. All this has strengthened my testimony, and even if your life is taken, what does it matter if you are prepared? I hope I will be. We have been blessed with six wonderful children who have a testimony of the Gospel. All have been sealed to companions in the temple and are active in the Church, which gives Lula and me a lot of joy. All are honest and willing to work; none expect something for nothing. I have enjoyed my family. I enjoy hunting with my boys. I enjoy their company more than anyone else in the world. They have clean habits, are true to the Gospel, and are good citizens.

In September 1974 Lula and I came to Grace, Idaho. Ruth's husband died and she was alone

and lonesome. We joined the Grace First Ward. I serve as a home teacher and sing in the choir. While in Canada I was Melchizedek Priesthood group leader. After a release from this I was Melchizedek group teacher. I was also a home teacher. While still in Bennington I served as counselor in the bishopric four years, as MIA President three years, was superintendent of the Sunday School six years, Scoutmaster for six years, genealogical president two years, Scout troop committee member three years, and counselor in the MIA for two years. I was a ward teacher all that time. I also did a lot of temple work while living in Bennington.

This being my life story, you cannot leave your wife out of your life. More than anyone in the world I love my good wife. She has supported me in everything and followed me all over the world. She worked hard and made all of the children's clothes to save money when we were starting out. She never complained.

These are just a few outstanding experiences of my life so far. All things are for our experience to help us grow in the Gospel.

LaGrand continues where his father's own story concludes:



Five-Generation Family Group: left to right, front—Penny P. Booth holding JaeLynn, and Lula T. Mouritsen holding Melanie; back—Irene M. Johnson and Ruth J. Panter.

In 1977 Dad and Mother bought a nice home in Grace, Idaho where Irene and Ruth live. They had rented an apartment in Logan by the temple and did temple work during one winter. They filled another mission to Canada and had only been home about a week when Dad passed away on October 29, 1979 in the hospital at Ogden, Utah. They were so happy he got to see several of his family again. He died with a testimony on his lips and was trying to teach the nurses the Gospel just before passing away. He was buried at Grace, Idaho. He left a heritage of thirty-nine grandchildren and thirty-three great-grandchildren, and a name and example for all of us to follow.

Lula continues to live in their home in Grace. Her address is Post Office Box 562, Grace, Idaho 83241.

Children:

- *C61 Irvin LaGrand Mouritsen
Born 20 Sep 1920
- *C62 Irene T. Mouritsen
Born 23 Dec 1922
- *C63 Ruth T. Mouritsen
Born 21 Feb 1925
- *C64 Joseph Leonard Mouritsen
Born 29 Sep 1932

- *C65 Roy T. Mouritsen
Born 2 May 1937
- *C66 Lula Marie Mouritsen
Born 23 Oct 1942

C61 Irvin LaGrand Mouritsen

I was born September 20, 1920 at Bloomington, Bear Lake, Idaho to Irvin Mouritsen and Lula Ellen Thornock.

My first recollection of my father and my grandfather Mouritsen was about age two. Dad was separating milk in a room next to where my grandfather lay sick in bed. The door was open into his bedroom. Grandfather motioned for me to come to his bedside, which I did; as he patted me on the head he said, "You are sure a dandy boy." My first recollection of Mother was while we were living in a grainery on forty acres Father had purchased from his father. I remember how dark it was in there with no windows. I knew that place well; it was in a nice, shady place by a creek of pure water with an old straw stack nearby. I used to play by making ditches with a garden hoe; Mother continually cautioned me about falling in the spring.

My childhood was spent in Bennington, Idaho, a small farming community of about one hundred people. Our house was located across the street from the grade school and church house, next to the Bennington store. At six years of age



-I. LaGrand Mouritsen

Mother took me to school. I recall the desk I was given. I looked back to catch her watching me through the door window. I made several trips home that day and she brought me back to school each time. Later, at times, Dad would go by the school on farm machinery; I would sometimes follow him home. I had a hard time mixing with others and I never did like school. I could hardly wait to get home and do the things I liked to do. When I was older I would set a line of weasel and coyote traps. As soon as I got off the high school bus I was on a horse traveling several miles up through the fields, checking my traps. I caught many weasels and skunks which I skinned and sold the pelts. I remember the first coyote I caught.

As a youth I always had bad eyesight. My parents did all they could to help with examinations and glasses. Mother read the scriptures to me, and during high school she and Father would read my school lessons at night. I could never stand bright lights, especially at night. I used to wear a shaded hat to shield my eyes. I had been called on a mission and was at the mission home in Salt Lake City when the doctor gave me a physical exam and advised that I couldn't go on a mission due to my vision impairment; they sent me home, which was humiliating for me at the time. After returning home I used to fast and pray for better eyesight. One day after sacrament meeting I asked the bishop to come home and help my father give me a blessing. From that moment on my eyes began to improve. I wrote a letter to Salt Lake City asking to be recalled on my mission. In a few weeks the call came and I was off to the Western States Mission with headquarters in Denver, Colorado. I soon lived a normal life and like all elders, filled a wonderful mission. My eyes have never given me any trouble since.

My father's family was a poor, hard-working family but I was always happy. We milked a lot of cows and raised lots of grain and hay. I loved to work with my father. We used to plow together; he drove seven head of horses on a two-bottom plow while I drove four horses on a one-bottom plow. We had about a dozen work horses. In the spring we would plant the crops and then we would be busy all summer. I could hardly wait until daylight to go with Dad to work. After dark we would milk and then go in for supper. We had lots of bread, milk, fruit, and vegetables. I remember at the supper table the younger children

would fall asleep. Dad would take them outside and show them the stars and moon to wake them up; then we would finish our supper. After going to bed I would call Dad and ask what we were going to do the next day. Finally, after saying goodnight to each of our family, we would fall asleep. We never did field work on Sunday—that was reserved for church meetings.

As a young man the folks sent me to a National Boy Scout Jamboree at Washington, D.C. where I was privileged to visit New York City, the Hill Cumorah, and other Church sites. I realized then it is a big world.

As mentioned earlier, I had a wonderful mission. At first I was so bashful I could hardly talk to people. I forced myself to talk to people to overcome my backwardness. I have stood on street corners many times and given Gospel talks with several hundred people listening. We baptized several people. I returned home in February 1943.

On June 1, 1944 I married Pearl May Blodgett in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. She was born May 26, 1920 at Salt Lake City, Utah; she is the daughter of William Lyman Blodgett and Ona Eva Dye. About a year later I was called to serve in the U.S. Navy. I took my training at San Diego, California; however, in a few months the war ended and I was released. I had only been home few weeks when our son, Robert LaGrand, was born. Pearl was sick continually with a kidney infection after our boy was born. She suffered greatly and spent most of her time in the hospital. We had bought a good farm and home in Bennington, but we never got to live there very much together. She died on September 20, 1949 at Salt Lake City and was buried in the Bennington Cemetery. I loved her very much and was thankful for the son she gave me.

After Pearl's death I worked long hours on the farm; sometimes I would go all night on the tractor. The Lord blessed me with good health and prospered me. I batched it at times but mostly spent the time with my folks who cared for my son, along with Pearl's parents. A great desire came in my heart to go on another mission. In February 1950 I was called to the Northern California Mission where I served two years. I returned home in February 1952 and began farming again.

I desired very much to have a family with more posterity and I couldn't see going through life

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alone. Through prayer I was led by the Lord to the most wonderful girl in the world. While attending LDS general conference at Salt Lake City in October 1952 I met Sharlene Smith by the Seagull Monument on Temple Square. We were married the next spring on March 5, 1953 at the Logan LDS Temple. Sharlene was born December 18, 1930 at Santaquin, Utah; she is the daughter of Thomas Brigham Smith and Mary Ivine Ashby. How wonderful it was to have my own home again with someone that truly loved me. I will never forget a few days after we were married I was working on the tractor about two miles from home when at noon I saw Sharlene coming on the bicycle with my lunch. She has always supported me. We have had twenty-nine happy years together.

In 1956 we sold our farm in Bennington and bought a ranch in Darby, Montana where we lived for ten years and raised livestock. Here our three children were born. I served as LDS branch president there for seven years during which time we built a beautiful church house on a little hill in town.

After ten years in Montana we moved to Wellsville, Utah where we have a nice home with on hundred fifteen acres of farm ground. The boys have done most of the farming with my help. We were able to adopt Julie, our Lamanite girl, at the age of one week. The older children are gone



The LaGrand Mouritsen Family: left to right, front—Sharlene holding Julie, LaGrand, and Allen; back—Gloria, Paul, Bob, Marcie M. and Ralph.

now. Allen is recently graduated from Sky View High School where he played the tuba and was active in the band. He has traveled with the band to many competitions where they always came out as winners. They came home from the 1980 National Competition with seventeen trophies. He also recently demonstrated another area of expertise when his ram won Grand Champion at the 1981 Cache County Fair. In November he participated in the National FFA Convention at Kansas City, placing second in sheep proficiency. Currently he is attending Utah State University and then plans for a mission. Julie is a junior high student at South Cache. Her interests are in her pets — a horse, dog, goat, and some sheep. She plays in the school band. I teach the Gospel Doctrine class and act as a temple officiator in the Logan Temple Baptistry. We are blessed with worldly goods, but the greatest blessing is the joy of our family and our membership in the Church. Our address is 523 South 200 West, Wellsville, Utah 84339.

Children:

*C611	Robert LaGrand Mouritsen Born 2 Nov 1945
*C612	Paul Thomas Mouritsen Born 3 Feb 1954
*C613	Gloria Mouritsen Born 20 Mar 1958
*C614	Ralph L. Mouritsen Born 18 Jul 1960
C615	Allen Joseph Mouritsen Born 16 Apr 1963
C616	Julie Mouritsen Born 15 Aug 1969

C611 Robert LaGrand Mouritsen

I was born November 2, 1945 to Irvin LaGrand Mouritsen and Pearl May Blodgett in Montpelier, Bear Lake, Idaho.

My mother became ill soon after my birth and spent most of the next four years in the hospital. She died when I was four years old. My father then filled a second mission to California. I lived with my two grandmothers until his return in



The Robert L. Mouritsen Family: clockwise from top—Bob, Marci M., Michelle, Jill, nad Leigh.

February 1952. Then we both stayed at Grandmother Mouritsen's until my father remarried. Grandmother Mouritsen said I was as dear to her as her own. Roy and Marie were my playmates and I called them my brother and sister. I would ride with Grandmother in the big truck when she hauled the grain to market and went with her wherever she went.

I attended school in Bennington where we lived for the first four grades. We then moved to Darby, Montana to the beautiful Bitterroot Valley. Austin and Clayton (two Lamanite boys) lived with us in Bennington and moved to Montana with us. I went to school in Darby until I graduated from high school. My main activity was football; we won the state tournament that year.

When I was nineteen years old I went on a mission for the LDS church to the Northeast British Mission for two years from December 1964 to 1966. When I returned the family had moved to Wellsville, Utah. I spent a year in Canada with my grandparents and then returned home to attend Utah State University, from which I graduated in 1972. I married Marcelene Stuart Murray on February 2, 1968 in the Logan LDS Temple. She was born August 24, 1948; she is the daughter of Parley William Murray and Orone Stuart. We have three lovely daughters and one son.

For one year I was manager of a large dairy in

Etna, Wyoming. Then I joined the Utah Highway Patrol, and we moved to Kaysville, Utah. Next we lived in Syracuse and then moved to Wellsville, where we have built a nice home.

At the present time I am serving as assistant den leader in the Wellsville Fourth Ward. Other Church positions I have had include Sunday School teacher, Webalo leader, assistant ward clerk, Blazer teacher, and home teacher. Our address is 291 West 800 South, Wellsville, Utah 84339.

Children:

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|--------------|---|
| C6111 | Leigh Mouritsen
Born 10 Feb 1973 |
| C6112 | Jill Mouritsen
Born 7 Sep 1975 |
| C6113 | Michelle Mouritsen
Born 15 Oct 1977 |
| C6114 | Travis Robert Mouritsen
Born 27 May 1981 |

C612 Paul Thomas Mouritsen

I was born February 3, 1954 at Montpelier, Bear Lake, Idaho to Irvin LaGrand Mouritsen and Sharlene Smith.

We lived at Bennington, Idaho until I was two and one-half years old, and then we moved to Darby, Montana. I went to school at Darby until I was twelve years old, at which time we moved to Wellsville, Utah.



Paul T. Mouritsen

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When I graduated from South Cache Junior High I took a two-week trip to Mexico with the Spanish class. This was very interesting and it gave me a chance to practice my language skills. In the fall I entered Sky View High School. I took part in debate for two years. In my senior year I was on the Young Americans television show. I was a Sterling Scholar candidate from this region in the field of social science. In the summer between my junior and senior years I again took a trip to Mexico as an exchange student where I lived in Mexico City with a family for six weeks. I had the opportunity of visiting museums, art galleries, and many of the beautiful places around the city. Upon completion of high school I spent two weeks on a backpacking trip down the Escalante River in southern Utah.

After high school graduation I attended Brigham Young University on an honors program scholarship starting June 1971. I attended BYU until I received a mission call to the Cordoba, Argentina Mission. I left home on May 29, 1972. I had many interesting experiences among the Spanish people. I saw the church grow and a stake made in Mendoza.

When I returned home in June 1973 I worked at the cheese plant for the summer and then returned to BYU during the winter. I graduated in April 1978 and decided to return to the School of Management to get my masters degree. To help me prepare for my degree I worked at the State Capitol in Salt Lake City for a year in the office of the legislative fiscal analyst. I received my masters degree in April of 1980 in public administration with honors — in the top five percent of the class. In July 1980 I came to Springfield, Illinois to begin work in the legislative office for that state.

I am presently the teacher in the gospel doctrine class in my ward which I enjoy very much. My address is 422 West Adams Street, #3, Springfield, Illinois 62704.

C613 Gloria Mouritsen Honomichl

I was born March 20, 1958 in Hamilton, Montana to Irvin LaGrand Mouritsen and Sharlene Smith.

In Darby, Montana we owned a dairy farm. My brothers and I had a lot of room in which to grow.



The Lloyd D. Honomichl Family: top to bottom—Lloyd, Gloria M. and Cynthia.

We fed calves, milked cows, rode horses, played with cats and dogs, climbed trees, played in the hay, picked apples, got chased by geese, teased pigs, and played with the neighbor kids.

When I was five years old we got a piano so we all took lessons, including my mother, from Aunt Marie. In September 1964, at six years of age, I started grade school at Darby. I was so thrilled to be able to go to school with my big brother Paul.

On April 30, 1966 I was baptized a member of the LDS church by my father, who also confirmed me the next day. In the same year, just a few days before Christmas, we moved to Wellsville, Utah. We had only a seven-acre farm, but we were closer to people and I soon had a lot of friends. I was still taking piano lessons, and I then started playing the violin. When I was eleven my wish came true; I got a sister! We adopted Julie, our Lamanite sister, and boy, was I happy.

I attended South Cache Junior High in Hyrum, Utah from 1970-1973. From there I went to Sky View High School in Smithfield, Utah. In June 1974 I went to Mexico for two weeks with a group from our school. In high school I was involved in the Spanish club, orchestra and music festivals, the National Honor Society, and, of course, with my friends.

After graduating in 1976 from high school and seminary, I went to Mexico again. When I got home I worked at Del Monte for a few weeks and then started school at Utah State University. Af-

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ter attending USU for one year I decided I wanted to go to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. My schooling there was concentrated on mathematics, some music, and later on I took accounting and business.

In my junior year at BYU I met my husband Lloyd Dale Honomichl. We were married on a bright summer day on August 10, 1979 in the Ogden LDS Temple. Lloyd was born December 17, 1955 at Las Vegas, Nevada; he is the son of Joseph Eugene Honomichl and Arlene Perkins. Lloyd's father was in the Air Force so he has lived in many areas of the United States, Germany, and Saudi Arabia. In 1976 to 1978 Lloyd served in the Germany, Frankfurt Mission and later in the Massachusetts, Boston Mission.

The first year of our marriage we attended BYU and worked at part-time jobs. We now have a daughter, Cynthia Lyn Honomichl, who is a very energetic, happy baby.

I have had the opportunity of serving in the Church as a choir member, a pianist, cultural refinement teacher, and a leader in the young adult Relief Society. Currently I am a Primary teacher and a visiting teacher. Lloyd is studying computer science at BYU and is working at a variety of programming jobs. Our address is 740 North 2250 West, Provo, Utah 84601.

Children:

- C6131** Cynthia Lyn Honomichl
Born 12 Sep 1980
- C6132** Melanie Rae Honomichl
Born 15 Dec 1981

C614 Ralph L. Mouritsen

Ralph L. Mouritsen was born July 18, 1960 at Hamilton, Montana to Irvin LaGrand Mouritsen and Sharlene Smith.

Ralph had a trying time as a baby. He suffered from a milk allergy and asthma. Finally he was given goat's milk which his delicate stomach could handle. After eight months he was able to begin eating normally. Eventually he also outgrew the asthma condition.

Ralph started school in Darby, Montana, but in the middle of the year the family moved to Wellsville, Utah. He was an active, reckless kid. He loved to climb trees, ride the horse standing up, drive the tractor at a very young age, play ball, or



Karen P. and Ralph L. Mouritsen

ride his bike down the middle of the street. He learned to run the farm machinery early and worked hard hauling hay and other farm work. He and his brother Allen acquired a little band of sheep and cattle through their own hard work and savings.

Ralph went to South Cache Junior High and then Sky View High School. He always enjoyed reading and studying. In 1976 he traveled to Mexico with his Spanish class. After high school he attended Brigham Young University for one year on an agricultural scholarship. In 1979 he left for two years to serve as a missionary for the LDS Church in Padova, Italy. He returned in 1981.

On November 27, 1981 Ralph married Karen Lynn Parsons in the Logan LDS Temple. She was born April 7, 1960 in Sacramento, California; she is the daughter of Albert Frank Parsons and Dola Maurine McAlister. Ralph is continuing his studies at Utah State University. Their address is Mendon, Utah 84325.

C62 Irene T. Mouritsen Johnson

I was born December 23, 1922 at Bedford, Wyoming to Irvin Mouritsen and Lula Ellen Thornock.

Before I started school my parents moved back to Bennington, Idaho where my father was



Irene T. Mouritsen Johnson

raised. At first we lived at the home ranch, and then we moved to a house down in Bennington. I attended the first eight years of school in Bennington. I attended high school at Montpelier, Idaho, and graduated from seminary and high school there.

I married Vernon Lucian Johnson on February 12, 1940 at Bennington, Idaho. He was born November 17, 1919 at Grace, Idaho; he is the son of Lucian R. Johnson and Reta Kirby. Our marriage was sealed the next year in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. We have been blessed with five children — Ruth Gay, Joyce Renee, Richard Vernon, Roger Lucian, and Jan Radele.

We have lived in Grace all these years. Vernon worked at the Swiss Cheese Factory the first eleven years of our married life, and then he worked another twenty-seven years at Monsanto Chemical at Soda Springs, Idaho. He is now on a medical retirement after nearly losing his hip. But after surgery and through our faith and prayers, he can walk again. This experience has changed our lives; it has strengthened our testimonies in the Gospel, and we are working hard to make up for what we have lost. I have worked now in the school lunch program in Grace for sixteen years.

Vernon now serves as the membership clerk in our ward; I help him all that I can. I have worked in all the different organizations in the LDS church. We are happier than we have ever been in our lives, and we know it is because we have the



The Vernon L. Johnson Family: left to right, front—Vernon and Irene; back—Richard, Gay, Jan, Joyce and Roger.

spirit of the Lord to guide and direct us. We do what temple work we can and are grateful for that opportunity.

We enjoy traveling, fishing, camping, and taking care of our garden and yard. I love my husband and children very much and try to help them in anyway I can. I miss my father very much, but I am grateful for the close relationship I have with my mother. Our address is Box 61, Grace, Idaho 83241.

Children:

- *C621 Ruth Gay Johnson
Born 18 Aug 1941
- *C622 Joyce Renee Johnson
Born 27 Jun 1943
- *C623 Richard Vernon Johnson
Born 8 Jan 1949
- *C624 Roger Lucian Johnson
Born 9 Jun 1954
- *C625 Jan Radele Johnson
Born 18 Feb 1959

C621 Ruth Gay Johnson Panter

I was born August 18, 1941 at Grace, Idaho to Vernon Lucian Johnson and Irene T. Mouritsen.

I attended schools at Grace, Idaho, graduating from seminary and high school in 1959.

I married Lorin Spencer Panter on August 21,



The Lorin S. Panter Family: left to right, front—Gay J., Charles, Spencer; back—Scott, Lori, and Penny.

1959 at Grace, Idaho. He was born November 13, 1940 at Preston, Idaho; he is the son of Lorin John Panter and Lola McGregor. Our marriage was sealed in the Logan LDS Temple on Spencer's twenty-first birthday. We moved to Logan for five years where our two oldest daughters, Penny and Lori, were born. We lived for a short time in Salt Lake City and Grace; then we settled at Soda Springs, Idaho for seven years. While we lived there we added our two sons, Scott and Charles, to the family.

In 1972 we purchased a hundred-sixty-acre farm at Thatcher, Idaho. We built a home there in 1973 and have since added additional land, bringing our total acreage to three hundred seventy-five. Spencer works fulltime at Monsanto Chemical and farms in between; needless to say, this keeps us all busy. After my youngest was in school I went to work fulltime in the school lunch program. I started in 1976 managing the Thatcher Elementary lunch department. In 1975 I went to Idaho State and took a correspondence course in Food Service. In 1978 I became the District Supervisor for the school lunch program in Grace.

I have held positions in all the auxiliaries of the LDS church. I served as Young Women's president for six years and assistant camp director for six years. I received six individual awards as a teenager, including perfect attendance one year at Sunday School, sacrament meeting, and MIA. Currently I am teaching the seventeen and eighteen-year-olds in Sunday School; and much to my surprise, I really enjoy it. We recently became grandparents for the first time. Our address is Box 73, Thatcher, Idaho 83283.

Children:

- *C6211** Penny Gay Panter
Born 23 Feb 1960
- C6212** Lori Ann Panter
Born 17 Apr 1962
- C6213** Scott Spencer Panter
Born 6 Feb 1967
- C6214** Charles William Panter
Born 26 Jul 1969

C6211 Penny Gay Panter Booth

I was born February 23, 1960 at Logan, Utah to Lorin Spencer Panter and Ruth Gay Johnson.

When I was only a year old I went to the Logan LDS Temple with my parents to be sealed as a family. I started school at Soda Springs, Idaho but I finished school at Grace where I attended junior high and high school. I graduated from Grace High School in 1978 where I had also completed four years of the LDS seminary program. I was active in the young women's program of the LDS church as a teenager. I played softball and certified in camping. I was MIA Maid president and served in Beehive and Laurel presidencies.

After high school I attended LDS Business College, majoring in executive secretary and graduated in June 1980. At this time I met Kelly D. Booth and we were married on March 14, 1980 in the Logan LDS Temple. Kelly was born June 27, 1958 at West Jordan, Utah; he is the son of William Harvey Booth and Beth LuDeen Burgon.



Penny P. and Kelly D. Booth

We lived in Logan for a short time while Kelly attended college there. Then we settled in Thatcher, Idaho where we are dairy farmers. I worked at the Caribou Memorial Hospital for nearly a year until our first child was born. Our child is the first great, great grandchild of Irvin and Lula Mouritsen.

We are active in the LDS church. I serve as sewing director of the relief society. We enjoy attending the temple and working there. We receive many blessings from being active in the Church. Our address is Route #1, Box 135, Grace, Idaho 83241.

Children:

C62111 Jaelynn Booth
Born 17 Feb 1981

C62112 Melanie Booth
Born 7 Apr 1982

C622 Joyce Renee Johnson Smith

I was born June 27, 1943 in Grace, Idaho to Vernon Lucian Johnson and Irene T. Mouritsen.

I was raised in Grace, Idaho and received my education there. After graduating from Grace High School I attended Stevens Henager Business School in Ogden, Utah.

While there I met and married Ronald J. Smith of South Weber, Utah on September 28, 1963 in Grace, Idaho. Ronald was born July 2, 1934 at Ogden, Utah; he is the son of Lincoln Smith and Letha Bybee Jaques. Ronald had four boys from a previous marriage. We were blessed with two more sons — Ricky and Rusty.

Ronald works at Hill Air Force Base as an air-



The Ronald J. Smith Family: left to right—Joyce, Rusty (in front), Ricky, and Ronald.

craft inspector. I have been a cook in the Sunset Junior High for six years now. I have been involved in the Cub Scout program for eight years. I am a Relief Society visiting teacher and a Primary teacher. Our son Ricky is president of the National Honor Society, a zone leader in seminary, and an Eagle Scout. We have seven acres in South Weber where we raise a garden and have our own fruit trees. We have received and are still receiving many blessings by being active in the LDS Church. Our address is RFD #4, Box 262, Ogden, Utah 84403.

Children:

C6221 Ricky J. Smith
Born 14 July 1966

C6222 Rusty J. Smith
Born 20 Nov 1969

C623 Richard Vernon Johnson

I was born January 8, 1949 in Soda Springs, Idaho to Vernon Lucian Johnson and Irene T. Mouritsen.

I was raised in Grace, Idaho and had a normal, happy childhood — getting into a little trouble now and again but nothing serious. I attended schools in Grace, graduating from Grace High School in 1967. In high school I was active in football and basketball.

After high school I attended Weber State College and then was called to serve a mission for the LDS church in Sweden. I served there for twenty-six months, returning home in May 1970. I then enrolled at Stevens Henager Business Col-



The Richard V. Johnson Family: left to right, front—Todd and Tim; back—Travis, Richard holding Desiree, DeAun G.

lege in Ogden, Utah. I graduated in June 1972 with a degree in marketing and sales management.

While I was attending school I met DeAun George, and after a five-month courtship we decided to tie the knot. We were married December 10, 1971 in the Logan LDS Temple. DeAun was born October 11, 1952 at Tremonton, Utah; she is the daughter of Joseph Arthur George and Lenora Cutler. It was a struggle at first with both of us working (three part-time jobs for me) while I finished school.

In 1973 I started working for Galigher Company in Salt Lake City. We lived in Ogden but later moved to Bountiful. During this time we became the parents of three sons, including twins. In 1975 we bought our present home in Layton, Utah. Here our daughter Desiree was born.

When we moved to Layton we became active in the LDS church again. I was called to be the secretary and then a counselor in the elders' quorum. I was then called to be a Scoutmaster for two and a half years. I have taught Sunday School a number of times. I am currently elders' quorum instructor which I enjoy very much.

I am still working in Salt Lake City for the Galigher Company as production supervisor. We are trying to live the Gospel and are growing together. Our address is 9th West Zerron Circle, Layton, Utah 84041

Children:

- C6231** Todd Vernon Johnson
Born 13 Aug 1973
- C6232** Tim Richard Johnson
Born 13 Aug 1973
- C6233** Travis Joseph Johnson
Born 27 Aug 1974
- C6234** Desiree DeAun Johnson
Born 27 Mar 1978

C624 Roger Lucian Johnson

I was born June 9, 1954 at Soda Springs, Idaho to Vernon Lucian Johnson and Irene T. Mouritsen.

I lived in Grace, Idaho during all of my childhood. I was very active and kept my parents busy just trying to find me. I enjoyed fishing, playing ball, and building play huts. I attended all my



The Roger L. Johnson Family: left to right—Kathy M. holding Tamsen, Justin, and Roger.

schooling at Grace. I played basketball in junior and senior high school. In high school I also wrestled and played football, being chosen All Star Tackle my senior year. I played the bass horn in the band, and also played the drums for the band and marching corps; we competed at the state meet at Idaho State University's minidome and won first place.

After high school I attended Stevens Henager Business College in Ogden, Utah. I met and married Deanna Schreck in 1975. After our marriage we lived in Salt Lake City and I worked at Galigher Company. In 1977 we were divorced, and I moved to Morgan, Utah where I got a job as a deputy sheriff. I graduated from the Utah Peace Officers' Standards and Training.

After working for a year as a deputy I was appointed chief of police for Morgan. I enjoyed this job for two years, but it was too demanding of my time. I had met Kathy Mahas and we were planning a marriage, so I accepted a campus police officer's job at Weber College in Ogden.

On June 8, 1979 I married Kathy at Morgan, Utah. She was born November 8, 1950 at Clearfield, Utah; she is the daughter of George Gus Mahas and Lucille May Hope. Kathy had a son Justin by her first marriage whom I have adopted, and we have a daughter Tamsen. We bought a home in West Weber, and I am still employed at Weber State College. Our address is 949 S. 4100 West, Ogden, Utah 84401.

Children:

- C6241** Justin Cody Johnson
Born 8 Aug 1974
- C6242** Tamsen Mahas Johnson
Born 22 Mar 1980

C625 Jan Radele Johnson Christiansen

I was born February 18, 1959 at Soda Springs, Idaho to Vernon Lucian Johnson and Irene T. Mouritsen.

Because I was the baby of the family my sister Joyce took me everywhere she went. She mothered me until I thought she was my mother; I even called her "Mama" until she went away to school. I attended elementary school at Grace and Thatcher, Idaho. I attended junior and senior high school at Grace.

On June 29, 1974 I married James Marvin Nelson at Grace. He was born June 21, 1953 at Logan, Utah; he is the son of William Van Nelson and Luanna Allred. Our marriage was later sealed in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. We had three wild but wonderful children — Curtis James, Brandy Radele, and Trinity Jan. We built a house at Bailey Creek.

I worked in the Primary as a teacher, secretary, and as a visiting teacher. I played on a softball team for five years. In July 1980 Jim and I were divorced. I moved to Soda Springs with my three children and got a job at the school working with the Special Education class.

I met Larry Wayne Christiansen, an old friend from school who had just come home from the Navy. We found we both still had a lot of the same interests in life. We had some sad experiences behind us and were looking for a brighter future. We were married on January 23, 1981 at Grace, Idaho. Larry was born August 15, 1956 at Montrose, Colorado; he is the son of Robert Leroy Christiansen and Delphia Jane Richards. Larry



The Larry J. Christiansen Family: left to right—Curtis, Larry holding Trinity, Jan J. holding Andrea, and Brandy.

had a son, Tyson Wayne born December 25, 1975, from his first marriage.

Larry is a heavy equipment operator. I enjoy skiing and swimming. Our address is P.O. Box 61, Grace, Idaho 83241.

Children:

C6251	Curtis James Nelson Born 18 Dec 1974
C6252	Brandy Radele Nelson Born 21 Jan 1976
C6253	Trinity Jan Nelson Born 25 Jan 1978
C6254	Andrea Dawn Christiansen Born 12 Oct 1981

C63 Ruth T. Mouritsen Allen

I was born February 25, 1925 at Bennington, Idaho to Irvin Mouritsen and Lula Ellen Thornock.

I attended my elementary grades in Bennington and high school in Montpelier, where I also graduated from seminary.

On November 15, 1945 I married F. A. Junior Allen in Pocatello, Idaho. He was born June 20, 1920 at Grace, Idaho; he is the son of Francis Andrew Allen and Fay Hargraves Stanford. Our marriage was later sealed in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. We added three children to our family — Janice, Stephen, and Blake. We farmed and ranched at Grace, Idaho all of our lives except for



Ruth T. Mouritsen Allen



The F. A. Junior Allen Family: left to right—Junior, Ruth, Janice, Stephen, and Blake.

a short stay in Tucson, Arizona where Blake was born.

Our children were nearly all grown, married, and moved from home when Junior passed away on September 25, 1974 at Grace. A year later I was called to serve a mission for the LDS church in Lansing, Michigan. Upon my return in March 1977 I lived with my parents in Grace. Since my father's death in October 1979 I have continued to live with my mother.

I have always been active in the LDS church, usually as a teacher. I also always participate in the music in my wards. Currently I am in the Relief Society presidency. My address is Post Office Box 562, Grace, Idaho 83241.

Children:

- *C631 Janice M. Allen
Born 4 Aug 1946
- *C632 Stephen Stanford Allen
Born 15 Jul 1950
- *C633 Blake Lynn Allen
Born 3 Feb 1953

C631 Janice M. Allen Schvaneveldt

Janice M. Allen was born August 4, 1946 at Soda Springs, Idaho to F. A. Junior Allen and Ruth T. Mouritsen.

She grew up in Grace, Idaho and graduated from Grace High School.



The Boyd W. Schvaneveldt Family: clockwise from bottom—Janice A., Brenda, Bret, and Boyd.

On October 26, 1962 she married Boyd William Schvaneveldt at Grace, Idaho. He was born August 26, 1942 at Grace, Idaho; he is the son of Leslie William Schvaneveldt and Florence Elizabeth Gibbons. They have two children, Bret and Brenda.

Boyd is employed at the Kerr McGee Chemical Corporation of Soda Springs, Idaho in plant technical services. He enjoys horses very much, and in the summer trains race horses for the flat track. The children also have their own horses and compete in performance classes. Janice is employed by the Soda Springs School District. She enjoys working in her yard and does needlework and handicrafts; she also supports her family with their horses. They are active members of the LDS church where Boyd serves as Cubmaster and Janice is Primary president. Their address is west of Soda Springs, Idaho 83276.

Children:

- C6311 Bret W. Schvaneveldt
Born 28 May 1963
- C6312 Brenda J. Schvaneveldt
Born 23 Apr 1967

C632 Stephen Stanford Allen

I was born on a stormy night on July 15, 1950. The electricity went out and I came into this



The Stephen S. Allen Family: left to right—Judy M., Jaxon, Brady, Westin, Kacey (in front), SunKist, and Stephen holding Skyla.

world by candlelight — this was the first candle-light evening for me. I found out shortly after birth that my parents were F. A. Junior Allen and Ruth T. Mouritsen.

I grew up and started school at Grace, Idaho. When I was in the second grade I moved to Darby, Montana with my family. We lived there for one year. I turned eight then, but due to no baptismal font in the log clubhouse where we held our meetings, I waited until we moved back to Grace to be baptized, and thus I was nine. I spent all my growing-up years on the farm working with Dad and Blake. Later, as we were older, Blake and I leased some ground and we all worked together raising hay, grain, potatoes, and cattle.

I graduated from Grace High School and four years of seminary in 1968. Then I went to Utah State University, returning home during the summers to work on the farm.

In the spring of my junior year I met my wife, Judy Irene Morrell, from Salt Lake City who was also attending Utah State. On July 21, 1971 we were married in the Logan LDS Temple. She was born August 4, 1950 at Roosevelt, Utah; she is the daughter of Max D. Morrell and Hope Clark. We both continued our education until Judy quit to have our first child. I graduated in 1973 with a bachelor's degree in industrial arts education. We have been blessed with six children.

I have been active in the LDS church all my life and served in many positions. At the present time I am teaching a Sunday School class.

I am in the field of real estate and find it very interesting to meet a lot of people and see a lot of the country, along with broadening my knowl-

edge in other fields. Our address is 233 N. State, Preston, Idaho 83263.

Children:

C6321	Westin Allen Born 30 Aug 1972
C6322	Jaxon Allen Born 25 Feb 1974
C6323	SunKist Allen Born 30 Jul 1975
C6324	Brady Allen Born 14 Aug 1977
C6325	Kacey Allen Born 23 Apr 1979
C6326	Skyla Allen Born 5 Sep 1981

C633 Blake Lynn Allen

I was born February 3, 1953 in Tucson, Arizona to F. A. Junior Allen and Ruth T. Mouritsen.

Shortly after I was born we moved back to Grace, Idaho. I attended schools at Grace, graduating from Grace High School in 1971. I then attended Utah State University in Logan, Utah and later Stevens Henager College in Ogden, Utah.

On December 11, 1974 I married Loa Dawn Izatt in the Logan LDS Temple. She was born December 5, 1954 at Soda Springs, Idaho; she is the daughter of Charles C. Izatt and Loa June Peterson. We lived in Ogden for a short time until I graduated in 1976 with an associate degree in business from Henagers. We then settled in Grace. We have been blessed with three children.



The Blake L. Allen Family: left to right—Katreena, LoaDawn holding Rebecca, Myron and Blake.

I own and operate a retail business in Soda Springs, selling horse and stock trailers, Western wear, and tack equipment. I also own and operate a small trucking business.

We are active in the LDS church. I have held teaching positions, served in the elders' quorum presidency, and am currently the financial clerk in our ward. Our address is Route #1, Box 205, Grace, Idaho 83241.

Children:

- C6331** Myron Lynn Allen
Born 31 May 1976
- C6332** Katreena Allen
Born 26 Jul 1977
- C6333** Rebecca Allen
Born 5 Apr 1979

C64 Joseph Leonard Mouritsen

I was born September 29, 1932 in our log home in Bennington, Idaho to Irvin Mouritsen and Lula Ellen Thornock. Alta Weaver was midwife and Dr. Ashley was the doctor. According to my brother, I cost more than any baby before or since.

I had the great privilege of growing up on and around Grandpa Mouritsen's old ranch near the mouth of Bennington Canyon. Even as a small boy I tried to picture him doing the things he did.



Connie K. and J. Leonard Mouritsen

I even admired the stumps my father showed me up in Bennington Canyon where Mourits had logged.

I went through eight grades of school at Bennington in a two-room schoolhouse on the same lot but a different building where my father went to school. We even had the same teacher, Clarence Wright; incidentally, he gave us both a licking.

I love to think back on those days when my aunts and uncles would come to visit. I was a little afraid of Uncle David, but in later years he came to visit us a couple of times in Darby, Montana and we discussed our testimonies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I love and admire him as I do all my aunts and uncles. Uncle Victor usually brought us kids something, and Aunt Vina had to be the greatest, perhaps because she lived so close. I could go on and say something special about each one, as I love each one of them.

I loved to be with my dad because he taught me many things, but the greatest thing was his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I remember very vividly one night after dark we were riding bareback on the same horse (Old Sleepy) following the cows (which had not yet been milked) home from the pasture. We were looking at the beautiful star-filled sky. He told me of the creation and the plan of salvation and bore his testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel. The Spirit of the Holy Ghost bore strong testimony to me that it was all true. It was right then that I determined to myself to live my life in such a way that I could enjoy the blessings of eternal life. This is only one of many occasions that he taught me the Gospel. My mother's early warning system also helped me. When temptations came her words came back to me very distinctly, and I had the courage to say no even in the face of ridicule and later even persecution. Today I am grateful for those teachings.

I loved working on the ranch. I herded sheep along the creek close to the spot where the house stood where my father was born. We usually milked ten to fifteen cows by hand and put up hay with horses. I was with Dad when he bought his first tractor in Montpelier and also when he bought his first Caterpillar in Idaho Falls, Idaho; Uncle Homer hauled it home for us. He bought a second Caterpillar and a sixteen-foot outside hill combine. Then later he got self-propelled combines, balers, our own two-ton truck, and a Jeep

for a service wagon. I was with Dad on each of these purchases and he considered my opinion and treated me like the best father could.

I graduated from four years of high school and LDS seminary in Montpelier.

I attended the Boy Scout Jamboree in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania in 1950. While we were in New York City word came of the outbreak of the Korean War. I was sure I would be going. This was a time of turmoil for me as I had met a beautiful girl whom I was considering for a wife. I also wanted to go on a mission, but the Church had a quota placed on it as to how many could go for mission service. I waited around home for a year and was called to neither, so I decided to get married. I was never called for military service.

I married Connie Verina King from Montpelier, Idaho in the Logan LDS Temple on June 18, 1951. Connie was born March 4, 1935 at Montpelier, Idaho; she is the daughter of Arvil Hayes King and Alnora Lydia Simmons. We lived in Bennington the first four years of our marriage. With my father's help we purchased the old Astle dry farm and farmed with Dad. We had three daughters born to us there.

In August 1955 we moved to Darby, Montana in western Montana. This is a beautiful, timbered country in the heart of the mountains. We purchased a four-hundred-sixty-eight-acre ranch which we turned into a dairy, where at times we milked over one hundred cows. Dad, Mother,



The J. Leonard Mouritsen Family: left to right, front—Scott and Steven; back—Neil, Carl, Jolene, Diane, Peggy, Carrie, Teresa.

Roy, Marie, and LaGrand's family moved up the following year.

After deciding the farm was too small, I went to work at the sawmill. I also started construction on our new home. After working at the mill for six years we decided this was not what we wanted to do the rest of our lives, so I went to Forestry Trade School in Missoula, Montana in 1964 and 1965. After graduation I went to work for the U.S. Forest Service at Bitterroot National Forest. As of now I am in my sixteenth year with the Forest Service. I like my work very much. I do such things as road survey, land survey, and timber cruising. I also appraise timber and prepare and write timber sale contracts. With the changing times we are required to write Environmental Impact Statements. My work is varied enough to be challenging and rewarding.

We have six more children in our family since coming to Montana. Neil and Teresa are in high school. Scott and Steven are in grade school.

During the time we have lived in Montana we have watched the Church grow tremendously from a few branches in a mission to having our stake divided in 1979. We have all tried to do our part in serving and building. I served as the first scoutmaster in Darby in 1956. Our son Carl was the first missionary who was born and raised here. I served as branch president from September 1969 to December 1974. I also had the privilege of teaching seminary for four years. I served as one of the seven presidents of the seventy for five years. Of all my callings I think I like missionary work best. My wife served as Relief Society president as well as many teaching assignments. I have recently been ordained a high priest in May 1980.

I have several hobbies of which woodworking is probably my favorite. We are building a new home at the present time. With the aid of my family we have done the whole project in our spare time — cement work, framing, plumbing, wiring, heating, and cabinet work. We do it because it is challenging and rewarding. I love gardening, and we plant about two acres each year. I think of my Grandfather Mouritsen each time I weed in it. People used to say, "Mourits will give \$1.00 to anyone finding a weed in his garden." We also do rock and gemstone collecting. At the present time we are learning gem cutting — I say "we" because my dear wife takes an active part with me in all we do.

We have done some speculating and adventuring from time to time. The summer of 1970 we bought land in Vanderhoof, British Columbia, Canada. We sold that place in June 1973, and in July 1974 we bought more land in the Peace River Basin of northern Alberta. We almost moved there, but with increasing prejudice against the United States we decided against it and sold a year later.

In February 1975 I sustained a serious injury in my back. This has caused, and is still causing, a great deal of discomfort and difficulty doing the things I want and need to do. While convalescing from this surgery we bought a small place in Dayton, Idaho, thinking perhaps to change residence. But, upon release from my doctor, I went back to my job and have since sold that place and have decided to stay in Montana. We all love this beautiful valley and the surrounding mountains. This is my home and we will stay here until the Lord has something else for us to do. For the present we want to do more missionary work and finish raising our children. Our address is Post Office Box 126, Darby, Montana 59829.

Children:

- *C641 Carrie ArNona Mouritsen
Born 27 Nov 1952
- *C642 Peggy Lynn Mouritsen
Born 29 Jan 1954
- *C643 Connie Diane Mouritsen
Born 9 Mar 1955
- *C644 Jolene Mouritsen
Born 5 Jan 1958
- *C645 Carl Leonard Mouritsen
Born 14 Nov 1960
- C646 Neil Joseph Mouritsen
Born 22 Jan 1964
- C647 Teresa Ellen Mouritsen
Born 28 Jun 1966
- C648 Scott LaMar Mouritsen
Born 21 August 1972
- C649 Steven Ryan Mouritsen
Born 30 Jul 1973

C641 Carrie ArNona Mouritsen Clyde

I was born November 27, 1952 at Montpelier, Idaho on an early Thanksgiving morning to Joseph Leonard Mouritsen and Connie Verina King.



The Lawrence E. Clyde Family: clockwise from top—Carrie M. holding Hannah, Lawrence, Sara Jane, Verina Jo, and Joseph.

I lived in Bennington, Idaho until September 1955, at which time our family moved to Darby, Montana. After attending twelve years at Darby schools I graduated in May 1971.

On December 1, 1971 I married Lawrence Edward Clyde in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. Lawrence was born January 21, 1950 at Spokane, Washington; he is the son of Clarence Edward Clyde and Marion Rosalee Humble.

Our first child, Verina Jo, was born in Montana, but when she was just a baby we left for Lewiston, Idaho seeking job opportunities. Lawrence cut meat at Stilson's Meats during the next three years. While in Lewiston, Joseph Lawrence and Sara Jane were born. In 1977 we moved back to the Bitterroot Valley of Montana — at Hamilton for one year and then to Darby again. Our youngest daughter, Hannah Marion, was born back in Montana. We now live south of Darby on two acres where we have our own small meat business.

I have had many Church callings ranging from Sunday School teacher, Young Women's president, Relief Society counselor, and Relief Society homemaking leader. My husband is first counselor in the Darby Ward bishopric. I love the Gospel and am grateful to my parents and grandparents who taught it to me.

Besides raising my own four children I have tended over thirty-five children and now have my

own day care business. Our address is Post Office Box 76, Darby, Montana 59829.

Children:

- C6411 Verina Jo Clyde
Born 1 Dec 1972
- C6412 Joseph Lawrence Clyde
Born 21 Jul 1974
- C6413 Sara Jane Clyde
Born 17 Sep 1976
- C6414 Hannah Marion Clyde
Born 18 Dec 1978

C642 Peggy Lynn Mouritsen McKay

I was born January 29, 1954 at Montpelier, Idaho to Joseph Leonard Mouritsen and Connie Verina King.

My first home was in Bennington, Bear Lake, Idaho. In September 1955 my family moved to Darby, Ravalli, Montana. Darby is a small town in the southwest part of Montana. With its small size comes many opportunities to become involved in many activities.

In Darby I attended elementary, junior high, and high school between September 1960 and May 1972. I was basically a tomboy and got involved in sports every opportunity I had. I remember in second grade winning eleven marbles from a little boy during recess. I gave them back because I hated to see him cry all afternoon. In fifth grade I broke an arm while high-jumping on



Peggy M. and Tim L. McKay

the track during noon hour. In junior high I won the local free-throw shooting contest at school. We would play powder puff football and basketball during high school; I was always the team captain. Girls' competitive sports never came to Darby until after I had gone to college.

I always worked for good grades. During high school I maintained a B or better average to keep on the honor roll all four years. I was a member of the National Honor Society and held student government offices, serving as student body president my senior year. During these same years I was a member of the 4-H club, working with projects involving sheep, forestry, leathercraft, and woodworking. You may notice I didn't take sewing or cooking as projects as they just weren't that challenging for me. Cooking and sewing were second nature to me and Mom was patient enough to arrange and help me with these things at a young age.

The year I graduated from Primary, 1966, I was called to teach the four-year-olds in Sunday School. This was my first calling in the Church so I really put my heart into it. In 1968, when I was fourteen, I was teaching the ten-and eleven-year-old Blazer boys in Primary. I felt old enough to do it, and my interests were much like theirs; we did great. Since that time I have served as Primary counselor, branch sports director, Relief Society secretary and counselor visiting teacher, Sunday School chorister, Young Adult representative, and am presently serving on the Stevensville Stake Relief Society board as music and recreation head.

In 1972 I attended Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho where I studied, played volleyball and basketball, and truly had some great experiences. In 1974 I traveled further south to the Brigham Young University where I spent the next two and a half years, graduating in 1976 with a B.S. degree in physical education and driver education.

How a girl can go to Ricks and BYU for four and a half years and still not be married was almost beyond my comprehension. So, in 1976, with my teaching certificate, I returned home to Darby, Montana and fortunately got a job teaching physical education, driver education, English, and coached basketball and track.

In the fall of 1979 I called my bishop and asked to be the Young Adult representative for the branch. This was one job that was usually only granted a release upon marriage, and I knew this.

He also admonished me not to get discouraged but to earnestly seek Heavenly Father with the desires of my heart. Two months later, as I walked into the Darby Ward meetinghouse, there stood Timmie Leonard McKay. I've had many prayers answered in my twenty-eight years but none so wonderful as this. On June 5, 1980 Tim and I were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. Tim was born January 18, 1958 at Ogden, Utah; he is the son of Ramon S. McKay and Ragna Karin Helena Duvander.

We live here in Darby in a home that I bought two years ago. Tim works at a lumbermill in Darby and I'm enjoying staying at home with our son. Our address is Post Office Box 556, Darby, Montana 59829.

Children:

C6421 Weston Leonard McKay
Born 29 Mar 1981

C643 Connie Diane Mouritsen

Connie Diane Mouritsen was born March 9, 1955 to Joseph Leonard Mouritsen and Connie Verina King at Montpelier, Idaho.

Her parents were farmers at Bennington, Idaho at this time, but when she was just a baby they moved to Darby, Montana where she grew up. Diane attended schools in Darby, graduating from Darby High School in 1973. She was active



C. Diane Mouritsen

in band and National Honor Society, graduated from LDS seminary, and graduated as salutatorian of her class. She enjoys the reputation as the "brain" of the family.

After high school she attended Ricks College, Brigham Young University, and is currently finishing a degree in business management at Montana State at Bozeman. She also works a part-time job with the U.S. Forest Service.

Diane enjoys sewing and reading in her spare time. She has purchased her own home at Bridger View Court, Bozeman, Montana 59715.

C644 Jolene Mouritsen Mitchell

I was born January 5, 1958 at Hamilton, Montana to Joseph Leonard Mouritsen and Connie Verina King.

At the time I was born we lived in Darby, Montana where I grew up and attended school. I have many fond memories of Montana, particularly the Bitterroot Valley, and will always consider it my home.

In August 1974 I met Michael David Mitchell at the Ravalli County Fair. We had a very romantic courtship. Mike was not a Mormon at the time we met, but he soon became interested in the Gospel and was later baptized. On January 16, 1976 we were married in the Logan LDS Temple. Mike was born June 29, 1957 at Hamilton, Montana; he is the son of Albert Stephen Mitchell and Lola Maud Rimmer. We make our home in Logan where Mike is attending Utah State University and also works for Lundahl Computer Manu-



The Michael D. Mitchell Family: left to right—Brian, Michael, Katherine, and Jolene M. holding Justin.

facturing. We have been blessed with three children.

We each have a strong testimony of the Gospel and are trying to teach our children correct and righteous principles. It is our goal to live as a family in the eternities. Our address is 845 East 275 North, #4, Logan, Utah 84321.

Children:

- C6441** Katherine Jolene Mitchell
Born 20 Nov 1976
- C6442** Brian David Mitchell
Born 23 Jan 1979
- C6443** Justin Robert Mitchell
Born 3 Dec 1980

C645 Carl Leonard Mouritsen

Carl Leonard Mouritsen was born November 14, 1960 at Hamilton, Montana to Joseph Leonard Mouritsen and Connie Verina King.

Carl grew up at Darby, Montana where he attended school, graduating in 1979 from Darby High School. He was active in football and band in high school. He also graduated from LDS Seminary and earned his Eagle Scout award.

After high school Carl worked for a year before going on a mission for the LDS Church. He served in the Sacramento, California Mission from February 1980 to February 1982. Since returning home he has proposed marriage to

Loralyn Recht from Darby. They have set July 8, 1982 as their wedding date in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. They plan to live in Butte, Montana where Carl will attend the Montana School of Mines.

Carl enjoys mechanics and is skilled at fixing and repairing mechanical things. He is currently living at home with his parents.

C65 Roy T. Mouritsen

I was born May 2, 1937 to Irvin Mouritsen and Lula Ellen Thornock at the home in Bennington, Idaho.

Dad told me that the day I was born the sheep were pasturing right under the window of the house. The sheep being there that day must have been an influence on me, as I have had a love for sheep for as long as I can remember. Dad also said the doctor took two of the best milk cows as payment for his services.

I grew up in Bennington and attended grade school there. From childhood to high school I spent my time working on the ranch with Dad, LaGrand, and Leonard. Because of the age span between me and my older brothers and sisters, I grew up mostly with Marie and Leonard — Leonard being five years older than me and Marie five years younger. LaGrand, Irene, and Ruth were married from my first recollection.

I was always fond of all kinds of animals and



Carl L. and Loralyn R. Mouritsen



Roy T. Mouritsen

birds and made pets of hawks, magpies, crows, and even a badger. Dad and Mother never once discouraged me from having animals, but encouraged and helped in any way they could with my sheep, cattle, pigs, chinchillas, and mink.

I graduated from Montpelier High School in 1955; that Fall Dad sold part of the ranch and we bought a dairy farm in Darby, Montana. Leonard, Dad, and I were in partnership; we milked one hundred cows. On the sideline I still had a small flock of sheep and raised mink on a small scale.

In 1959 I was called on a two-year mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to serve in the Central Atlantic States Mission where I labored in North Carolina and West Virginia. There I had the opportunity to see many people come into the Church. I have many fond memories and many choice friends that I met in the mission field. I baptized a sixteen-year-old blind boy, Ronny Millsap, who has since become famous for his music ability, both on the piano and as a singer; we still keep in touch with him. I returned home in 1961 and continued to work at home with Dad and Leonard.

While I was on my mission my parents were serving a Stake Mission. One of their baptisms was Dorothy Marie Simmons, a girl I had known

since she was fourteen and whom I had courted periodically. After my mission I resumed the courtship which culminated in our marriage on June 18, 1963 in the Idaho Falls Temple. Dorothy was born June 11, 1942 at Hamilton, Montana; she is the daughter of Ernest Sheldon Simmons and Ellen Margaret Gierdal. We lived and farmed in Darby where our oldest two children were born.

In December 1965 we loaded up all our possessions and moved to Vanderhoof, British Columbia, Canada. Dad and Mother and Marie and Durell also joined us in this venture. We purchased a ranch of approximately fourteen hundred acres together and went into the cattle and sheep business. Two years later we sold the ranch and Dad and Mother went back to the States. We bought our own three-hundred-twenty-acre ranch; later we added another two hundred forty acres. Most of this land was raw and had to be cleared; all of our five hundred sixty acres are now in production.

Since coming to Canada we have added five more children to our family. In addition to our own children we have raised or cared for several foster children including Robert (a Lamanite boy who lived with us until married), Sheri Lynn Salmonsén (a four-year-old girl whom we subsequently adopted bringing our children to eight), and Heather Campbell (a five-month-old Lamanite baby). Our family brings us lots of joy and happiness. We work together as a family raising sheep and cattle. The children all have their own 4-H projects.

We are grateful everyday for our health and strength. I have been active in the LDS church all my life. Since moving to British Columbia I have served in four different branch presidencies, and as elders' quorum president, district clerk, and since 1977 as district high councilman. Our address is R.R. #2, Site 6, Box 10, Vanderhoof, British Columbia, Canada, VOJ3A0.



The Roy T. Mouritsen Family: clockwise from top—Roy holding Alicia, Dorothy S., Hugh, Selena, Tina, Sheri, Wade, Melissa, and Tracy.

Children:

- | | |
|------|---|
| C651 | Melissa Ellen Mouritsen
Born 26 Apr 1964 |
| C652 | Stacy Roy Mouritsen
Born 9 Oct 1965 |
| C653 | Hugh Mouritsen
Born 19 Aug 1968 |
| C654 | Tina Marie Mouritsen
Born 12 Aug 1971 |

- C655 Wade Mouritsen
Born 28 Dec 1972
- C656 Sheri Lynn Mouritsen
Born 29 May 1973
- C657 Selena Lee Mouritsen
Born 25 May 1975
- C658 Alicia Louise Mouritsen
Born 28 Aug 1978
- C659 Collett Mouritsen
Born 15 Apr 1980

C66 Lula Marie Mouritsen Rennaker

I was born on October 23, 1942 in Montpelier, Idaho to Irvin Mouritsen and Lula Ellen Thornock.

I spent the next fourteen years living in Bennington with my family where Dad farmed. I attended Bennington Elementary through the fifth grade; then, because of consolidation, I went to Montpelier schools until I graduated from the eighth grade. Being the youngest of Dad and Mother's six children I spent most of my growing-up years at home with just them and Roy. Everyone else was married and some even had children my age. I remember that Dad used to carry me to church. We just lived across the road from the meetinghouse in Bennington. He always talked to me as he carried me, and I remember looking up into the star-filled sky while he explained how



Lula Marie Mouritsen

our Heavenly Father made the stars and moon and all the wonderful things that we have.

In the fall of 1956 Dad bought a ranch at Darby in western Montana. I attended all four years of high school there, graduating from Darby High School in 1960. Then I went to business college in Missoula, Montana, after which I worked for a finance company in Hamilton, Montana.

On November 1, 1963 I married Durell Thomas Rennaker in Salmon, Idaho. Durell was born February 19, 1932 at Hamilton, Montana; he is the son of Loyd Glen Rennaker and Violet Elmina Blodgett. We lived close to Darby, and our first two children, Lisa Marie and Chad Irvin, were born in Montana.

In the fall of 1965 my Dad bought a ranch in Vanderhoof, British Columbia, Canada. Durell, I, and our children moved to Canada along with Roy's family and my parents. The Church was young in that area, and it was not uncommon to hold five or six jobs to keep the branch functioning. We have many fond memories of wearing heavy coats, gloves, and warm boots during church meetings to keep warm because it took so long to heat the building when we got there in the winter.

Four more children were born to us in Vanderhoof — Kathy Elmina, Jason Quinn, Oretta Ellen, and Darren Loyd. We also had the privilege of adopting a little three-year old Lamanite



The Durell T. Rennaker Family: left to right, front—Kathy, Jason, Oretta, Darren and Thomas; back—Chad, Tracy, Lisa, Marie M. and Durell.

girl named Tracy Robin. On November 8, 1969 Durell and I were sealed in the Cardston Temple and our children were sealed to us at this time.

In the spring of 1971 Durell and I moved with our family to Westaskin, Alberta and farmed for a year. In the spring of 1972 we moved back to Vanderhoof where we farmed again until 1975 when we returned to Alberta to farm. Our youngest son Thomas Perry was born in Ponoka, Alberta. In 1978 we moved to Creston, British Columbia — a little valley nestled in the mountains where the climate is mild and allows all varieties of fruits and vegetables to be grown.

I have held many jobs in the Church, but most of my positions have been working in the Primary. I have held almost every position in that organization from president to teaching the oldest to youngest children. I have also worked in the Relief Society as a visiting teacher and social relations teacher. I have been a counselor in the MIA and have been a Sunday School teacher. I have always worked with the music in the wards and branches where we have lived, either conducting the music or playing the piano. I have had many choice experiences, and feel that my blessings have been unnumerable. Our address is General Delivery, Lister, British Columbia, Canada V0B1Y0.

Children:

- C661 Lisa Marie Rennaker
Born 1 Jun 1964
- C662 Tracy Robin Rennaker
Born 23 Dec 1964
- C663 Chad Irvin Rennaker
Born 23 Oct 1965
- C664 Kathy Elmina Rennaker
Born 2 Jan 1968
- C665 Jason Quinn Rennaker
Born 13 May 1970
- C666 Oretta Ellen Rennaker
Born 17 Apr 1972
- C667 Darren Loyd Rennaker
Born 11 Jun 1973
- C668 Thomas Perry Rennaker
Born 18 Mar 1976
- C669 Cynthia Sabina Rennaker
Born 1 Jan 1982

C7 Homer Mouritsen

I was born on October 20, 1901 at Bennington, Idaho, the son of Mourits Mouritsen and Carrie Hansen. I was the youngest son born to the family.

My early life was spent on a ranch located two miles east of Bennington. It was here, when I was about four years of age, that an incident took place which I have never forgotten; perhaps it was my earliest memory. My brothers were loading a wagon with manure, and without them noticing me I climbed on top of it. When they started the team that was pulling the wagon I fell off and was run over across the chest. It was sometime before they knew whether or not I would make it.

When I reached the age of seven or eight, I remember that it was my job to help Father take care of a large garden. This was done during the early part of the spring, before and after school hours, all during the summer, and into fall. At one time we took care of about six acres of gar-



Homer Mouritsen

den, including strawberries and potatoes, which proved to be a very big job. It was also my job to keep the woodbox filled.

While attending school in Bennington, I had to get up in the morning, milk three or four cows, take care of a team, hitch them up, and drive two miles to school with my sisters. Sometimes the roads were very bad and we would have difficulty; however, at the time we didn't feel that it was any particular hardship. After my schooling I spent my time working in Bennington and Montpelier.

On April 28, 1927 I married June Caldwell at Soda Springs, Idaho. Later that year we went to the Salt Lake LDS Temple. June was born July 13, 1905 at Bloomington, Idaho; she is the daughter of Robert William Caldwell and Margaret Williams. Four children were born to us — Georgia Lee, Constance, Roger Caldwell, Russell Homer.

During the early years of our marriage we lived on a ranch east of Bennington where I built and operated the Silver Pond Dance Hall. I was also engaged in farming and stock raising. Of this time, Connie recalls: "I have faint recollections about the Silver Pond. I'm not even sure how old I

was — probably four or five. I was always excited about going out to the dance hall the morning after a dance to look for money that had been dropped. One time Georgia found a nickel and I found a dime. She talked me out of the dime, telling me the nickel was larger and she would give the large nickel to me for the small dime. I can still see Roger sitting on a cement floor which was large so it must have been the dance floor. He was probably six months old. A water snake was on his way to see him when my father got there first and killed it. I have many recollections about going into Montpelier every Saturday and my father always buying us something good to eat. One morning I was very excited about going into town and as I got out of the round metal bathtub I was very chilly so I backed up to the coal stove to get warm. Unfortunately, I backed up a little too far — thus blistering my behind."

We moved to Montpelier in 1938 where I went to work for the State Road Department. In January 1941 I had a very serious accident. Jeff Dunford and I were loading a gravel truck when the bank caved in and crushed my hips and spine. I was able, somehow, to get myself out and drive the truck to my brother Irvin's home in Benning-



The Homer Mouritsen Family: left to right, front—June C. and Homer; back—Georgia, Connie, Roger, and Russell.

ton for help. I feel that only through the prayers of my family, my good wife, and the power of the priesthood was I able to survive and walk again.

After I was able to walk and do some light work, I went to Salt Lake City and took a course in construction work which has proved to be a blessing to me. As soon as I could go to work I went back with the Highway Department.

In April 1945 I quit my job and bought the Montpelier Milling Company from Frank Miles. I operated it for about four years, at which time I sold out and went into the building business. I erected ten houses, lived in some of them, and sold all of them. My last project in Montpelier was the Regal Apartments which we still own.

As the old saying goes, "Once a farmer, always a farmer," so when some choice land came up for sale (Dr. Ashley's estate), I bought sixty-five acres located just north of Montpelier, part of it in the city limits. I was in a position to pay cash for it so I made a good deal. I leased it on shares so it paid off, but we had such a difficult time trying to farm at Bennington where we were first married that June thought I was wasting my time whenever I went to irrigate and work on the land, so I sold it. It is now covered with trailer homes. During this time I was building homes in Montpelier, doing most of the construction myself — even the sheet rocking and wiring. This was a very profitable and interesting project.

The milling business proved to be good to me, and I was anxious to get back in the grain business. I owned two lots down by the railroad track that I had bought for taxes, so I proceeded to build a grain elevator where I could clean, treat, and sell seed grain. I built the entire building without any help and operated it as a business as long as I was able. Roger, Russell, and Estel Wright own it now. It is still in good condition.

I have had many interesting things happen in my life (too many to enumerate), but I would like to mention some of my activities in the Church. I was baptized in the Ipson Reservoir when I was eight years old by George Perkins, and was ordained a deacon when I was twelve years of age by Brother Silas Wright, Sr. I was ordained an elder in 1927 by President Silas L. Wright. I was in the presidency of the Mutual in Bennington before I was married. I was also in the presidency of the genealogical committee in Bennington after I was married. Soon after we moved to Montpelier I was put in the Sunday School superin-

tendency of the Second Ward. I held that position for sometime and was then released and installed in the elders' quorum. While in the presidency we sponsored a pig project that was very profitable. We turned \$495.00 over to the ward welfare fund without any expense to the ward. Then I served as the Sunday School superintendent. In September 1950 I was ordained a high priest by Albert E. Bowen and called as second counselor to Bishop Tueller, which position in the ward I held until just before the Fifth Ward was organized on February 19, 1956. That day I was set apart as bishop by Sterling W. Sill, and many things happened from that time on — some things that were not very pleasant, other experiences that were most trying, and certainly others that were gratifying and welcome during the erecting of a new stake center and meetinghouse for the Montpelier Fifth Ward. I take much joy now in thinking how the good people supported me when things were so difficult.

We were living in Montpelier when Roger was called on a mission to Germany. We were a close family, and Russell was just ten years old. We had played games and had many outings together. I thought Russ would never stop crying on the way home from leaving Roger at the Mission Home. We stopped at Lagoon, but didn't enjoy it much; so we came home and waited for Roger's first letter. Roger arrived home February 1959 after spending thirty months in Germany and filling a wonderful mission.

In December 1958 I came to Salt Lake City and started a four-plex apartment which I completed in 1959. Because it was the first building on a new street it was named Homer Street which is on record at the City and County Building. We moved to Salt Lake City in 1959 in June, going back each spring and fall for about six years to supply my customers with seed and feed grain.

I was always interested in buying, selling, growing, and butchering cattle. While I was building and operating the elevator I also owned from twenty to fifty head of cattle. I had three and a half acres of land close to the elevator where I kept small cattle that needed extra feed. I also had fifty acres of pasture down by the stockyards that I kept larger cattle in. I had enough waste, grain, and screenings around the business that didn't cost anything which I fed to the cattle. I did well with butchering and sold mostly to restaurants, which kept us in spending money for

groceries, gasoline, etc. I also cut and wrapped beef and brought it to Salt Lake City to give to our daughters to put in their freezers.

We purchased a home on Lehman Avenue when we moved to Salt Lake City in June 1959 and we lived there for three years. We then sold it to our son Roger and we moved into the Executive Apartments which were just being completed and became the managers. We are still living here and are still the managers.

I was building in Salt Lake City before we moved here and continued with the help of Roger and Russell. We built several homes and duplexes, some four-plexes, one six-plex, and worked on many other projects. About 1964, when Russ was called on a mission, I began feeling the effects of the accident I had had earlier. The ball and socket were worn down to where my leg was two inches shorter. So on May 18, 1971 I had hip surgery. This operation proved very successful, and I now have sixteen inches of stainless steel on my hip and leg.

In July 1964 Russell left for a mission to Denmark. He was the last one of our four children to leave, and we had mixed emotions about his going. He seemed so young at nineteen. He was a good boy. He loved to trade, buy, and sell cars and was good about asking my advice on them. After I would tell him what I thought was best, he would go out and do just what he wanted (which was usually opposite to what I had told him) but we surely missed him — especially at night when it was bedtime. We always wondered where he was and what he was doing. It was lots of satisfaction to know he was serving the Church and was happy in his work. The greatest surprise of our lives was when he arrived home early, just in time for our Christmas party in 1966.

We celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary on April 28, 1977, at which time we had fourteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

One of the saddest incidents that has happened in our family was when Georgia Lee was operated on for a brain tumor in 1972. She was restricted in her activities but maintained her own home, was active in the Church, and didn't complain. She lived a modified but happy life for eight years after that, passing away on February 16, 1980. We also lost two grandchildren (who were Connie's) which has caused us many hours of grief.

Certainly a trademark of Homer is his hat.

Connie notes that "One of Dad's greatest delights is having a good-looking hat. You can look in the top of the closet and see five or six hats; he changes them several times a day and with every season. I understand his father Mourits also liked hats."

Homer concludes his own story: I am still paying my tithing and dues, am active in the Granger Third Ward, support our bishop, and have a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We live at 3558 South 2870 West, West Valley City, Utah 84119.

Children:

*C71	Georgia Lee Mouritsen Born 2 Mar 1928	Died 16 Feb 1980
*C72	Constance Mouritsen Born 21 Aug 1931	
*C73	Roger Caldwell Mouritsen Born 2 Jul 1936	
*C74	Russell Homer Mouritsen Born 25 Apr 1945	

C71 Georgia Lee Mouritsen Hayden

Georgia Lee Mouritsen was born March 2, 1928 at Bennington, Idaho. She was the first child born to Homer Mouritsen and June Caldwell. It was a happy day for Homer when Georgia Lee was born; he got on his horse and made the rounds of the town spreading the news.



Georgia L. Mouritsen Hayden

She was a beautiful little girl and was adored by both families. Her hair was brown and curly and her eyes were brown. She was always a serious child, but had a delightful sense of humor. She learned to read and recite poetry before going to school, and always had a book nearby.

She attended school in Montpelier, Idaho. While in high school she took singing lessons; she had a beautiful voice and sang many solos in church and school. She was also a member of the National Honor Society.

After graduation from Montpelier High School she went to Salt Lake City to live and work. At this time Georgia worked in a real estate and mortgage loan office as a secretary and was very efficient, dependable, and showed much initiative. Here she met William Wood and they were married October 25, 1947. They lived in Salt Lake City where their son Jeffrey was born. They were subsequently divorced.

Later Georgia met Ben Hayden, and on September 5, 1954 they were married at Las Vegas, Nevada. Ben was born November 12, 1903 at Yanova, Grodna, Russia; he is the son of Samuel Hayden and Molly Mogensky. Ben adopted Jeff and soon they were blessed with a daughter Jamie.

Georgia had a keen desire to complete her education and teach. As the children grew older she arranged her life around a school schedule. In 1965 Georgia graduated cum laude from the University of Utah and taught English at Churchill Junior High. Later she taught English and literature at Olympus High School in Salt Lake City from 1968 to 1973. She taught advanced placement English and was an innovator of individual student instruction. She was an outstanding and popular educator; she was a member of the National Council and Utah Council of teachers of English. She was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ and her religion was a very important part of her life. Georgia taught the cultural refinement and literature lessons in Relief Society for several years. Even when she was in bad health she never missed her church obligations and meetings.

If there's one thing Georgia enjoyed more than anything else, it was having all the family at their home for buffet dinners on special occasions, usually Christmas day. She would have all kinds of goodies, special ice cream toppings, etc. for the children. She loved all the children of the family.



Ben and Georgia M. Hayden

Georgia and Ben spent many winters out of Salt Lake City. They went to Palm Springs, California, Guadalajara, Mexico, and Hawaii.

Georgia passed away February 16, 1980 at the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City after suffering for seven years with a brain tumor.

Georgia was a loving, compassionate daughter and a true and faithful wife. She adored her son Jeff and her daughter Jamie, and her greatest concern was for their and Ben's well-being during her illness. Ben's health suffered after Georgia's death and he died in April 1981 in Salt Lake. Their separation was only a short time.

Children:

- *C711 Jeffrey Colin Michael Hayden
Born 26 Apr 1949
- *C712 Jamie Leigh Hayden
Born 3 Oct 1955

C711 Jeffrey Colin Michael Hayden

Jeff Hayden was born April 26, 1948 at Honolulu, Hawaii to William Wood and Georgia Lee Mouritsen.

His parents returned to Utah and subsequently were divorced when he was very young. When he was six years of age his mother married Ben Hayden, who adopted Jeff and raised him.

Jeff attended Salt Lake schools, graduating in 1966 from Skyline High School where he was active in concert choir.

After high school Jeff served a brief stint in the



Jeff M. Hayden

Air Force, after which he traveled quite a bit. After returning to the Salt Lake City area he met Kathryn Evelyn Owen. They were married on January 15, 1972 in Salt Lake City. Kathy was born April 9, 1944 in Salt Lake City; she is the daughter of D. Ray Owen and Leah Henderson. They are the parents of two children — a boy and a girl.

Jeff is a carpenter and is self-employed as a contractor in the home construction industry. He also enjoys cabinet-making and camping. Their love of the out-of-doors was partially responsible for the selection of beautiful Heber Valley as their home where they live at 1220 North 700 East, Heber City, Utah 84032.

Children:

- C7111 Jessica Faith Hayden
Born 31 Jan 1972
- C7112 Zachary Jacob Hayden
Born 1 Jun 1980

C712 Jamie Leigh Hayden Hough

Jamie Leigh Hayden was born October 3, 1955 at Salt Lake City, Utah to Ben Hayden and Georgia Lee Mouritsen.

She grew up in Salt Lake City, attending city schools. In 1974 she graduated from Olympus High School where she was involved with the literary magazine, ski club, and enjoyed history.



Curt J. and Jamie H. Hough

After high school she attended Utah State University where she met her husband.

On August 6, 1978 she married Curtis James Hough at Salt Lake City. Curt was born September 10, 1955 at LaMirada, California; he is the son of Harold James Hough and Arlene Husson. Jamie completed her bachelor's degree in elementary education at the University of Utah. She then taught fifth grade at West Kearns Elementary for three years.

Currently she is enjoying a leave from her teaching career to welcome their daughter Stephanie into this world. Curt is a student at the University of Utah. They are planning to relocate to San Diego, California this summer where Curt will complete his schooling. Their current address is 944 Larkspur Drive, Sandy, Utah 84070.

Children:

- C7121 Stephanie Leigh Hough
Born 18 Jun 1981

C72 Constance Mouritsen Wilcox

I was born August 21, 1931 to Homer Mouritsen and June Caldwell in Bennington, Idaho. I have always used the name Connie.

We lived on a farm just outside of Bennington called the "Silver Pond" where I was delivered by Dr. Ashley from Montpelier. We moved into Montpelier when I was still very young and lived in a little house just off Main Street that my father had built.

My family had a very difficult struggle at that



Herbert G. and Connie M. Wilcox

time because money was very tight and it was during the depression. Every year at Christmas time my father would drive his wagon up the canyons to cut Christmas trees which he would sell, thereby enabling the family to enjoy a nice Christmas. I guess we didn't have elaborate gifts, but I thought we did; and it was certainly much nicer than most of my friends. We moved from there to live with my Aunt Lorraine who lived at the top of Main Street. Aunt Lorraine had six children and we were all very close. The Christmas that we spent there will always stand out vividly in my mind. It was great fun for us children, but I am sure it was a difficult time for my parents.

My father then built a beautiful home at the north end of Main Street, but we couldn't afford to live in the upstairs, so we lived in the basement. There was one real advantage — it was warm. The kitchen was tiny with a built-in kitchen nook so that once we were all settled down to eat we stayed there. There was an old black wood- and coal-burning stove, and Mom always had a pot of something good to eat. How I loved coming home from school, running down the stairs, and into that warm kitchen. Mondays were always wash-days, and in spite of rain or snow my mother insisted on hanging out the wash for at least half of the day. When we would come from school it was our duty to bring the clothes in from the line and they would have to finish drying in the kitchen. Many times I remember waltzing in with Dad's long underwear (frozen stiff).

During this time (I was eight years old) my

father had an accident in which every bone in his body was broken from the waist down. He was working for the State of Idaho, and he and Mr. Dunford were working in the gravel pit just outside of Montpelier but closer to Bennington. It was in March and the pits were just starting to thaw, and it closed in on both of them. Mr. Dunford could not move and was probably unconscious. My father was able to reach for a shovel and dig himself out. He was then able to drag himself to the truck and drive to Bennington for help. Dad was in the hospital for one hundred and one days, and then went to Arizona to recuperate for a long time. It was a real struggle for my mother to work and keep things together while he was gone. While in Arizona, Dad made me a small wooden chest and carved me a wooden spoon which I still have.

We were finally able to move into the upstairs of that lovely home and lived there — at least I should say I lived there until I graduated from high school.

I cherish the time I was able to help my dad at the mill. One time he left me alone and a customer came in asking for shorts. I told them to go to J. C. Penneys; I soon found out what shorts were. At Christmas I loved to look out the upstairs window and watch my father bring in the Christmas presents that he had been hiding at the mill for months. I worked through my high school years at the Burgoyne Drug Store and at the Rich Theatre. I was in both the marching band and pep band and was able to attend all the games and concerts. Also, I was in a clarinet ensemble, and the four of us played throughout Idaho and competed with other schools. I was also in the high school choir and participated in all activities.

I left Montpelier after graduating from high school and came to Salt Lake City and fulfilled the dream I had always had of living in a big city. I was able to live in the Beehive House, which was a place where girls from out of town could come to live. It has now been restored to resemble the way it was when Brigham Young and his families lived there, including many of the original artifacts and furnishings. I loved living there because it was so close to so many exciting things such as the temple, Deseret Gym, ZCMI, etc. I bought a membership to the Deseret Gym and went there many nights.

I saved enough money while I was working to pay my way to comptometer school, which, at that

time, was really a big thing; they are not used at all anymore. The course was supposed to take three months but I finished it in six weeks, after which I got a job at the Auerbach Company. Finally, I was working and living in a big city. I started my job by learning to read all of the cash registers every morning; I thought I was really important to be trusted with such a big job. And then I found out that everyone hated that job and when someone new was hired it was then the responsibility of the new person.

I had only been at Auerbachs for three months when a handsome young man began working there. He had just returned home from serving a mission in South Africa, and he had his eye on me immediately. His name was Herbert Gerrard Wilcox, Jr. We started dating in February, were engaged in April, and got married in May. We had a very simple wedding and just invited everyone in our families and went to the Salt Lake LDS Temple on May 18, 1950. Mother gave us an open house in Montpelier and Aunt Leah gave us a wedding breakfast at the Hotel Utah. Herb was born September 19, 1928 at Salt Lake City, Utah; he is the son of Herbert Gerrard Wilcox, Sr. and Bertha Van Harten. We really had a struggle after we were married, but I was used to that because when I came to Salt Lake City and started working at Auerbachs I was only making \$90 a month — and most of that went for my rent.

After five years of marriage and struggling, we managed to buy a little subdivision home on 6200 Meadowcrest Road. We did love that home and fixed up the inside and outside just like a dollhouse. We had five children while living there — David, Richard, Tom, Nancy, and Susie. We lived there for thirteen years and then moved to 3229 Melbourne Street. My brother Roger had lived there and we bought the home from him; it was a beautiful home. We had another child born to us there — James Patrick. We lived there for seven years, and then moved to the home we are living in now. We have already been in this home for seven years.

We had only lived in our present home for two months when our oldest boy David died from an incurable kidney disease. We had another tragedy at this same time, one of which we are still trying to adjust to; that is the loss of our beautiful sixteen-year old daughter Nancy. She walked out of our home the evening of October 2, 1974 and we never saw her again. Will we ever know?



Sue Wilcox



Jimmy Wilcox

Another tragic loss in my life was when my sister Georgia passed away on February 16, 1980. She had been ill for seven years with a brain tumor. During the time of her illness I did everything I could possibly do for her, but when the time finally came for her to give up her life we accepted it because of the suffering that she went through.

I have always been active in the Church of Jesus Christ and have held many positions — every position except that of being bishop of Relief Society president. At the present time I have been called by the General Board to work on a special assignment; writing a manual for parents of the handicapped. There are four of us on the committee and I am chairperson.

I have always been interested in education and have always taken a class every semester in business, art, etc. I am now enrolled at Westminster College hopefully working toward my degree — at least that is my goal as of this time. I am also working part-time on campus which will pay for my education.

I enjoy doing artistic things and have done a lot of oil painting; I have sold many of them. At the present time I am watercoloring and have a new technique with watercolors, pastels, and ink. I am a calligrapher and a potter. I taught a class of pottery for the University of Utah, owned and operated my own pottery shop for seven years, and had three exhibits a year — one of them at Park City for the annual Park City Art Festival. I have had many interesting jobs. I was secretary at Meadowgold Dairies for Rex Reeve, who is now a General Authority, and while I was there I was able to design one of their milk cartons. I worked at the J.C. Penney Company in retail sales for seven

years — part-time while raising my family. I also worked at the Church Office Building for four years, the first three years as secretary to the international architect and for fourteen months in the international magazines where I was secretary, but also editor for the children's pages. I was able to edit articles and do some of the art work and also had my name in the front cover and on my art work. The magazine had a circulation of ninety-thousand subscriptions and went out all over the world except to the English-speaking people. It was translated into thirteen different languages. It was very difficult to quit a position like that, but I wanted to go to school.

Our two sons, Richard and Tom are married. Our address is 2409 East 3850 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109.

Children:

- *C721 David Michael Wilcox
Born 10 July 1951 Died 23 Feb 1975
- *C722 Richard Stephen Wilcox
Born 11 May 1953
- *C723 Thomas Brent Wilcox
Born 14 May 1957
- C724 Nancy Wilcox
Born 4 Jul 1958
- C725 Sue Wilcox
Born 22 Aug 1964
- C726 James Patrick Wilcox
Born 22 Sep 1970

C721 David Michael Wilcox

David Michael Wilcox was born July 10, 1951 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Herbert Gerrard Wilcox, Jr. and Constance Mouritsen.

He grew up in Salt Lake City and attended schools there, graduating from Olympus High School in 1971. After high school he went to Hawaii and worked there for a few years. In 1973 he returned to the Salt Lake City area.

On September 1, 1973 he married Janis Johnson in Salt Lake City. About a year after David's marriage he became ill with a disease called Good Pasteur's Syndrome, which is almost always an incurable disease of the kidneys. His wife and mother went to the University Hospital to learn how to operate the dialysis machine, and they set up a little hospital in the basement of his parent's home. David would go on the machine every other day; it required eight hours each treatment.

Both kidneys finally had to be removed, and, needless to say, there are a great deal of problems associated with a situation of that kind. David lived only six months more and then his heart just quit. He died on February 2, 1975 at the age of twenty-three and was buried in Salt Lake City. This was a trying time for his family. David's wife Jan has since remarried.

C722 Richard Stephen Wilcox

Richard Stephen Wilcox was born May 11, 1953 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Herbert Gerrard Wilcox, Jr. and Constance Mouritsen.

He grew up in Salt Lake City and attended schools there, graduating from Skyline High School in 1971. In high school Richard enjoyed art and became an avid reader, a pastime he still enjoys.

After high school he worked for Harman's Kentucky Fried Chicken and became a manager for them. In this capacity he hired Connie Jean Morley to work for him. But she reversed the tables on him because their association blossomed into courtship and marriage. On August 12, 1977 they were married in Salt Lake City. Connie was born May 25, 1959 at Salt Lake City, Utah; she is the daughter of Harold Franklin Morley and Helen Ann Boyer.

At the young age of twenty-six Richard was rushed to the hospital with cardiac arrest. Thanks to the medical profession and the Lord his life was spared. Open-heart surgery was performed and an inner aortic valve was replaced. This requires extra care on his part but doesn't prevent Richard and Connie from pursuing a full and



Rich S. and Connie M. Wilcox

active life. Camping ranks high on their list but number one is their daughter Jennifer.

Currently Richard is a manager at Kingswood Kitchens, a manufacturer of cabinets. Connie enjoys the role of full-time housewife and mother. Their address is 5283 Sprucewood Circle, West Valley City, Utah 84120.

Children:

C7221 Jennifer Lynn Wilcox
Born 18 Dec 1980

C723 Thomas Brent Wilcox

Thomas Brent Wilcox was born May 14, 1957 at Salt Lake City, Utah to Herbert Gerrard Wilcox, Jr. and Constance Mouritsen.

He grew up in Salt Lake City and attended schools there. In 1975 he graduated from Olympus High School where he was active in band.

On October 13, 1976 he married Renee Brewster at the Lion House in Salt Lake City. She was born January 27, 1957 at Salt Lake City, Utah; she is the daughter of Lyle Jackson Brewster and Floris Colleen Thomson.

Tom is employed at Kingswood Kitchens in Salt Lake City as a cabinetmaker. As a side hobby he also enjoys making furniture items. Renee is employed as a bank teller at Zion's Bank. They are the proud parents of a daughter, Nicole. Their address is 4524 Sun Drive, Kearns, Utah 84118.

Children:

C7231 Nicole Wilcox
Born 2 Jun 1979



The Thomas B. Wilcox Family: Tom, Nicole and Renee B.

C73 Roger Caldwell Mouritsen

This is an average account of an average person, but I'll tell you right now I'm going to leave out the best parts because most of my family and friends are still around and I don't want to embarrass them unnecessarily. This rendition is strictly for the purpose of preserving the Mouritsen family reputation; my true history has been kept in a secret place and I will reveal it only to the truly interested and forgiving.

I was delivered by a doctor who was often found studying medicine in the Montpelier Pool Hall. My father knew that I was going to be a breech birth, and not wanting me to turn out like another breech-birth baby, (known in Bennington for his good but very dull nature), he kept a close watch on Dr. Ashley the day of my birth, assuring his sobriety. I appeared breech but normal on July 2, 1936 in Montpelier, Idaho to the relief of my parents — Homer Mouritsen and June Caldwell.

Out of tragedy good fortune often appears unexpectedly. When I was four my father almost lost his life in an accident in a gravel pit near Bennington. Being a truly good person, who was destined to see all of his children grown with families of their own, he was saved by his own grit and a heroic drive from the pit to Bennington during which, in spite of a broken pelvis and back, he was able to manipulate the clutch, brake, and gas with his hands and eventually reach



Roger C. Mouritsen

assistance. This event illustrated not only his own desire to survive, but his desire to help a colleague who lay partially buried under the frozen gravel in the pit. This one act alone has given me cause to respect and love him beyond expression. I hesitate to speculate what my own life would have become had he disappeared from our family portrait at that time.

But back to the silver-lining notion. Because my father underwent treatment and convalescence for a long period, I was sent to live with my Aunt Vina and Uncle Bill in their comfortable home in Bennington. What a joyful experience it was to watch Aunt Vina as she made soap, baked bread, turned bitter chokecherries into luscious jelly, killed chickens, and watered her pansies. Uncle Bill would take me with him in the winter in the open hayrack as he fed cattle. I remember well the big broad rumps of two of his great work horses as they plodded along, snorting big clouds of steam, wishing they could break into a gallop. Bill would steal food off my plate, check my leg for a bone, and generally tease me without mercy, knowing that I loved every minute of it. In the evenings we would sit and enjoy pleasant conversation by the fireplace for hours, never once yearning for a television set or some other artificial distraction. What a blessing and opportunity to be able to grow and learn in the company of surrogate parents such as these. It is almost painful now to drive past their house in Bennington and see strangers walking through rooms that belong and always will belong to Aunt Vina and Uncle Bill. When Aunt Vina died and we buried her that cold winter day, I thought my heart would break. Had I but followed just a small portion of her example and teachings, I would have been a great man today.

My school years in Montpelier were significant because of the good friends, concerned teachers, and opportunities which were available everywhere. I appreciated the smallness of the town with Gene Autry movies on Saturday; girlfriends who were lovely and of good report; fishing for brook trout in the canyon; playing softball for fun and football for blood; singing in a quartet for funerals, weddings, Christmas programs, or anywhere else we could wrangle an invitation; Louise Adams who taught me to love good books; Amos Rich who introduced us to *La Boheme* in a history class; and A. J. Winters who taught me how to be a studentbody president.

Because Montpelier endured the influence of the railroad, I thought for a time I might marry soon after completing high school and become an engineer and get my picture on Union Pacific's annual calendar. My father had other plans for me, however, and while in high school arranged for me to work for J. P. Michaelson in his Texaco service station on Main Street. Dad couldn't have done anything that I would have appreciated more. I learned about gas and oil, carburetors and differentials, cash registers and credit cards, but, most of all, I learned about people. I came to know Kenny Driver; Abe Thorf; George Nussbaum; Lena, the bootlegger; Ray Pugmire, the crooked cop; and Charlie Schmid, who always drove on the wrong side of the road. Incidentally, I promptly fell in love with J. P.'s wife, Margene, who also taught me piano without any visible outcomes, and played for me when I sang at weddings and other such occasions.

Evenings at the station were a gas (sorry about the pun). Often Don Williams would drop by for a visit, and, if I was really lucky, Karen Guyon or Georgia Matthews would saunter in. One night the two girls arrived at the same time. As I recall, Georgia was the more persistent; however, I think she only liked me for the smell of gas on my clothes. One balmy summer night Kenny Driver, the resident dipso, passed out between the coke machine and the oil cans and not knowing what to do with him, I was relieved at the sight of Don Williams. I asked him to hold forth while I took Kenny home to his mother. (Kenny was about sixty years old and overly devoted to Josie.) I lifted his slight frame, carried him to my car, drove quickly to his Main Street home, stopped the car, and proceeded up the sidewalk with him in my arms. As I began climbing the few steps, his head turned aside and both dentures tumbled out of his slack mouth into the moist sandy soil of the rosebed. Fearing that I might disturb his mother, I deposited him in the foyer of their once splendid home, ran back to the rose bushes, retrieved his dirt-encrusted dentures, pushed them into his unresisting mouth, and hurried back to my petroleum post. I'm sure Kenny's mother was curious about his mysterious appearance and about the quantity of black dirt that found its way into his mouth. The service station experience opened my eyes to many things.

Because I received a modest scholarship to the Utah State Agricultural College, as it was called in

1954, I left for Logan full of hope and aspirations. After two years in Logan I left for a mission to Germany where I learned to love the Germans and to live on fifty dollars a month.

Arriving home in February of 1959, I spent several days persuading Georgia Hardy Matthews (my next door neighbor for several years) to get married. Our ceremony took place May 1, 1959 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple with Scott, Heidi, Matthew, Lars, Dustin, and Sonnet attending in spirit. They seemed to agree with the proceedings. Georgia was born July 7, 1939 at Montpelier, Idaho; she is the daughter of Nile Matthews and Dorothy Young Hardy.

I finished my undergraduate degree in English in 1963, my masters in 1965, and doctorate in 1967. We spent one year at Williamette University in Salem, Oregon, but were forced back to Utah by homesickness and a bad case of hives caused by the discharge from the Albany papermill.

After the Oregon experience, we settled in Granger (West Valley City) where we have lived in contentment with many of our relatives including my mother and father, Aunt Leah and Uncle Estel, and others of my father's family. Leah and Estel have been a very positive influence in our family. In our early married life, Estel and my father assisted me in getting into the building business; I did quite well and was able to put myself through school without Georgia having to work.



The Roger C. Mouritsen Family: left to right, front—Sonnet, Georgia M., Roger, Dustin; back—Matthew, Lars, Heidi. (Scott absent)

In the last several years Georgia and I have been to Europe three times, and our family spent one year (1979-80) in Taiwan where we had many unforgettable experiences and made good friends among the Chinese people. I was an exchange professor of English at the National Taiwan Normal University. While there, Heidi and I produced and directed a Shakespearean play which was considered a success by the students and faculty. Georgia taught, Lars, Dustin, and Sonnet at home, and as a result they were ahead of their classes when reentering the schools in Granger. Matthew spent the summer in Taiwan, and then returned to live with Leah and Estel for the school year. He was elected Junior Class President and selected for the National Honor Society. He also has distinguished himself as an athlete. He rejoined the family in Taiwan in May in order to travel home with us.

Georgia, our five children, and I left Taipei and traveled home around the world; we enjoyed visits to Hong Kong, Bangkok, Cairo, Athens, Vienna, Rome, and the countries of Western Europe. In Rome we enjoyed a reunion with our oldest son Scott who was serving a mission. Our trip was especially memorable because the children were with us and seemed to appreciate different cultures and people. I believe they have a love without prejudice for all the world.

We recently bought a retreat home in Dingle, Idaho, four miles from Montpelier, and have enjoyed preparing it to meet our needs. We use it quite often and all the family feels some ownership in it.

After returning from Taiwan I resigned from the State Board of Education where I had spent ten years working with teacher certification and university evaluation. I had the opportunity to travel to almost all the fifty states and had several national leadership responsibilities as a result of this position. I was offered the directorship of the Graduate Program at Weber State College where I am now working and enjoying myself. Our address is 3980 South 2700 West, West Valley City, Utah 84119.

Children:

- | | |
|-------|---|
| *C731 | Roger Scott Mouritsen
Born 29 Feb 1960 |
| *C732 | Heidi Lynn Mouritsen
Born 10 Jun 1961 |

- C733 Matthew Lehi Mouritsen
Born 20 Jul 1964
- C734 Christopher Lars Mouritsen
Born 22 Jun 1968
- C735 Dustin Cole Mouritsen
born 1 Sep 1971
- C736 Sonnet Mouritsen
Born 9 Feb 1976

C731 Roger Scott Mouritsen

I was born in Soda Springs, Idaho on February 29, 1960 to Roger Caldwell Mouritsen and Georgia Hardy Matthews.

My father had charge of the Whitman Matthews Mortuary in Soda Springs, which was owned by my Grandfather Matthews. After one year we moved to Salt Lake City so my father could continue his education.

When I was four years old my sister Heidi and I had our tonsils removed. I remember this well because we were so sick. The following year I started school at Granger Elementary. A year later we moved to the east side of Salt Lake City where I attended the first grade. That same year my father finished work on his Ph.D. and accepted a position at Williamette University in Salem, Oregon, where I attended the Liberty School, an exceptional school which increased the learning of each student at an incredible rate. My



R. Scott Mouritsen

parents were homesick for Utah and their family, so when my father finished his first year at Williamette we moved back to Salt Lake City. Because of the special school I attended in Salem I was well ahead of the students in my classes in Salt Lake City. While I was in Salem I turned eight years of age and was baptized a member of the LDS church.

After living in Salt Lake City for four years, I was ordained a deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood. That same year I competed in the ward and stake speech contests, winning first place in both. That summer, just after school let out, I came down with the mumps. My parents were worried because other children who came down with them that year were so sick they were hospitalized because of dehydration and their chances of dying were increased tremendously. In the sixth week I received a blessing from my father and Uncle Estel, and the next day I was able to sit up and eat breakfast.

That summer after my illness, my father purchased a cute little buckskin pony. I had that horse only a short time when it came up missing. The only thing we could conclude was that it had been stolen. I cried all day long when we couldn't find it. I swore that I would never have another horse again. But the following year my father asked if I wanted another horse, and it didn't take me long to say "yes," and so we got another pony, which we still have.

At that time I received an unusual birthday present — a pet fallow deer. We kept the deer in Uncle Estel's pasture. It did all right until the third year when it met with tragedy. While trying to get out of the corral one day it got a horn caught under a board, jumped backward, and broke its neck. When I returned home from school that day I really felt badly because I really loved that deer and so did everyone else. About this time I became interested in the rodeo, and especially in bull riding. I rode bulls for three years until my friend almost got killed. That was when I decided I wanted to live longer, and so limited myself to roping, showing and training mostly. I really enjoy horses, and to this day I still plan my life around horse trips into the back country with my family.

My senior year in high school was full of activities. I was in the concert choir, on the seminary council, and was a varsity cheerleader. I also worked at Chris & Dicks, a lumber and hardware

business, and at the Mayflower Trucking Company.

When I graduated from high school, I was given the chance to go to school in Europe for six months. Before I knew it I was on a plane bound for Vienna, Austria, thanks to my helpful family and relatives. While I was in Europe I was able to travel extensively throughout Western Europe, to Israel, and to most of the Communist countries except Russia. These were the greatest experiences of my life; I also earned college credits.

When I returned home I was called to serve a mission for the LDS church in the Italy, Rome Mission. This was a wonderful experience as I got to meet many people and felt a tremendous success while I was there. I hope to go back someday and live there for a while. I was released three months early for good behavior — just kidding. I had a stomach disease, and rather than have an operation in Italy it was decided that I should come home for treatment. I had peptitis, a stomach condition that can be controlled, but even today I must be very careful about my eating habits.

When I became stronger I started school at Utah State University in Logan, majoring in agricultural economics, with a minor in international area development. I am still in Logan continuing my college studies.

I guess I could say many more things about my life, but the things most important to me are the love of parents and a great family, and many friends and relatives. They have all been special examples, and as Grandpa Mouritsen once told me, "Life could not be enjoyed if there wasn't a family for all of us to enjoy."

C732 Heidi Lynn Mouritsen Betterton

I was born June 10, 1961 at Salt Lake City, Utah to Roger Caldwell Mouritsen and Georgia Hardy Matthews.

I remember being in kindergarten and all of my school memories right up to college. However, I like to recall our camping days as a family much more. Dad built a camper, and on some cold mornings my brother Scott and I might find ourselves snuggled in sleeping bags on our way to Yellowstone. I could trust my parents that they



Kevin E. and Heidi M. Betterton

would always take good care of me. If they had to go, they left me with great relatives. Aunt Leah fed me applesauce and Uncle Estel picked me up when I fell out of bed. Grandpa Mouritsen and Aunt Vina were always there to help out. My relatives have always been an important influence in my life, and I love them.

Our family skied together, but first we worked. We "took the trash" from apartments that Grandpa and Uncle Willard managed. We always got paid. When I turned sixteen I drove the truck and took Matt, Lars, and Dusty (my brothers) with me. I liked that responsibility. I wanted a little sister so badly and when I was fifteen Mom had Sonnet. I'm crazy about her.

A few years back Dad bought a little house in Idaho in a town called Dingle. I love Dingle too.

Mom and Dad helped me with a little blue Honda car in high school, and I loved that little car. It took me to cheer at games, play rehearsals, and to school every day. I was involved with the Junior Miss Pageant, Girls' State, and ZCMI Youngtimers.

After high school the blue Honda was sold and we moved to Taiwan. Dad was a professor at a University in Taipei. The whole family went except Scott who was in Italy on a mission at that time. I learned so much in Taiwan. We stayed there for eleven months. I worked at the Taipei American School in the first grade. I was an aide to three teachers. Then I helped Dad direct the play *Twelfth Night* by Shakespeare in English. I had participated in this when I was in high school.

These kids were juniors in college. I was eighteen, and I have never felt more love and respect from any group of people than these Chinese students.

We went on to Hong Kong, Thailand, India, Egypt, Greece, and then we stopped in Italy and visited with Scott. We were all briefly together again. In Rome we rented a van that took us to Sorrento, Italy; Germany; Austria; Paris; and London. Then we flew home. I'll never forget the experiences we had together.

When I was a sophomore in high school, I noticed a handsome drama club president but I was really too dumb then to notice his flirtations. Later I met him and we dated. Then I had the chance to go to Taiwan and he was taking off to school (I didn't realize at the time that he was going to be a pilot). When I got home we resumed dating. He had grown taller and acquired a few more muscles; I adored him. Then I went to college and he went to Fort Rucker, Alabama to flight school. I went to Cedar City and became involved with school again; I have always loved learning. Summer arrived and I came home; so did Kevin Emmett Betterton. He told me he wanted to go into active duty and I said that was fine — we could just go on missing each other. Then he asked me to marry him. On September 16, 1981 we were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Kevin was born May 30, 1959 at Salt Lake City, Utah; he is the son of John Michael Betterton and Marilyn Rasmussen. Dad said that when I got married I would lose my privileges to visit Dingle, but he relented.

We had a wonderful first Christmas together and are looking forward to going into active duty and moving to Fort Lewis, Washington for three years. Once again I'm excited to travel and I plan to finish my education.

Since I've taken on a new married name, I'm a bit reluctant to let go of the Mouritsen part of my name. Kevin worries that I'm keeping it for the feminist movement, but it's mostly because that name represents my family and a lot of childhood happiness. Our address is 2765 Marcus Road, West Valley City, Utah 84119.

C74 Russell Homer Mouritsen

In 1945 my parents, Homer Mouritsen and June Caldwell, were living in Montpelier, Idaho. My father was owner-operator of the Montpelier



Russell H. Mouritsen

Milling Company, and on April 25th of that year I was born. The hospital where I was born was located above the old Fair Store, and the sign indicating where the hospital was can still be seen on Main Street in Montpelier.

My father had built a beautiful home on Grant Street and that is where I remember many of my childhood experiences. I attended the Lincoln School which is no longer in use. I enjoyed school and had many friends. I was quite gregarious, and I can recall more than once being asked to stay after class because I talked too much during class.

Dad had farm property on the outskirts of town, and I vividly recall my eleventh birthday party held there. We played softball, and about twenty kids were in attendance. They included Peter Guyon (my brother-in-law), John Powell, Guy Arnell, Ferris Kunz, Roger Hayes, John Matthews, Gordon Bradley, and Russell Peterson.

When I was about thirteen I had a paper route, and with \$25 saved we bought a calf at the Preston Auction. I sold it a year later for \$125, and with Dad's help purchased a new red Cushman motor scooter. It seemed nice to be able to ride the scooter to go fishing up Montpelier Canyon instead of my bicycle.

My sisters, Georgia and Connie, had already left home, but I remember how I looked forward to their visits from Salt Lake City. Georgia would take me down to King's Department Store and let

me pick out whatever I wanted. Connie would always make homemade playdough. I used to look forward to her arrival especially when she would bring David and Richard, her two boys. They seemed almost like younger brothers.

My own brother Roger was nine years older than me, and he used to take me everywhere with him. He had an old Ford with a rumble seat where I often rode. I remember when Roger went to West Germany on his mission and we said goodbye at the train station, I cried all the way back to Idaho. He has always been a great example to me.

When I was fourteen our family moved to Granger where Dad built homes and apartments. It was tough for me to leave all my Idaho friends, but I met many new friends who are still close associates. I have explained this to my own children as we have moved, and tell them how they will be enriched by the new people they will meet.

I enjoyed my high school experiences at Granger High School. I was senior class president and was active in sports and social activities. I enjoyed, and still do, playing church basketball and have always been grateful for that program.

I entered Brigham Young University in 1963, lived in Helaman Halls, and my good friend from Granger, Doug Holmberg, was my roommate. In July 1964 I was called to the Danish Mission. This was a great thrill for me as my grandparents had come from that beautiful country. I have documented my mission experiences in a lengthy journal. Upon my return I resumed my studies at BYU, and subsequently graduated in 1969 with a degree in journalism and communications.

During the summer of 1968 I had a special Church experience. I was serving an internship with the Church Information Service, and I wrote a letter to Elder Mark E. Petersen, our director, inquiring as to the possibility of setting up public relations programs in the European missions. To my surprise, he approved my trip and I subsequently visited about twelve missions and met with mission presidents. The experience was very rewarding for a twenty-three-year-old young man.

While I attended BYU I worked in the continuing education department, and upon graduation received a job offer at Utah State University to organize their non-credit offerings. I later returned to Salt Lake City and the University of Utah to work in their continuing education pro-

gram and to work on a masters degree in education, which I received in 1972. During this time I met a convert to the Church from Michigan named Sherry Gore. We were married, but difficulties immediately surfaced in our marriage which included the Church and family, and we were subsequently divorced. This was a very difficult period of my life.

I later became reacquainted with Kathleen Guyon, the sister of one of my best friends. We were married August 17, 1973 in Salt Lake City. Kathleen was born January 7, 1951 at Montpelier, Idaho; she is the daughter of Wendell Shattuck Guyon and Iola LaJune Mourtsen. This was the smartest thing I have ever done. We have been very happy and to this date have three children — Daniel, Christine, and Michael. We purchased a sixty-four-acre farm during the first year of our marriage. It was located in Bear Lake Valley near our hometown of Montpelier. We spent five wonderful, hard-working summers fixing up the old home and repairing fences. We sold that property to purchase another at the mouth of Mill Creek Canyon which we now own. It is a beautiful place which we have enjoyed with our family and will continue to do so for years to come.

Since 1975 Kathleen and I have been buying older homes, fixing them up, and reselling them. This allowed us to purchase a beautiful home in Holladay and has given us a measure of security. I have also sold life insurance from time to time.



The Russell H. Mouritsen Family: left to right—Christine, Russell, Daniel and Kathleen holding Michael.

During the past few years I have had many experiences which have enriched my life. During the years of 1971 and 1972 I took flying lessons, and on May 7, 1972 I soloed from Salt Lake City to Montpelier and landed at the old runway by the Montpelier golf course. It was a thrill to see my hometown from the air. As a youngster I always enjoyed watching rodeos, and in 1972 and 1973 I rode bareback in three rodeos in Bear Lake. I have also enjoyed photography and climbing in the Tetons with a good friend, Jack McClellan. We once spent twenty-two hours soaking wet near the top of the Grand Teton and became very worried that we would not get down.

In 1974 I received a fellowship from the Rotary Foundation to study in England for six weeks. At the conclusion of that trip, Kathleen met me and we traveled in Europe on Eurail passes for a month. During the summer of 1980, my brother Roger invited me to Taiwan where he was teaching, and I had the opportunity of speaking to his classes of Chinese students at the National University of Taiwan. I received my Ph.D. in cultural foundations of education in June 1980 after many years of part-time work and a year of full-time study. I served as an advisor in the Student Life Office and also Foreign Student Advisor for Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho for a year. Currently I am teaching at Purdue University in Hammond, Indiana.

The various experiences and opportunities I have had are the result of parents and a wife who have encouraged me and have been very progressive in their thinking. We are planning to return this summer to our home at 2925 Apple Blossom Lane, Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

Children:

- | | |
|------|---|
| C741 | Daniel Guyon Mouritsen
Born 16 Dec 1975 |
| C742 | Christine Mouritsén
Born 23 Dec 1977 |
| C743 | Michael Anthony Mouritsen
Born 19 Jan 1980 |

C8 Leah Mouritsen Wright

I was born in a log house (called the Burbank house) facing East on the farthest east street in the southeast part of Bennington, Idaho on March 11, 1904 to Mourits Mouritsen and Carrie Hansen.

I do not remember my mother because she died when I was three years old, at the birth of a little girl. She lived at the ranch at that time. The only remembrance I have is that someone held me in his arms so I could see her in her coffin, but I remember nothing of what she looked like. My little sister died also, and they were buried together. At this time my mother's sister, Aunt Mary Johnson, wanted to take me home with her where I could live with them and get an educa-



Leah Mouritsen

tion. My father would not allow this, for which I have always been thankful.

I grew up at the old ranch with lots of brothers and sisters, because Aunt Lizzie then moved from Montpelier to the ranch to take care of the family. We had a happy time growing up, with lots of space to run and lots of things to do. We all learned to work, picking fruit, weeding the garden, washing dishes, turning the washing machine, churning butter, and all the chores attending a large family. We were paid for picking berries and managed to help with our clothes. We were taught to pay tithing, which has been a good lesson throughout our lives.

We attended school in Bennington, a distance of about two and one-half miles from the ranch. Father rigged up a sleigh with sideboards and with straw and lots of quilts to provide a comfortable ride back and forth in the winter. Sometimes when the snow was crusted hard in the spring, we would ride our hand-sleighs all the way down to Bennington. The snow was so deep some years that we could ride right over the fences on the crusted snow.

The last year of grade school at Bennington Father arranged for me to stay with Sister VanOrman some of the time and with Loella Wright some of the time because I was the only one to attend school. He would take potatoes and other things to pay for my board and room. Food was scarce and they were always happy when Father would give them some vegetables or a piece of meat.

I attended Montpelier High School and graduated from high school in 1923. I lived with Olean and Clara some of the time. Olean was running the flour mill at that time. They were very good to me, and I helped with the housework and tended the children when they went out for an evening. We used to get up early in the morning and have the beds made and house dusted before I went to school. Clara was a particular housekeeper and I learned a great deal from her. I studied shorthand and typewriting under a very exceptional teacher — Georgia Crouch. She took a special interest in me and gave me many advantages for work, the main one being a recommendation to the Mutual Creamery Company to work in their office. This I did part of each day during my senior year. I learned a great deal about practical business in this job. The last year of high school I lived in a little room in the Barkdall home across

the street east of the high school. It was furnished with a little stove, bed and table, and carpeting on the floor, but the room was always cold; however, I got along, paid a little rent, and bought some food. I lived here because I needed to be close to the high school so I could take a very early seminary class, leaving me a full half-day to work. One wonderful remembrance was the day Vina and Wilson came to Montpelier and she brought me a big, beautiful, delicious three-layer chocolate cake. I loved her for this; she was always trying to help me in every way she could.

Our graduation class was small, but anyway I was the valedictorian. Aunt Lizzie and Vina came from Bennington for the graduation exercises and I was happy for that. Graduating from high school was a big milestone in my life because I was the first one of our very large family to have had this privilege.

As soon as I graduated I went to work full time at the Creamery office. I wanted very much to go on to college but this appeared to be an impossibility. That fall Aunt Lizzie wrote to my aunt Mary Johnson in Logan to see if there was some way that could be arranged for me to go to Logan to college. I will always appreciate Aunt Lizzie for this; she knew how much I wanted to go and she wanted to help me. My cousin Clara Johnson's husband, Russell Berntson, was secretary to the president of the college and manager of the bookstore. He said there would be an opening in October and I could work in the bookstore. I left my job at the creamery and went to Logan the latter part of October. I went down on the train and to my Aunt Mary's home at 91 West 6th North in Logan. I was very uneasy about this whole venture and they were probably wondering also what I would be like. I had a nice room upstairs in their home, no heat but comfortable otherwise, and Aunt Mary told me I was always welcome to come and be there summer or winter or any time I wanted to come. She was a very quiet woman but made me feel welcome.

I started working at the bookstore and registered for classes. I arranged a school schedule to work half a day, alternating morning and afternoon hours each quarter so I could get the lab classes worked in. "Buss," as everyone called him, was wonderful to work for. He arranged to pay for all my books and was liberal in every way. I managed to make up the work for that first quarter. I worked extra time too, always manning the

switchboard on football days while everyone else went to the football games. I didn't mind this because I didn't know anything about football anyway. Aunt Mary always packed a good lunch and had good meals at home. She was a typical Danish mother, cooking all the time but seemed to eat nothing herself. She was very thin and frail. I helped with the housework, especially on Saturdays. Each Sunday many of the family would be there for a big dinner and I always helped with the dishes and whatever else I could do.

With the money I made at the bookstore I managed quite well with a few new clothes and marcelers for my hair once in a while. I didn't have too much social life at school though I made lots of friends, meeting everyone who came into the bookstore. I didn't have time for "goofing off" in the halls or playing around as most of the kids did. My main interest was getting good grades and I spent a lot of midnight oil studying.

I graduated from college with a Bachelor of Science degree in June 1927. I received many college honors — Alpha Sigma Nu, Senior Honorary Society; Phi Kappa Phi, National Scholastic Fraternity; the College "A" pin and student-body pin. I was studentbody secretary during my junior year.

My first teaching job was at Preston High School where I taught shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping for three years. I then went to Montpelier High School for one year; to Granite High School in Salt Lake City for four years; and then to the Branch Agricultural College at Cedar City for three years, when I was transferred to Utah State Agricultural College at Logan where I spent one year.

My teaching career ended with marriage to Estel Lehi Wright who lived in Salt Lake City. I met Estel when I was teaching at Granite High School in Salt Lake City, but he was a happy and wary bachelor and it took me some time to prove that I was the right one for him. We were married February 20, 1940 in the Mesa, Arizona LDS Temple. The reason we went there was because Willard and Louise lived in Phoenix, and Willard could go to the temple with us. Estel was born June 23, 1893 at Marsh Center, Bannock County, Idaho; he is the son of Lehi Wright and Mary Matilda Hawkins. We traveled from Mesa to New Orleans where Estel attended an appraisal course at Tulane University. When we returned home, I



Leah M. and Estel L. Wright

completed my teaching year at Logan, and then we lived in Estel's lovely home at 1677 Yalecrest Avenue in Salt Lake City. In June of that same year I went to work in Estel's office, the American Housing Corporation, 121 East 3rd South in Salt Lake City, and have worked closely with him in his business since that time.

Estel bought land in Granger, an area southwest of Salt Lake City, and we moved there in 1943 where we have lived since that time. Estel has been instrumental in developing the Granger area, getting the sewer and water systems installed, and promoting extensive commercial and home building, so we were always kept very busy. It has been very challenging and educational to work with him.

We have enjoyed our home in Granger where we could have so many of our family close by. Estel has always been very tolerant of my special affinity for my family, for which I am grateful.

We have always been active in Church positions. Estel was bishop of the Granger Third Ward for three years, and in the bishopric for six years prior to that. We had the experience of building a new ward building — Granger Third. My church activities have been varied. I was president of the YWMIA for two years in the Yalecrest Ward, Bonneville Stake. When we came to Granger I served on the Oquirrh Stake Sunday School Board and taught teacher training lessons for many years. For the past fifteen years I have taught literary and cultural refinement lessons on the stake and ward levels. I am presently teaching

the cultural refinement lessons for Relief Society in the Granger Seventeenth Ward, Salt Lake Granger Stake.

My community and business activities have been: Salt Lake Altrusa Club; officer, Salt Lake Lady Realtors; Utah State Women's Legislative Council for three years; volunteer, Primary Children's Medical Center for eleven years and president of volunteers, 1971-72; real estate broker for Wright Realty, Inc. since 1953, and director, secretary, and treasurer for Wright Realty, Inc. and American Housing Corporation.

We have done considerable traveling through-

out our married life. Estel's hobby has been Book of Mormon evidences, so we have made several trips visiting the Book of Mormon ruins in Mexico, Central, and South America. We have been to the Holy Land, Turkey, and Greece on two different occasions, and to Europe, Egypt, Morocco, Canada, Alaska, and to Hawaii many times.

We are enjoying reasonably good health and remain active and busy. We are enjoying our life and our home; we are both very close to our families and enjoy having them come to visit us at 2767 Marcus Road, West Valley City, Utah 84119.

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